

MCCALL'S

MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1920 ✓

15¢



GOLD DUST



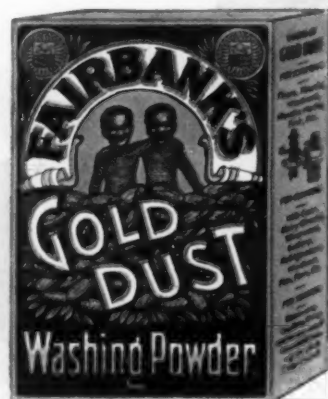
How to keep your "Fireside" cheerful

COAL Grates or Gas Grates! Brick or stone open Fireplaces! Marble or tile mantels! Gold Dust will keep them always clean—always cheerful—because Gold Dust so quickly and easily removes all grime and "smoke stains."

Here is the simple GOLD DUST recipe:

For brick, stone, marble and tile: Dissolve a tablespoonful of GOLD DUST in a little hot water. Add to half a pail of warm water. Use a scrubbing brush. Rinse with clear water. Dry with soft cloth.

Every day more housekeepers are asking for the *real* Gold Dust—for household cleansing tasks. Look for the name FAIRBANK'S and the Twins on the package. Be sure it is really Gold Dust you buy.



THE W.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

McCALL'S

MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER, 1920

BESSIE BEATTY, EDITOR



A Revolution in Clothes Making

THE McCALL COMPANY announces the introduction of its new Printed Pattern. 'No event of the year 1920 is of more significance to millions of American women.

After two years of research and experimentation, we have invented and brought to perfection the new McCall pattern. Not since the introduction of the sewing-machine has there been anything which will so revolutionize home dressmaking.

It is no mere improvement on the old pattern. It is an entirely new working plan for the home manufacture of clothes.

DURING the last century a new world has come into being. Within that world has grown up a New Home: scientific, convenient, and time-saving. Electricity and gas do the work that formerly made women slaves of drudgery. The sewing-machine, the electric iron—these are milestones of progress in scientific housekeeping.

The pattern alone, of all the domestic tools, has remained its familiar, confusing self—a thing of

notches, dots, dashes—with intricate detailed directions, impeding the expert, puzzling the amateur, and terrifying the beginner. Women, wishing to make their own clothes for the sake of economy and individuality, have often been deterred by its complexity.

THE new Printed Pattern eliminates the fear element in sewing. It should double the number of home dressmakers. It substitutes for the perforated paper puzzle, printed parts so definite, so clear that even a child can understand them. The use of each part is plainly indicated *on that part* by printed directions. There is no confusion, no chance for error.

The home dressmaker, spreading this new pattern out before her, is working with a simple, understandable sewing chart. An old and difficult task has become a magically easy one.

We offer the new Printed Pattern to McCall Street, confident that it will lighten the task of home dressmaking and release more time for living. It is one more channel of service, one more thread of communication between us and the world of women.

(For further details of the McCall Printed Pattern, see page 51)

McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

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December 1920

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All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed.

Should you change your address, please give four weeks' notice. Give your old address as well as your new address, and, if possible, the date you subscribed.

Famous, Fair—Under Twenty-one

Beauty inherits the earth, and whom the gods love arrive young



Strong

From high school to the Hall of Fame! Marie Carroll, hardly out of algebra, is the leading lady in "The Charm School," Alice Duer Miller's comedy of boarding-school life. She proves an excellent pupil.



Gentle

Poor young Rosalind Fuller sang old English ballads with her sisters until they married and left her all alone. So she had to grow famous in "What's in a Name," or face a lonely youth. Poor girls, how they do suffer!



Charlotte Fairchild

Marriage has not broken the wings of this bird-like dancer and matron, Madame Sakharoff, who is just nineteen. She and her husband, dancing with the Chicago Opera, find life a perfect partnership.



Gentle

During the War, the Royal Air Force came down to earth to vote Kathleen Martyn the loveliest lady since Helen of Troy. Now she is dancing at the Ziegfeld Roof.



"Fame?" said these two young people, guaranteed under twenty-one. "What is Fame to us? We don't care to be the world's darlings." And they turned their backs to wait for Mother.



Abbe

Mary Hay, born in the early Roosevelt period, believed that the movies had a great future. So she left school and her father to play in "Way Down East."



Gentle & Andrews

"No career ends at 19!" says Margalo Gillmore, of "The Famous Mrs. Fair." Have the twenties a silver lining? Methuselah, stop laughing.



Abbe

Helen Hayes made her debut at the age of eight, when Lew Fields offered her a job. Now she stars in "Bab," that drama of the sub-deb.

Victrola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Will there be a Victrola in your home this Christmas?

If any one thing more than another can add to the joys of Christmas, it is music—and the Victrola can bring into your home, any music you may wish to hear.

The Victrola is the one instrument to which the greatest artists have entrusted their art—an unanswerable acknowledgment of its artistic achievements. Moreover, the Victrola is the only instrument specially made to play the records which these great artists have made.

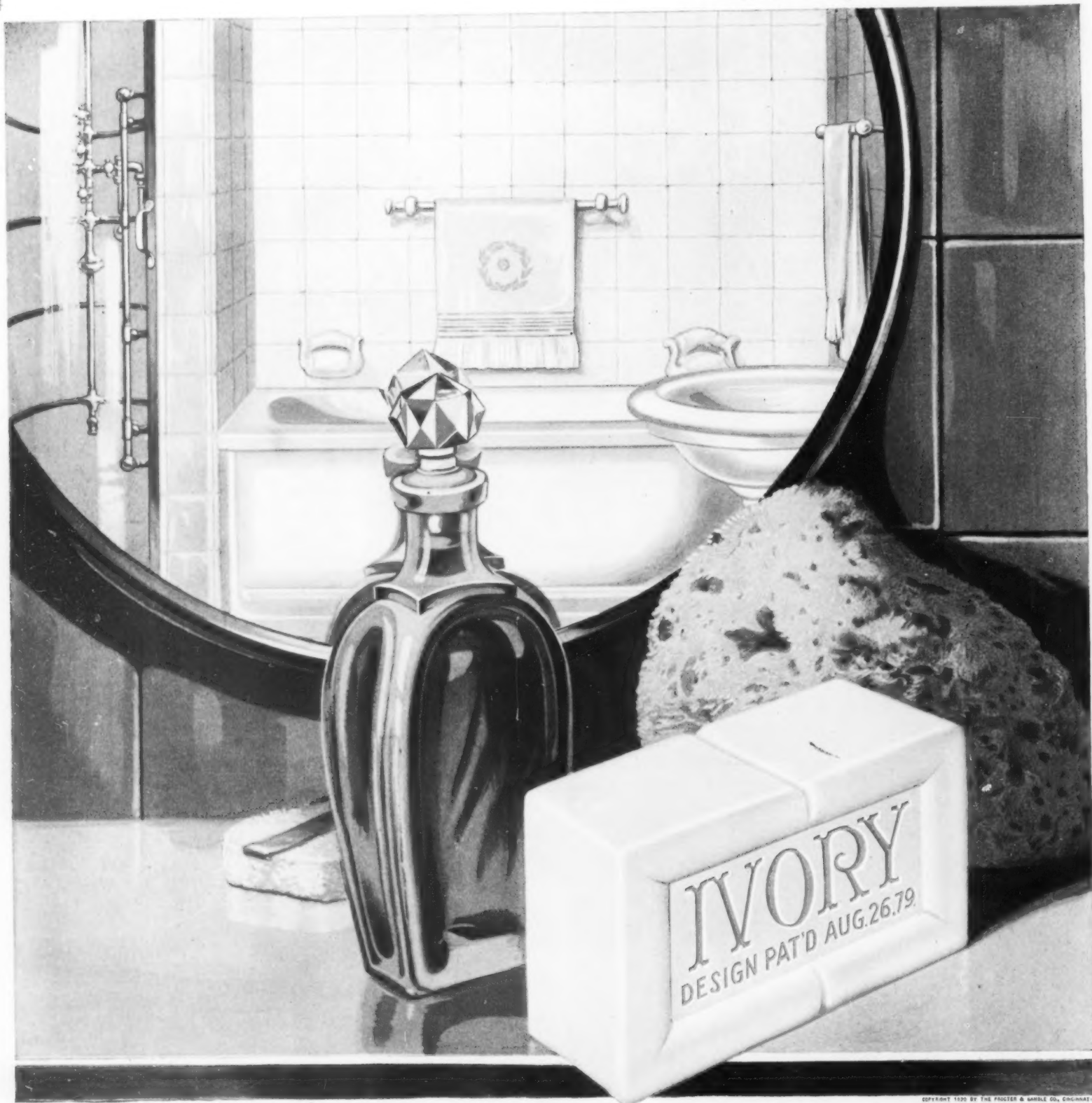
Christmas Day and any other day through all the years to come, the best or the newest of all the world's music may be yours to enjoy.

By all means get a Victrola this Christmas, but be sure it is a Victrola and not some other instrument made in imitation. \$25 to \$1500. Victor dealers everywhere.

Victor Talking Machine Company

Camden, New Jersey





IVORY Soap should be in your bathroom because it offers you and your guests the seven qualities that people of refinement want in a soap for personal use.

It is white

It is fragrant

It lathers quickly

It rinses easily

It is mild

It is pure

It floats

Has the soap you now use *all* these essentials for a completely satisfactory bath and toilet?

Do you know the SAFE way to wash silks and other fine fabrics?

Send for free Sample package of Ivory Soap Flakes. Try it on any delicate garment and you will know that you finally have found a *safe* way to wash your loveliest clothes. Address The Procter & Gamble Co., Dept. 14-L, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP



IT FLOATS

. 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE

The Manufacturers of Ivory Soap and Ivory Soap Flakes also make the following general household soaps: P & G The White Naphtha Soap, Star Soap, and Star Naphtha Washing Powder, thus enabling the housekeeper to use a Procter & Gamble high quality soap for every purpose.



CREEPING JENNY

By
Kate
Douglas
Wiggin

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY LANE McMILLAN

JENNY LANE lived in a shabby little farmhouse on the Back Nippin' Road that led from Riverboro to Moderation Village. The house was small and compact and as neat as wax inside, for there Jenny was Master of her fate and Captain of her soul.

Outside, alas, things were different. There was only the shell of a former stable; the shed was tumbling down, and, when rain descended in anything worse than gentle showers, Jenny's "indoors" looked like a syndicate of milk pans, the leaks were so many and the dripping of water so continuous.

It had been that way for three years, ever since the autumn that her mother had died; and her father, who had followed his wife in everything, followed her to the grave a month later.

His last words to his daughter had been: "I'm sorry to leave you alone, Jenny, but I'd feel better if only I'd left you shingled. Your mother and me was laying up and laying up ever since we got married. We bought the house and field, paid off the mortgage and gave you good schooling. We are furnished up as well as most o' the neighbors, but when your mother's health got slim and my strength begun to fail, we couldn't seem to get any farther than meat, drink and clothes for the three of us. The buildings couldn't be kept up, that was the long and short of it."

"I know, I know, Father. Haven't I seen how hard you tried."

"Now I'm on my death-bed," said the old man. "There's money enough in the bank to buy the shingles, but God knows whether you can afford to hire a man to put 'em on, labor's so scarce and so high."

"Don't worry, Father! I don't want your last days troubled with fears about me and the roof. I'm twenty-two and I can earn my living somehow, somewhere!"

"Tisn't so easy to earn your living and keep your buildings shingled too!" sighed her father.

"Maybe not, but I'll do it, in course of time!" said Jenny stoutly. "I've heard enough, all my life, about shingles; also about clapboards and paint. There isn't a young man in the neighborhood that I'd want to go to church with, but if one of them should ever chance to ask me to have him, I'd say: 'Shingle the house and I'll say yes!'"

The girl's father smiled in spite of his pain as he whispered: "Don't be too easy when it comes to bargaining, Jenny! Stipulate first quality cedar shingles, him to buy 'em as well as put 'em on! You're worth it!"

"I shall never have a chance to 'stipulate,'" thought Jenny, as she went to the kitchen to make gruel; and, as a matter of fact, although Jenny was good to look upon, and had an acre of timber land that would bring in something fifteen years later, no lovelorn swain had offered to take her and her leaky house for better, for worse.

Later on there were other reasons why Jenny had no opportunity to "stipulate." The anxious and dreary months went on relentlessly after her father's death, when new misfortunes descended upon her—an accident—unskillful treatment, too long delayed—finally, the loss of a foot

—a crutch—eternal lameness. No wonder, as she dragged herself about the house and little garden before she had had time to accustom herself to her infirmity, that Riverboro sympathetically called her "Creeping Jenny." Her nearest neighbor, Mrs. Day, a widow, lived within easy walking distance (it seemed longer when you limped!), and the village itself was only a quarter of a mile away, so she did not lack an occasional call, the offer of an errand or message, and often a drive to church, made wretched by the difficulty of mounting and descending the wagon, with the added mortification of limping into a rear pew.

Still she kept things together, sewing, crocheting, knitting, sending braided and drawn-in rugs to Boston, selling the butter from the one cow's milk and the hay from her eight-acre field.

She got *Pollyanna* from the village library and read it faithfully, but she was rebellious and it did her no good. She allowed to herself grudgingly that if she had lost a hand instead of a foot she couldn't have earned her living; but she never got to the point of being grateful that it was a foot, not a hand; she was unregenerate and wanted both.

It was late November now, and even at the end of the month there was a hint of Indian summer in the air, though a soft rain had been falling for many hours. Jenny's side-door stood open; there was a pale flicker of sun now and then and she was in the pantry wondering if she could venture to take away some of the milk-pans that dotted the kitchen floor, all of them a third full of drippings from the ceiling.

She heard the swinging of the garden gate and a knock made her take her crutch and limp to the kitchen door.

A good-looking young man, fairly well clad, with his left sleeve hanging in a strange sort of stiffness, raised a shabby felt hat with his right hand and asked:

"Is this Miss Jenny Lane?"

"Yes, sir."

"They told me at the station you were minus a man and might have a few days' work for me."

"Everybody in Riverboro is minus a man, and everybody needs a little help. There's plenty to do here for I live alone, but I have little money to spend on keeping up the place."

The young man glanced in the door with a boyish sort of informality and asked: "Do you keep a dairy farm?"

Jenny laughed outright, and kept on laughing as she answered: "No wonder you asked, but I shouldn't set milk on the floor and it's water in the pans. It's a water farm!"

The laughter was mutual now, and the audacious youth, moving to the lower step and glancing upward, said: "I see you're a little shy on shingles?"

"Just a trifle, but I'm long on milk pans!"

"They told me you were a first-class farmer but—er—a little handicapped on outside work."

Jenny leaned against the door-frame and stroked her crutch with a smile.

"Footicapped would be a better word," she said. "Are you a stranger in Riverboro? Won't you rest a moment? Make your way through the milk pans to the rocking chair. I do need a little help in getting my winter wood in."

"You'll require a lot of wood unless you get a tight roof over your head," said the stranger. "I'm a Western farmer's son, or at least I was; but my mother and father died while I was in France and I'm alone in the world."

"France?" echoed Jenny, with a new glance in her eye and a new tone in her voice.

"Yes, but we'll cut that out! I landed in Boston the other day and now I'm just kind of 'adventuring' till I get my 'peace legs' on."

"You couldn't have come to a worse place than Riverboro. There hasn't been an adventure here in a hundred years."

"I don't know about that! I've only been in town half an hour and I've seen a water farm and a lady that runs it to the Queen's taste!"

Jenny laughed again; the sweetest, most tuneful laugh in the world; one that she seldom used nowadays but had kept over from her long-ago youth. What a droll stranger! And how much more interesting he would be in the intervals of sawing and splitting wood, than old George Gibson.

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LOOKING DOWN, HE WOULD THINK THAT HER FACE LOOKED LIKE A LOVE-APPLE, ALL PINKY RED AND CREAMY WHITE

"It is too ridiculous that you should have seen the milk pans and noticed the shingles. I am going to have the roof fixed next spring if I live. Father saved up money for the stock but—but, I had to use it in a long illness."

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the stranger. "It beats all how that runs through life! You save up money for shingles and then you can't get enough more to put 'em on."

"I'm nearly ready for the second time," Jenny's tone was cheerful and incisive, "but I don't think I have quite enough to pay for labor. Besides, you couldn't, I mean you wouldn't—shingle—could you?"

SURE I would, and could! You're strong on the 'sub-junctive, aren't you? You've noticed I'm handicapped (I don't have to invent a word, it's all right for my case!) But just you wait and see what I can do with the substitute presented me by the U. S. A. I'm going to have something more stylish later on, but I don't believe it will serve me any better; you see it's only my left arm!"

Jenny stopped her ears. "Don't tell me you've read *Pollyanna* and are glad it isn't your right!"

"Sure I'm glad! Who wouldn't be? Who's *Pollyanna*?"

"She's a girl in a book who's always glad that things aren't any worse."

"All right for Polly! More power to her elbow! Now I'm by no means dead broke and I've got back-pay coming to me from Washington, when they get round to it. But I want to train myself to work at anything that comes. If I can't make good I'll go to a vocational school, but I want to harden myself first."

"My roof in November would be a good place for that!" said Jenny contemplatively. "What wages do you ask?"

"Half what the other men get around here, because I'm not a skilled worker at present. Now if you've got a ladder on the premises I can get up and tear off the old shingles while you negotiate for the new ones. Going to buy first quality cedars?"

Jenny grew red and then white, for her memory flashed back, and by an odd trick she remembered her father's injunction to "stipulate," a word that was to be used in far more romantic circumstances.

"Can't manage first quality; seconds will have to do," she said, with some embarrassment.

"O. K. I've had nothing but 'seconds' all my life. Sometimes I wonder I didn't have a second wife."

JENNY WOULD LIMP TO SOME UNSEEN POINT OF VANTAGE AND WATCH RUFUS, HER HEART IN HER MOUTH LEST HE SHOULD SLIP



"NOW STOP CROCHETING, LISTEN TO ME, AND DON'T SPEAK TILL I GET THROUGH," SAID RUFUS. "IN THE FIRST PLACE, DO YOU LIKE ME?"

"Why didn't you?" The question suddenly popped out of Jenny's mouth without any warning.

"Because I never had a first! Ha! ha!" (He certainly was the most unusual young man she had ever met and the most informal on the occasion of a first call. She felt as if she'd been to high-school and singing-school and dancing-school with him!)

The stranger rose from his chair. "I'll 'lime' the 'seconds' for you myself to save expense. Want me to get them for you, since I know a shingle when I see it and maybe you don't? I'll go in to the village, get a boarding-place, and come back after lunch for a half-day's work."

"Thank you—that will be very kind."

"I'll pick up the milk pans and empty 'em for you, first. Poor old things! They don't know they're going out of business! Let me look at your ladder, please. A man that works with a woman's farming implements ought to carry a big life insurance!"

JENNY laughed again, joyously. Then, entirely forgetting decorum, she wiped her eyes with her apron and said, "If I only knew what your wages were going to be I'd raise them, you are so funny! The ladder is in the shed. I think it's all right."

He looked about the shed in amazement at its cleanliness and order. "Holy Moses!" he thought, "does that little creature sweep and scrub this place and pile up this wood and kindling, skipping about on a crutch? And us great husky lubbers getting 'orders of merit' for doing our duty by the country. Wonder if Miss Jenny Lane's had any medals handed out to her? She can have mine when I get well enough acquainted to give it to her."

Jenny followed him out to the shed.

"Is the ladder quite safe?" she asked.

"Safe as a meeting-house."

"Then, as you go to the village, you'll see twin boys hanging over the gate at the next house, Mrs. Day's. Ask the red-haired freckled one (his name is Alfinso) if he'll come up this afternoon and help you, for five cents. He'll hold the ladder, pick up the shingles or commit any crime if you just tell him that Jenny'll have fresh doughnuts for you and him at supper-time. Don't ask Alfonso, the dark-haired twin; he doesn't like work and doesn't like doughnuts."

"Well," said the stranger, wiping his hand on a potato sack, "I wasn't in the Salvation Army belt when they were distributing doughnuts to the boys and my mouth is fairly watering for one. My name's Rufus Holt, of Lawrence, Kansas." Here he held out his hand which Jenny took, stunned by the suddenness of his action. "I'm your hired man till this roof is fixed. You look to me like a grand little boss. I'll be back in an hour and I hope I don't get Alfinso and Alfonso mixed!"

down a few little fragrant blossoms here and there just to give you a hint of Nature's magic.

By a like process and another sort of magic, Jenny Lane crept into Rufus Holt's heart, which was a big lonesome one, howling with emptiness, at the time he began shingling her house. They came to know more of each other as the days went by. He and she, with Alfinso, ate luncheon together on the shed bench so that the day's labor need not be delayed by a trip to the village for Rufus. (At least that is what he said, and she said, and Alfinso said, and Mrs. Day said, and nobody doubted it but the post-mistress.)

Alfinso, whose pay had now been increased to ten cents a day, was the most faithful of "gooseberries," but even he sometimes wandered away to the wood-pile to work on a motor that he was constructing, to be used in connection with the power of an old alarm clock.

At such time Rufus and Jenny would talk together before she gathered up the dishes. She allowed him a pipe, and when she attempted to rise and go to the kitchen he would say: "Take your 'nooning,' Miss Jenny, same as the rest of us. The minute you drop your housework you take out your needle."

"I've had to be busy to keep from thinking, these last two years," she said, quietly arranging the knives and forks for clearing away. "Now I'm afraid of getting idle, for what with company at lunch, the sound of hammer or saw all day, and the smell of paint all night, it seems as if Boston couldn't be any gayer than my little house."

Rufus liked to watch the dimple come and go in Jenny's cheek, a dimple that had enjoyed little use till lately; he

"Where were you last Christmas, Miss Jenny Wren?" Rufus asked between pipe-puffs, after lunching gloriously on shoulder-of-mutton stew. (He had always called her Miss Jenny Wren after the first week.)

HERE, of course!" she said, smiling. "I was born here, lived here and probably shall die here. All the rooms but the kitchen had icicles hanging from the ceilings and window-frames. The parlor looked like that famous cave in Kentucky with the stalactites in the roof. There had been a blizzard on the twenty-third and I couldn't go to the church Christmas tree. It was nearly as bad the Christmas before. I've never celebrated Christmas day, except to plant a little hemlock twig in a flower pot and hang Mother's and Father's pictures on it."

"Jehosophat!" ejaculated Rufus. "It wasn't so bad as that in the trenches where I was. Plenty of company—of one sort and another; I declare women always have the hardest of it in this old world somehow. Trenches and over-the-tops were exciting compared to what you've gone through. They were life! A man generally has life and adventure with his hard knocks; but women are always saving, scrimping, doing without, suffering, nursing, burying, paying other people's debts and bearing other people's burdens. Rotten luck, being a woman!" and he knocked the ashes from his pipe furiously.

"I never thought of it that way," said Jenny serenely.

"I have my one burden, but it's my own, nobody else's!"

"Say, if I'm hereabouts to help, suppose you give a kind of a housewarming this year; some sort of a make-shift Christmas and show off the shingles! Hey?"

"Who would come?" cried Jenny. "And how could I compete with the church Christmas? Besides you are going to Boston."

"I haven't decided about Boston yet."

(Jenny's heart leaped into her mouth and stopped her breath.) "As for the company, Mrs. Day could come, Alfinso and Alfonso (hateful little beggar, Alfonso!), Mrs. Strout, who boards me; and there's the station master that advised me to come to you for a job, and the man I bought the shingles of, and the store-keeper we owe for nails—that's quite a good crowd! You put in a few lady friends and I believe we could frame up a party that would make Boston look dull. What's the matter with the parson? Why couldn't he come. You're in his parish, aren't you?"

Jenny swayed to and fro with mirth. The point of view was so fresh, so young, so unlike Riverboro. "You don't know how funny you are!" she exclaimed. "The minister calls twice a year, but always in summer."

"Tell him to make it once and come Christmas Eve!" said Rufus, imperturbably. "Tell him your leaks are stopped and you'll show him a wounded soldier who did the shingling. 'Feature' me, don't you know?"

Tell him you'll have my Medal of Honor on the marble-top table."

"You've never shown it to me," said Jenny, softly.

"It's in Boston with my best clothes. Besides I've told you all about it. There happened to be a lot of fellows about when I was up against a hard job and they told on me. The boys didn't all have that luck or the U. S. A.

(Continued on page 62)

SHE WAS A MYSTERY

LIKE MOST WOMEN—particularly so when he leaned over the banister of his grandmother's Park Avenue house, and saw her picking the lock of the front door. But he didn't lose faith in her. And it appeared at the end of the story that he didn't need to. George Weston, who understands incomprehensible woman, has written another of his romantic love-stories, "The Finger of Fate," for the January McCall's.

"Creeping Jenny" has a method all its own of making its way upward and onward, silently, smoothly, under and over, betwixt and between obstacles. The slender little green vine climbs, not so much with strength, as with swiftness and grace, and accomplishes its growth in a miraculously short space of time. You can leave your garden rake against the barn door some warm night, and next morning Jenny will have crept up to the top of the handle, leaned over and flung

also admired the whiteness of the neck that rose out of the blue gingham working dress, and the long eyelashes that too often lay on her cheek and hid her brown eyes. He often tried to say something that would bring a quick upward glance full of fun or understanding. As for his talk, no words can tell what it was to the girl who had spent hundreds of long, silent, lonely days, feeling her youth slipping by, a tragedy without a single witness.

Tell him you'll have my Medal of Honor on the marble-top table."

"You've never shown it to me," said Jenny, softly.

"It's in Boston with my best clothes. Besides I've told you all about it. There happened to be a lot of fellows about when I was up against a hard job and they told on me. The boys didn't all have that luck or the U. S. A.

(Continued on page 62)

THE WORST CHRISTMAS THEY EVER HAD

By Elizabeth Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



THE ICEMAN KNEW HE WAS IN FOR A LOW CHRISTMAS. HE HAD HAD A ROW WITH HIS WIFE!

I WAS determined to have a Christmas free from that awful fear of not being ready at the last panting moment, and so, weeks and weeks ago, I was the first buyer of Christmas boxes and the early bird who got just the shade of red ribbon she wanted.

When I was tying up packages of gifts, bought in comfort, my little son Bobby, aged eight, was summoned to write cards for gifts he was going to ask Santa Claus to deliver for him. He dutifully bent his yellow head over the cards, while he whispered to himself as a charm against impatience:

"Christmas is years and years off. Christmas is years and—"
"But Bobby," I interrupted sternly, "see what you've written! Santa Claus will have to bring you a spelling-book. You've put it down in one word, 'Merichristmas.'"
"It is one word," said Bobby stoutly. "You can't chop it apart. It's Merichristmas."

"But just suppose, Bobby dear, that it shouldn't be 'merry,'" I said. "Suppose it should be a very sad and gloomy day?"

He looked at me solemn-eyed, and wagged his head.

"You oughtn't to ever, ever talk about Christmas that way," he brought out slowly. "It's—it's Merichristmas."

"I wonder if it really is," I said, ready to be convinced. "Perhaps you are right. There's lots of time between this and Christmas—I believe I'll try to find out."

I didn't quite know how to begin, but it's really not so hard after all to get people to tell you things like this. If they had had sad, unhappy, miserable Christmas-mases, they would tell me so. But where to begin?

"I know!" I said to myself. "I'm going to ask the iceman about the worst Christmas he ever had."

And I did. He waited for a grave moment, after my question, then: "Last year," he said, "the day before Christmas, my wife an' me had a row." He paused awkwardly.

"Did it have anything to do with Christmas?" I asked.

"It sure did. It was a full-sized rumpus about a tree."

My wife was bound that our kids had to have one. I says to myself: 'It's just like a woman to pick out times like Christmas and New Year's and Thanksgiving as bein' the easiest to run over a man.'

"We think your hearts are softer, then," I put in, glad that he was off on his theme.

He spread his broad palm. "Give in once, an' you're gone. I says to my wife: 'All the money I finds rollin' up a hill I spends for jimcracks, and not one cent more,' I says, 'in these days when prices got the jumps.' An' you know what the answer to that was? She tried the salt-water cure on me."

"The salt-water cure?"

"Yes"—with contempt. "She busted out cryin'. That made me mad an' what I says was short an' sweet. I says 'Good-by, an' off I went deliverin' ice.'"

I grew impatient. "Please, how did it end?"

"Kinda natural, me bein' an iceman, you see—"

But I didn't see.

"Well, I stepped into the Munroe house up the street—expectin' nothin' at all—an' such a hullabaloo, an' blowin' o' tin horns—enough to turn you deaf. 'What's loose?' I says. 'Christmas,' yells a kid, an' he pulls a cracker right under my nose. 'You got holt o' the wrong date,' I says. 'Not on your life,' says he. 'It's our Christmas.'"

"There stands Mrs. Munroe, an' she wants to know of me, if it ain't a pity that the whole family has to travel South on Christmas Eve, an' bein' so, she says, would I accommodate 'em by droppin' round that evenin' and takin' a little tree they'd fixed up, dressin' an' all—an' fresh candles—home to my kids? Can you beat it?"

He turned to the door.

"But your wife? Don't go till you've told me."

"When she saw me comin' with it, she like to dropped dead. She thought I'd give in."

"And when she found you hadn't?"

"She says to me: 'We both of us win, an' we both of us lose, an' if you ever lay tongue to another hard word, I'm goin' to say Christmas tree to you.'"

I let him go, then, but he stopped at the back gate to call out: "We got the fixins saved over to remind us o' last year's rumpus."

That was a close call, of course, but it was "Merichristmas" in the end. Bobby, so far, was right.

But he was an iceman, and working-people can nearly always manage. Perhaps the rich, the great, the envied—perhaps, they'd known unhappy Christmas. I wondered about artists. Artists, I thought, have their early struggling days.

I WENT to Geraldine Farrar, whose songs of sorrow come near to breaking our hearts. She must have spent a dreadful Christmas some time during her operatic struggles. I found her at home, and I rushed into my theme.

"Miss Farrar," I said, "aren't the merry Christmas of the greatest singers sometimes smashed—by brutal managers, perhaps?"

"Neither New Year's, nor Christmas—nor even honeymoons do they consider," she laughed. Evidently the suggestion inspired reminiscence.

"The very first year after my marriage," she went on, "I was singing *Butterfly* on Christmas Eve in New York, and my husband was kept by an engagement in Canada."

"You were a doubly-deserted *Madam Butterfly*!" I put in.

"Yes," she said, "that night the little Japanese lady, Cio Cio San, wept many tears—and her sobs were lifelike, too—but the woman beneath had a desperate plan. When the last note was sung, I rushed out of the Opera House, into Thirty-ninth Street, my face tear-stained, clinging robes about my feet, and my hair still done Japanese fashion. The attendants thought me mad! My little maid followed and, climbing into my car, we made a dash for Grand Central station."

"Splendid!" I cried. "And you caught the train for Canada."

"Yes—I caught it." The great prima donna was amused at the recollection. "But picture the shock I gave my fellow travelers. But it was worth it. Oh, yes! A great surprise for my husband—and a marvelous Christmas."

Heavens, another 'Merichristmas!' I was finding even the great against me. But I didn't give up.

I would go to see Mr. David Belasco. Great producers must have troubles, even on Christmas.

"What's your opinion of Christmas, Mr. Belasco?" I asked him, as I found him in the dark theater, where he had been rehearsing a play. "Don't you think it's a terrible day for some people? Haven't you ever had a miserable Christmas?"

I took him by storm, but he had a quick comeback. "Y-yes," he said, "and I spent mine on a narrow circus cot."

"Oh, so you were in the circus—" I interrupted, interested.

"Yes—when I was seven—a mere baby," he began. "I ran away with a circus to Brazil. I had ridden bareback the night before—on a great white horse with a back like a platform. I was the first child ever to leap through a blazing hoop. That particular night, I don't think I was frightened, but

I was terribly homesick, and the fumes and homesickness were too much for me. I turned faint, fell, and rolled unconscious into a heap of tan bark. When I awakened to consciousness the sunshine of Christmas morning was streaming into the tent. The clown was standing at the foot of my little bed, and the fat lady was holding my hand. At my side was a small pile of toys."

"So—it was really a happy day?" I was torn between pity for poor little David Belasco and my own conviction that Christmas isn't always happy.

"Not just then. Not until they told me that my father was rushing all the way down to Rio de Janeiro to take me away from the circus—back home to Mother. Then it was the happiest Christmas I had ever known!"

I left, a disappointed woman.

I wondered about Tony Sarg, the noted and successful illustrator and producer of marionette plays. I went down to his studio in lower New York, on the edge of Greenwich Village.

"Oh, Mr. Sarg," I said, "tell me about a Christmas you once had that wasn't merry."

"Well, there was one Christmas day," he said, sadly, "years ago, when I wanted to kill a man."

Here was my man at last. "But why?" I asked.

"I'd worked for months on a Christmas surprise."

"And it didn't turn out?"

"It would be nearer the mark to say it turned inside out. I'd planned my surprise, you see, for ten little children—a marionette play. I'd made a Santa Claus a foot and a half high. There was a roof scene, prancing reindeer and a red-brick chimney for old Santa to climb down."

"How Bobby would have loved it!" I threw in.

"An Italian cabinet-maker helped me with the props, and I taught him to manipulate the dolls. He was to be chief assistant."

"All was ready three days in advance, and packed away under a white sheet."



BLANCHE BATES HAD AN AWFUL MOMENT IN ROMANTIC HAWAII, WHEN SHE WAS HANDED ROASTED WILD DOG FOR HER CHRISTMAS FEAST

"The great night came. Excitement among the children. Antonio was due at seven. Seven-thirty—no Antonio. Eight o'clock—still no Antonio. At eight-thirty I pulled off the sheet, and—! Beneath was a sort of improvised frame. Antonio had stolen the whole show! I was ready for murder. I chose my weapon!"

"There was a ring at the door-bell. An Italian stood on the door-step. He led me to a great, bare room in the Italian quarter. As I pushed my way in, my guide disappeared. The place was packed. At the end of the chamber was my stage and my Christmas puppet play, proceeding—in Italian!"

"You poor thing!" I sympathized.

Tong Sarg agreed. "He had got hold of an old Italian marionette showman, and together they put me to shame. Such antics! The audience rocked with laughter. The children squealed. When it was over, I hurried behind the scenes."

"Antonio fell on his knees before me. 'Forgive, signore, forgive! A voice in here—he beat his breast—told Antonio take. The signore, he maka glad ten rich children; me an' the old man, we maka glad hundred poor children. I steal, signore. Could go jail. Yes, sir! I maka prayer to saints for—'

"I had to interrupt him. He would have run on forever."

"You forgave him?"

"Yes—for his good stupid heart and his fine lesson in charity."

I began to give up. But I would try once more. I went to Blanche Bates.

"I want to know," I said, "about some Christmas you spent far away from home, when you got no mail—"

[Con. on p. 32]



THE DESERTED GERALDINE, ALIAS MADAM BUTTERFLY, MADE A DASH TO CATCH UP WITH CHRISTMAS—AND HUSBAND



YOUNG DAVID BELASCO SPENT ONE STRENUOUS CHRISTMAS WITH A CIRCUS—FAR FROM HOME AND MOTHER

HEARTS UNREASONING



HE CARRIED HER INTO THE BEDROOM AND PUT HER BETWEEN THE COOL SHEETS . . . HIS CLUMSY TENDERNESS BROUGHT AN ACHE TO HER THROAT

The First of Six Romances of the French Stage

STANDING on tiptoe, her delicate eyebrows drawn into straight lines and her lips pressed together, Arlette d'Ormenge pulled tighter the knot of her husband's cravat and settled it deftly into place.

"There!" she said with satisfaction, and while he stood in the helpless attitude of the husband at such moments, she added a final word of advice. "I beg you, do not be too modest, my Robert. If you have a fault, it is that you are too modest. Did not your professor at the Lycée Concordet say so, himself? Above all, do not forget what I have said to you—read your play to Monsieur Rambaud, and on no account leave the manuscript. I have seen that man, and I do not trust him."

She backed away, regarding her husband's toilette critically, while he stood awaiting her judgment. Colder eyes than those of his little wife warmed when they rested on that tall, lean figure and the sensitive, strongly-modeled face, accented by the clipped mustache and lighted by the clear look of frank, gray eyes. In spite of his twenty-three years, strangers did not say of Robert d'Ormenge, "What a beautiful boy!" but, "What a charming man!" His wife, having finished her anxious scrutiny, blew him a kiss from the tips of her fingers and cried, "Perfect! You are perfect!"

Then, taking a thick manuscript from the table, she rolled it carefully, fastened the ends with rubber bands and tenderly gave it to him. "If Monsieur Rambaud is indeed sincere, he will have your play produced at once, for it is superb."

Taking the pretty upturned face between his hands he kissed her fondly, but with an indulgent laugh. "Isn't that like a woman! 'Superb!' Poor little darling, your tenderness for me blinds you."

Arlette shook her fluffy head stubbornly. "To say that I love you is not to say that I am blind, my Robert. It is a superb play. You have a novel situation in it, and I am sure you have written it beautifully—in the purest French."

"But, dear one—superb?"

"Superb!" Arlette repeated energetically, stamping her small foot. "You have written it, but I, I have read and reread it. Listen well to my opinion. Am I not secretary to Robert d'Ormenge, who is a graduate of the Normal School, assistant professor of literature at the Lycée Concordet, husband of the ravishing Arlette d'Ormenge, and soon to be acclaimed a great playwright? Superb, I say!"

His arms around her, she tipped her head backward to utter the last three words in a tone of passionate conviction before his lips touched hers. The kiss thanked her for the confidence he felt born in him.

"Go, now. You will be late," she said, going with him to the stairway outside their door. Leaning on the banister, she watched him descend and, when he had gone so far that dignity would not allow him to reply, she cried down the stairs, "Superb! Superb!"

An intangible sense of happiness pervaded the three tiny rooms to which she returned. It was eight months since Robert d'Ormenge had first brought Arlette up the four flights of stairs to the indifferent welcome of those rooms which, like an old bird's nest suspended above the courtyard, had seen so many lives come and go within their walls. Arlette's curly head had come into them like a living bit of the sunshine that brought new leaves to the trees in the courtyard; like the trees, the rooms had renewed their youth in feeling the joy of the two beings who, for eight months, had been happy there.

The diminutive hall that had been grim and disconsolate was now almost gay, as Arlette went through it into the dining-room that served also as the salon; while as for the gloomy nook that had been the kitchen, the young couple had transformed that into an immaculate bathroom. They had painted the stove white with tasteful trimmings of blue, a large wash-basin replaced the kitchen utensils against the wall, and on the red mosaic floor a scoured iron tub and a large water-jug stood with the most impeccable air of neatness and propriety. Beyond this triumph of the young

housekeeper was the bedroom, where Arlette, tenderly folding her husband's tumbled cravats, gazed about her with happy eyes. The wide bed was spread with a crocheted coverlet whose pattern was snowy upon a lining of rosy saten. The two plump pillows placed side by side were neatly buttoned into their white cases and decorated with large bows of rose-colored ribbon. Suspended from the ceiling, a gilded basket held feathery bunches of pink leaves. But Arlette's delight was the mantel-shelf, where three wedding-presents were arranged; at either end a porcelain statuette, Jean who laughed and Jean who wept, and in the middle a large earthenware pot in whose side was set an enormous clock, and from whose capacious bowl a growing fern uncured its curious fronds. This novel timepiece had been the gift of Robert's cousin, the florist, who had made possible the marriage of Robert and Arlette. Gazing at it, the young wife remembered once more the shadows and the radiance of their romance.

Daughter of a foreman in a button-factory, she had appeared in the robust and commonplace life of her parents like a delicate vase among crude pottery. Some fateful chance, playing with the complex combinations of past lives that make each human soul, had given the factory foreman and his wife two children, who came to them like changelings: Georgina, the hard-fibered impulsive rebel, and Arlette, the wistful, delicate dreamer. The parents had worshiped Arlette without understanding her; without understanding Georgina, they had tried to conquer her. It was one of the silent, unnoticed tragedies enacted within the hearts of commonplace people. At sixteen, Georgina was making her own headstrong life with a traveling stock company in the south of France. And when she was fifteen, Arlette was working in a florist's shop in the rue Bremonter. Madam Campon, the florist, was a woman whose soul within its covering of round and ample flesh, remained as young as the infantile lines of her plump hands. She loved and knew flowers; she knew and loved Arlette. Her love for the girl and her affection for her young cousin, Robert d'Ormenge, came together in her heart and made the romance upon which her life centered, after the death of her own adored daughter, a pitiful and surlly hunchback, whose life went out in its adolescence. It was the florist who sent Robert d'Ormenge into the courtyard where Arlette worked among the Easter lilies; it was she who watched the light in the young student's eyes and the flickering color in Arlette's cheeks, and it was she to whom Robert came with his first confidences, begging her to ask Arlette's parents to give him their daughter in marriage. He was a poor young student, and Arlette had no dot. The parents hesitated, and Arlette's tears glistened among the drops of water with which she sprinkled the violets each morning. But Mme. Campon came to the rescue, giving her little protégée the twelve thousand francs that she had saved, franc by franc, to dower her own dead daughter. It was money enough to furnish a modest apartment. Robert earned three hundred and fifty francs a month. The parents consented to give him the hand of Arlette, then seventeen, and the cloudy skies of a Paris July were filled with rainbows for Robert and his little fiancée, who, under the approving eyes of Mme. Campon, kissed each other behind the counter among the roses.

A SENSIBLE little girl, the fiancée, though she was only seventeen and looked like a spray of lily-of-the-valley in the sunshine, as Mme. Campon said. Knowing the burden her young husband was lifting to his shoulders, she set herself secretly to learn typewriting, planning when they were married to surprise Robert with the news that she could contribute her own share to their tiny income. But Robert's surprise had not been as happy a one as she had anticipated. He was jealous of his little wife and sternly refused her his permission to work for others. He had grudgingly been persuaded to accept for her, with the sole purpose of occupying her time while he studied and taught, a few manuscripts of plays and romance to be copied at home, and

he had insisted that she spend for her own pleasure the money she earned. It had bought the rose-colored saten lining for the bed's coverlet and the pink bows for the pillows. Her typewriting, too, had brought her the joy of feeling that she was helping him with the great play, which he had allowed her to copy for him.

"Superb!" she repeated to herself, thinking of it, and her thoughts followed him on his journey to consult the celebrated dramatist. "If he will only read it to Monsieur Rambaud as he has read it to me!" she murmured. Robert had been gone only ten minutes, but she was already leaning from the window, watching the entrance to the courtyard below. "Above all things, he must not leave the manuscript. I don't like Monsieur Rambaud's smile," she reflected.

At that moment Robert was mounting the two flights of broad stairs that led to the apartment of the famous man. He held the manuscript carefully in his gloved hand and tapped the steps with his cane, trying with an aspect of jaunty self-confidence to hide his trepidation. But the attempt failed in the haughty presence of the valet who received him and ushered him into a luxurious salon.

MONSIEUR RAMBAUD will be with you in a few moments," the man said, closing the door softly. Robert, waiting uneasily, saw that the great dramatist was a lover of pictures and engravings. They were everywhere; on the silk-covered walls, on the gilded satin-upholstered chairs, even on the floor propped against inlaid tables. He examined them with interest, for he loved all the arts, and although so young he was already a connoisseur of no little discrimination. "That is not a Tiepolo!" he said to himself. "That can not be a Tiepolo!" He had read the signature on one of the larger canvases, but he could not believe it, for the picture was a smudge from which appeared a badly-drawn head. Leaning closer to read once more the incredible signature, he heard a movement behind him and straightened quickly. The dramatist had entered.

M. Rambaud was a large, handsome man, whose eyes were ostentatiously frank and sincere. His large, open gestures said, "See how honest I am, concealing nothing!" With such a gesture he approached Robert, who nervously clutched the manuscript and cleared his throat. But M. Rambaud spoke first. "What do you think of my Tiepolo?"

"I think that it is not a Tiepolo," the young man replied, too quickly. M. Rambaud flushed and Robert saw that the frankness of his eyes was denied by the thin, pinched mouth that turned down at the corners.

"Ah! You are a connoisseur, I see," the dramatist said, laughing heartily. "Well, you have come to show me a manuscript. Give it to me, I will read it. You can count on me, you know; I am always frank. Yes, yes, as frank as you are," he added, indicating the picture. "You will hear from me soon, my friend." He took the roll and with a courteous bow left the salon as quickly as he had entered it. Robert had not been able to speak a word after his unhappy verdict on the false Tiepolo. The valet reappeared, opening the door, and the young man found himself again in the street.

Arlette, having told herself for the twentieth time that Robert could not possibly return for at least an hour, was nevertheless still gazing downward at the arched entrance of the courtyard and her eyes widened with surprise and alarm when he appeared. Even the top of his hat and the fore-shortened glimpse of his nervously-agitated cane seemed to her to express something of indecision and dismay. He passed beneath the trees, hesitated for an instant at the doorway and then, without glancing upward, gripped his cane more firmly and entered. She heard him bravely whistling as he mounted the stairs.

"Robert! What has happened?" she cried, meeting him on the landing.

"Nothing. Nothing at all, my dear," he replied. "Monsieur Rambaud was most kind."

"What did he say about the play?"

By Sarah Bernhardt

Translated by
Rose Wilder Lane

ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT SHINN

"Well, he didn't exactly say anything," Robert explained. He took off his gloves while she stood anxiously holding his hat and cane. "He is, of course, a very busy man. He promised to give me his opinion as soon as possible."

"Oh, Robert! And you left the play with him? You didn't even read it to him?" she asked, dismayed.

"Never mind, *ma chérie*. Don't bother your little head about it," he answered fondly, drawing her to him and kissing the curl that lay against her cheek. "You don't understand these things, darling. You know I did the best I could."

"Yes, I know, Robert, dear. But I wish you had not left it with him. You know I don't trust him at all."

"But what—? You have seen him only once, passing in a carriage. Be reasonable, sweetheart. It's absurd to look at a man and say you can't trust him—a man that all the world respects, too."

She sat on his knee, running her finger round and round a button on his coat. "Tell me just what happened, Robert, dear?" she coaxed, with the charm of an infant who begs for a fairy-story, and her large attentive eyes drew the truth from him.

"You see I did the best I could, little one. I was wrong perhaps to tell that his picture was an imitation Tiepolo, but he took it in good part. I am sure he was not offended. And there was no choice about leaving the play with him. I was in his house, asking him for a favor; he took the manuscript in the most cordial way and did not stop talking until he left the room. I could not exactly interrupt him, could I?"

"Of course not, dearest. Only I wish—but that doesn't matter, and I'm only foolish. Come, luncheon is waiting."

The woman who came twice a day to help with the housework had spread a blue-and-white checked cloth on a table near the window, and had brought from the *épicerie* in the next block the hot dish that made the simple meal. A bowl of anemones arranged by Arlette stood in the center of the table, and before each plate a ragout of beef steamed in a little brown earthenware dish. There was a loaf of crusty bread, a small piece of cheese, and a dish of prunes for dessert. The young couple saw their hopes fluttering again before them in rainbow colors.

"If the play is produced, little Arlette, you shall feast on strawberries with cream from Normandy, beneath the trees of the Champs Elysées."

"When the play is produced, Robert, dearest. Because I am sure of it. And you shall have the new suit you need so badly. Ah, but I shall be jealous when I see the ladies looking at you in the Bois!"

IT is I who will be jealous, little one. You will be ravishing with a hat from Lewis on your sunshiny head, and pearls around that white neck, sweet as a dove's. But not more ravishing than you are now in the little hat made by these fingers," he added, kissing their pink tips one by one. And the luncheon ended in the charming nonsense of lovers, while he held her upon his knee and gave her puffs from his cigarette.

Alas, they must separate. It was the hour when he must return to the Lycée. Again and again they embraced, clinging to each other with the never-satisfied longing of two who love, the tragedy of their parting made bearable only by the thought that at the earliest possible moment he would hasten back to her.

Arlette cleared the table and sat down to work on a pattern of filet lace. She smiled to herself, while her fingers moved daintily above the web-like threads; and, when the sharp trill of the door-bell struck through the silence, she started as though awakened from a dream. Quickly she crossed the room and opened the tiny Judas-window, for Robert had made her promise solemnly never to unlock the door without first seeing her visitor.

"Oh, it's you!" she cried, flinging the door wide and throwing herself into the arms of her sister, Georgina.

"Yes, it is what's left of me," said Georgina, heartily returning the embrace. "And you, little one? You are well?"

Without waiting for a reply she plumped herself into an armchair, breathing with a violence that almost burst her tight stays and agitated the plumes in her hat like trees in a wind. "Wait till I get my breath. Four steep flights of stairs without an elevator! You know I have lost the habit of such climbing."

Arlette laughed, fanning her sister with an end of Georgina's scarf. "It's true, the stairways are steep. But I'm only a little middle-class wife, and not a beautiful actress spoiled by elevators."

"You are a love of a little sister," Georgina answered fondly. "And it is a fact that climbing stairs helps one to

keep her figure. Ah, I am twenty pounds stouter, though I have the best corsetière in all Paris. But I did not pant up these heights to talk of her. Listen, my pet. I chose this hour purposely because your husband is at the Lycée. Though I will say that he is less stern than our dear father who has forbidden mama to receive me. Not that that prevents my seeing her every week. Just because I want to live independently and refuse to marry, they will do nothing but battle with me, but all the same I am what one calls an honest girl, you know that, Arlette, and mama knows it too. But people do not want to believe it. Men think so highly of themselves that they imagine a woman can not live without their love and protection. Oh, well, as for me, I love no one and have need of no one, and I am happy enough. But it is not to repeat all this that I have come to you. Now listen, my sweetest. Did your husband take a play to Rambaud lately?"

"Yes, this morning. *Hearts Unreasoning*. But how—?"

"That's it! *Hearts Unreasoning*. Is it a good play?"

"A good play! Oh, Georgina, it is a wonderful play!"

"I thought so! I said to myself that it was, when I saw the care he took to hide the manuscript from me!" Georgina exclaimed, the plumes in her hat nodding vigorously in support of her words.

"But how did you know about it?"

"Today I lunched with that shameless pirate. He would see me to talk about a new play, and I lunched with him alone, because as for me, I am not a prisoner to the conventions and I know how to treat a man like that. He talked about the play, and I had a curiosity to know the name of the new victim that he prepared to strangle, for I

know him, that man! He lives by stealing the ideas of young unknown writers, like the highwayman of the streets. While we ate, a visitor arrived, and Rambaud left the table at once to see him, for it was a member of the Academy, and Rambaud hopes to be elected. He is eaten with vanity like an apple with worms. Well, while he was gone I lost no time, I read the name on the manuscript he had left beside his plate. You can imagine what a turn it gave me to see the name of my sister's husband! At that instant Rambaud hurried back and, while I pretended to have seen nothing, he took the manuscript quickly, looking at me as sharply as though he thought that I, too, was a thief. Oh, it is simple enough for him! He poses as a patron of the arts, he draws young men to him for advice and help, they give him their plays. He changes the names of the characters, perhaps he patches up the plot. It is the work of an hour or two, and *voilà* a new play by the great Rambaud, and he grows fat with money and praise. All the world knows it."

Arlette's eyes were wide. "Georgina! But how can it be? Why is he allowed to do it, if everyone knows?"

OH, as for that, everybody's business is nobody's business. Knowing a thing is not proving it, and one has troubles enough without concerning himself with the troubles of others. As for the public, if it is amused it asks no questions. The managers of theaters are not eager to offend the men who bring them successful plays; the Society of Authors does not want a scandal. Who is left to attack the brigand Rambaud? Only the victims whose bones he has already picked. Believe me, my poor Arlette,

[Continued on page 39]



"NO, MESSIEURS, I AM NOT LYING. IF YOU WISH TO SEE THE FACE OF A LIAR, LOOK AT THAT MAN." RAMBAUD HAD COLLAPSED IN AN ARMCHAIR, LIVID, STAMMERING . . .



THE BRIMMING CUP

*A Brilliant Novel of
Modern Marriage*

By Dorothy
Canfield

"I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE TO FIGHT FOR WHAT YOU WANT
TO KEEP IN THIS WORLD," NEALE SAID

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

CHAPTER SIX

*At the Mill
An afternoon in the life of Mr. Neale Crittenden
Age 38
May 27*

THE stenographer, a pale, thin boy with a scarred face, limped over to the manager's desk with a pile of letters to be signed. "There, Captain Crittenden," he said, an open pride in his accent.

"All done, Arthur?" Neale looked them over hastily. "Good work." He leaned back, looking up at the other, "How about it, anyhow, Arthur? Is it going to work out all right?"

The stenographer swallowed visibly. "I never dreamed I'd be fit to do anything I like half so well. I thought when I was in the hospital that I was done for, for sure. Captain Crittenden, if you only knew what my mother and I think about what you've done for me."

Neale dodged hastily, "That's all right. And I'm not Captain any more."

"I forget, sir."

"Now you can sit down and take a second batch. I want to get through, early. Mrs. Crittenden's going to bring some visitors to see the place this afternoon, and I'll have to be with them more or less."

He looked at the clock. It was half-past three. Marise had said she would be there about four. "We'll have to speed up," he remarked. "Things got pretty well piled up while I was away."

He began to dictate rapidly, steadily, the end of a sentence clearly in his mind before he pronounced the first word. The pale, young stenographer bent over his notebook, his disfigured face intent and serious.

"Turned out all right, Arthur has," thought Neale. "I wasn't so far off, when I thought of the business college for him." Then he applied himself single-mindedly to his dictation; but he had not come to the bottom of the pile, when he saw Marise and the children, with Mr. Bayweather and the two recent arrivals, coming across the mill-yard. He looked at the group with a certain interest. Marise and the children had had a good deal to say yesterday about the newcomers to "Crittenden's."

It seemed to him that the older man was just like any elderly business man, and as for Mr. Marsh, he couldn't see any signs of his being such a live-wire as they had all said. He was walking along quietly enough, and was evidently as resigned as any of them to letting Mr. Bayweather do all the talking. On the other hand, none of them had told him what a striking-looking fellow Marsh was, so tall, and with such a bold carriage of that round dark head.

They were coming down the hall now. Neale went forward to open the door. They had not crossed the threshold before his first impression was reversed in one case. Marsh was a live-wire all right. Now that he had seen his eyes, he knew what Elly had meant when she said that when he looked at you it was like lightning.

HE turned to Marise—how sweet she looked in that thin yellow dress! "Where do you want your 'personally conducted' to begin, dear?" (Lord! How good it seemed to get back to Marise!) Mr. Bayweather cut in hastily. "I think a history of the mill, would be advisable as a beginning. And I will be glad to tell the newcomers about it."

Neale caught an anguished side-glance from Marise and sent back to her a shrugged message of helplessness in the face of Destiny. Aloud he said, "I wouldn't dare say a word about history before Mr. Bayweather. I have a few letters to finish. I'll just step into the outer office and be ready to start when you are." He turned to the children who were tapping on his typewriter. "Look here, kids, get along with you—out into the mill-yard and play on the lumber piles, why don't you? Paul, you see if you can tell yellow birch from oak this time!"

He and the children beat a retreat together into the outer office, where he began to dictate again in a low voice,

DOES marriage stand the test of years?

Marise Crittenden, in the full vigor of life, finds herself facing that question. Has her marriage—once the pledge of a romantic passion—become a mere absorption in her family?

Has she a right to a new romance?

She is not the only challenger. During her husband Neale's absence in Canada, Vincent Marsh, a visitor to the isolated Vermont community, has fallen in love with her. He tries to batter down her old ideas of marriage.

"Marriage is a beastly prison," he says, "as hostile to the human spirit as a ball and chain."

In the last instalment Marise awaits her husband's return. Will he help her answer these questions?

catching as he did so, an occasional phrase from the disquisition in the other room.

Marise came out to him, her face between laughter and exasperation. "Can't you do anything?"

"In a minute," he told her, "I'll just finish these two letters, then I'll go in and break him off short."

Neale dictated rapidly: "No more contracts will go out to you, if this stripping of the mountain land continues."

HE paused an instant to hear how far Mr. Bayweather had progressed and heard his own name. "His idea is that this mountainous part of New England is really not fit for agriculture," Mr. Bayweather was saying. "It is essentially forest-land. And Mr. Crittenden's idea is to have a smallish industrial population, engaged in wood-working, who would use the bits of arable land in the valleys as gardens to raise their own food. He has almost entirely reorganized the life of our valley and I daresay he can not realize himself what his intelligent grasp of the situation has done for this corner of the earth."

The young stenographer had heard this too. He leaned forward and said earnestly, "It's so, Captain—Mr. Crittenden. It's so!"

Mr. Bayweather went on, "There is enough wood in the forests within reach of the mill, to keep a moderate-sized wood-working factory going indefinitely, cutting by rotation, and taking care to leave enough trees for natural reforestation. Mr. Neale Crittenden's ideal of the lumber business, is, as I conceive it, as much a service to mankind, as a doctor's is."

Neale winced, and shook his head impatiently. "And Mrs. Crittenden's generosity with her musical talent has transformed the life of the region as much as Mr. Crittenden's high and—"

"Oh, gosh, Arthur, never mind about the rest!" murmured Neale, moving back quickly into the inner office. "All ready?" he asked in a loud, hearty voice. He turned to Marsh, "I'm afraid there is very little to interest you with your experience of production on a giant scale, in a business so small that the owner and manager knows every man by name, and everything about him."

"As for what I know about production on a giant scale," answered Marsh, "I can tell you it's not much. I did try, years ago, to find out something about the business that my father spent his life in building up, but it always ended in my being shooed out of the office by a rather irritable manager who hated having amateur directors horn in on his party."

Neale was a little startled by the expression in the other's bright dark eyes, which he found fixed on him with an intentness, almost disconcerting. "Does he think I'm trying to put something over on him?" he asked himself; "or is he trying to put something over on me?" Then he remembered

that everyone had spoken of Marsh's eyes as peculiar, and concluded that it was merely his habit. "He can look right through me and out at the other side, for all I care!" he thought indifferently, meeting the other's brilliant gaze with a faintly humorous sense of something absurd.

Marise had come back now, and was saying, "You really must get started, Neale; the men will be quitting work, soon."

"Yes, yes, this minute," he told her, and led the way with Mr. Welles, leaving Marise and Mr. Bayweather to be shown for Mr. Marsh. He had not heard the older man say a single word as yet, and surmised that he probably never said much when the fluent Mr. Marsh was with him.

Neale wondered a little as they made their way to the sawmill, what Marise saw in either of them to interest her so much.

He stood now beside Mr. Welles, in the sawmill, the ringing high crescendo scream of the saws filling the air. Marise was a wonder on conversation, anyhow. What could she find to say, now, for instance?

His eyes were caught by what one of the men was doing, and he yelled at him sharply, "Look out there, Harry! Stop that! What do I have that guard-rail there for anyhow?"

Mr. Welles looked at him earnestly. "Mr. Bayweather has told us so much about all you do for the men . . . how they are all devoted to you."

Neale looked annoyed. Bayweather and his palaver. "I don't do anything for them except give them as good wages as the business will stand!" he said impatiently.

The necessity to raise his voice to a shout, in order to make himself heard above the tearing scream of the saws, made him sound abrupt and peremptory. His eyes met those of the older man. They were like child's eyes in that tired old face. It was as though he had been abrupt and impatient to Elly or Mark. Ashamed of his petulance, Neale drew his companion further from the saws, where the noise was less.

Mr. Welles remarked with a gentle dignity, "I only meant that I was interested in what I see here, and would like to know more about it."

Neale felt that he owed the other an apology. "I'll be glad to tell you anything you want to know, Mr. Welles," he said. "You ask me questions, and I'll answer them. How's that?"

"That's what I'd like. And remember if I ask anything you don't want to talk about . . ."

THERE aren't any trade secrets in the wood-working business," Neale laughed. "Better come along and see the drying-room." They stepped out of the sawmill and started across the mill-yard.

Mr. Welles said with a smile, "I don't believe you want to show me any of this, Mr. Crittenden, and honestly that isn't what interests me about it. I wouldn't know a drying-room from a steam-laundry."

Neale stopped short and surveyed his companion with amusement. "Good for you!" he cried. "Tell the truth and shame the devil. Mr. Welles, you have my esteem."

The old man had a shy smile at this, "I don't tell the truth that way to everybody," he said.

Neale liked him more and more. "Sir, I am yours at command," he said, sitting down on the step.

Mr. Welles looked at him with the pleasantest expression in his eyes. "It's a great relief to find that we can get on with one another," he said, "for I must admit to you that I have fallen a complete victim to Mrs. Crittenden. I—I love your wife." He brought it out with a quaint, humorous roundness.

"You can't get up any discussion with me about that," said Neale—"I do myself."

They both laughed, and Mr. Welles said, "But you see, caring such a lot about her, it was a matter of great importance to me what kind of husband she had. I find actually seeing you very exciting."

"You're the first who ever found it so, I'm sure," said Neale, amused at the idea.

"But it wasn't this, I wanted to say," said Mr. Welles. "Mr. Bayweather said your idea of the lumber business was service, like a doctor's."

Neale found his liking for the gentle, humorous old man enough for him to say. "Well, of course we can't rank lumbering and wood-working with medicine: wood isn't as vital as quinine to human life, but wood is something people have to have. If you can get it out of the woods without spoiling the future of the forests, and have it transformed into some finished product that people need in their lives, it's a sort of service, isn't it? But I tell you, Mr. Welles, it's as much my wife's idea as mine. We worked it out together. It was when Elly was a baby—by that time I was pretty sure I could make a go of the business—that we first began to try to figure out what we were up to really, to make some sense out of."

Mr. Welles broke in. "I never was able to make any sense out of my position in life. I tell you, Mr. Crittenden, I've often wished that just once before I died, I could be sure that I had done anything that was of any use to anybody." He went on, nodding his head, "I've often thought about doctors and envied them. A doctor would be put out of his profession by public opinion if he tried to screw the last cent out of everybody, the way business men do as a matter of course."

Neale protested meditatively against this, "Oh, don't you think maybe there's a drift the other way among decent business people now?"

"No, I do not!" said Mr. Welles emphatically, "with a profiteer on every corner!"

BUT look-y-here, the howl about profiteers, isn't that something new? Twenty years ago, would anybody have thought of doing anything but unceasingly admiring a grocer who made all the money he could, out of his business?"

Mr. Welles considered this in an unconvinced silence.

"Mr. Crittenden, do you know anything about the treatment of the negroes in the South?" he asked.

Neale sat up, astonished at this abrupt change of topic. "Why no, nothing special, except that it's a fearful knot we don't seem to get untied. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, no particular reason. I have a relative down there, that's all."

Marise and the others came out of a door at the far end of the building now, and advanced toward them slowly.

Neale was struck again by Marsh's appearance. "An unusual man, your friend, Mr. Marsh," he remarked. "Mrs. Crittenden tells me that he has been everywhere and done everything and seen everybody. He looks the part."

Mr. Welles made no comment on this for a moment, his eyes on the advancing group. Marise had raised her yellow parasol. It made a shimmering halo for her dark, gleaming hair, as she turned her head toward Marsh, her eyes narrowed and shining as she laughed at something he said.

Then the old man remarked, "Yes, he's unusual all right, Vincent is. He has his father's energy and push." He added in final characterization, "I've known him ever since he was a little boy, and I never knew him not to get what he went after."

CHAPTER SEVEN

An Evening in Aunt Hetty's Garden as lived by Marise June 10

MARISE bent to kiss the soft, withered cheek. "Elly is a real Vermonter, but I'm not. I can't get along as she does with just, 'Hello, Aunt Hetty!'" she said tenderly to the old woman. "I have to kiss you."

"Oh you can do as you like, for all of me," returned the other with an unsparing indifference.

Marise laughed at this, taking the shaky old hand in hers with a certainty of affection returned. She went on, "This is a regular descent on you, Cousin Hetty. I've come to show you off, you and the house and the garden. This is Mr. Welles and this is Mr. Marsh. And here are the children—and Eugenia Mills came up from the city last night and will be here perhaps, if she gets up energy after her afternoon nap. Neale is coming over from the mill, and we've brought along a picnic supper and, if you'll let us, we're going to eat it out in your garden under Great-grandmother's willow tree."

Cousin Hetty nodded greetings to the strangers and said crisply:

"You're welcome enough to sit around anywhere you can find and eat your lunch here, but where you're going to find anything to show off, beats me!"

"Mr. Welles is interested in gardens and wants to look at yours."

"Not much to look at," said the old lady, uncompromisingly.

"I don't want to look at a garden!" clamored little Mark. "I want to be let up to Aunt Hetty's yattie, where the sword and the pinning-wheel are."

"Would you all like that best?" asked Marise, looking from one to the other.

Their old kinswoman answered for them, "You'd better believe they would. You always did yourself. Run along now, children, and don't fall and hurt yourselves on the wool-hetchels."

THE fox-terrier took a few agitated steps after them and ran back to Marise, begging with his eyes to follow them into the fun. Marise motioned him along up the stairs. "Yes, yes, Medor, you can go with the children if you want to."

He whirled with a ludicrous haste and tore across the room and up the stairs, drunk with joy.

"If strong emotions are what one wants out of life," commented Marise lightly to Marsh, "one ought to be born a nervous dog, given over to the whimsical tyranny of humans."

"There are other ways of coming by strong emotions," answered Marsh, not lightly at all.

"What in the world are wool-hetchels?" asked Mr. Welles, as the grown-ups went along the hall toward the side-door.

"Why when I was a girl, and we spun our own wool yarn . . ."

began Cousin Hetty, trotting beside him. Marsh stopped short in the hallway with an abruptness that brought Marise to a standstill, also. The two older ones went on down the long dusky hall and out into the garden. The door fell shut behind them.

Marise felt the man's dark eyes on her, searching, determined. They were far from those first days, she thought, when he had tacitly agreed not to look at her like that—very far from those days of delicacy and lightness of touch.

With a determination as firm as his own, she made her eyes opaque, and said, on a resolutely gay note, "What's the matter? Can't you stand any more information about early times in Vermont? I like it, you know."

"You like a great many things," he said impatiently.

"We must get out in the garden with the others, or Aunt Hetty will be telling her stories before we arrive," Marise answered, moving toward the door. She felt her pulse knocking loud and swift. Strange how a casual interchange of words could excite and agitate her. But it had been more than that. Everything was, with him.

He gave the sidewise toss of his head which had come to be so familiar to her, as though he were tossing a lock of hair from his forehead, but he said nothing more, following her down the long hall in silence.

It was as though she had felt the steel of his blade slide gratefully once more down from her parry. Her mental attitude had been so entirely that of a fence that she had an instant's absurd fear of letting him walk after her, as though she might feel a thrust from behind. "How ridiculous of me!" she told herself, with genuine amusement. "Women are as bad as fox-terriers for inventing exciting occasions out of nothing at all." Then in a gust of anger, "Why do I tolerate this for a moment? Why don't I simply send him about his business, as I would any other bold meddler?"

BUT, with an abrupt shift to another plane, "That would be acting preposterously—like a self-consciously virtuous matron. What earthly difference does it make to me, what a visitor to town says, or does, to amuse himself in his casual stay? Heavens! How he would laugh, to find me, after all, fearing like a schoolgirl, a flirtation in every man's conversation. He must never see a trace of that. It would be intolerable to have him laugh."

Her hand was on the latch, when a muffled murmur from the depths admonished her; "Personal vanity, that's what's at the bottom of what you're telling yourself . . . it is a vain woman fearing a wound to her vanity." She resented this, pushed it back, and clicked the latch up firmly, stepping out into the transparent gold of the late-afternoon sunshine.

She turned her head as her companion came up from behind her, half expecting to have his eyes meet hers with a shade of sardonic mockery, and prepared to meet it with a similar amusement at the absurdity of human beings.

But he was not looking at her at all—straight before him, unconscious that she had turned her eyes on him; and in this instant before the customary mask of self-consciousness dropped over his face, she read there, plain and startling to see, the marks of a deep and painful emotion.

All of her speculations withered to nothing. She did not even wonder what it was that moved him so strangely. There was no room for thought in the profound impersonal sympathy that came upon her at the sight of another in pain.

He turned toward her, and for the faintest fraction of time, they looked at each other through a rent in the veil of life.

Cousin Hetty's old voice called them cheerfully, "Over here, this way, under the willow tree." They turned in that direction, to hear her saying, "That was in 1763 and of course they came on horseback, using the Indian trails. Great-grandmother (she was a twelve-year-old girl then) had brought along a willow switch from their home in Connecticut. She stuck it into the ground, alongside the brook here, and this is the tree it grew to be. Looks pretty well battered up, don't it—like other old folks?"

Mr. Welles tipped his pale, quiet face back to look up at the great tree, stretching its limbs, mutilated by time and weather across the tiny brook, dimpling and murmuring among its many colored pebbles. "Queer, isn't it," he speculated, "how old the tree has grown, and how the brook has stayed just as young as ever?"

Marise looked across at Marsh and found his eyes on hers with an expression she had never seen in them, never thought to see in them—almost a peaceful look, as of a man who has had something infinitely satisfying fall to his lot. He smiled at her gently—a good, quiet, grateful smile, and looked away into the extravagant splendor of a row of peonies.

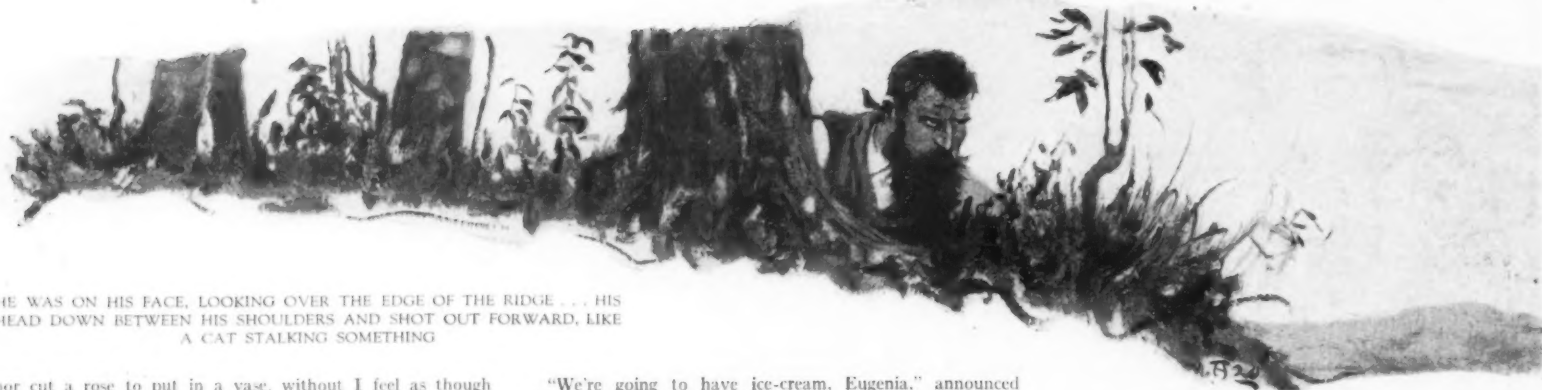
Marise felt an inexplicable happiness, clear and sunny like the light in the old garden. What a sweet and gracious thing life could be, after all. Could there be a lovelier place on earth than here among Aunt Hetty's flower-children?

"And those rose-bushes," continued the old woman, "are all cuttings my great-grandmother brought up from Connecticut, and they came from cuttings our folks brought over from England in 1634."

She sat down beside the others on the long wooden bench and added, "I never dig around one of those bushes,



FOR THE FAINTEST FRACTION OF TIME, THEY LOOKED AT EACH OTHER



HE WAS ON HIS FACE, LOOKING OVER THE EDGE OF THE RIDGE... HIS HEAD DOWN BETWEEN HIS SHOULDERS AND SHOT OUT FORWARD, LIKE A CAT STALKING SOMETHING

nor cut a rose to put in a vase, without I feel as though Great-great-grandmother and Grandmother and all the rest were in me, still alive."

"Don't you think?" Marise asked the men, "that there is something sweet about feeling yourself a part of the past generations, like that? It seems deep and quieting to me."

Mr. Welles assented wistfully: "It makes me envious." Marsh shook his head, sending up a meditative puff of smoke. "It sounds plain sleepy to me. Deep and quieting all right, but so's opium. I don't begin to have time in my life for the living I want to do, my own self. That's like a dose of soothing sirup, to get people safely past the time when they might do some sure-enough personal living on their own hook." He paused and added in a meditative murmur, "That time is so damn short as it is." He turned hastily to the old lady with an apology, "I beg your pardon! I didn't realize I'd gone on talking aloud. I was just thinking to myself."

"I'm an old maid, I know," said Cousin Hetty piquantly, "but I'm not a Massachusetts old maid. I'm Vermont, and a swear-word or two don't scare me."

They all laughed, foolishly, light-heartedly.

MARISE delighted in the laughter, in the light tone of their talk, in the feeling of confidence and security which bathed her as warmly as the new wine of the spring sunshine. She thought passingly of her notions about steel blades and being afraid to walk down the hall with her "opponent" back of her. Her opponent! This potent significant personality, lounging on the bench beside her, resting evidently in an interval of a life, the intensity of which was out of her world altogether—the life . . . all power of a modern, rich and active man in great affairs; living in the instants of personal life (she felt again the pang of her sympathy for his look of fierce pain) with a concentration in harmony with the great scale of his other activities. How funny she had been to project her village insignificance into that large-scale landscape.

A distant whistle blew a long full note, filling the valley with its vibrations. "Is that a train at this hour?" asked Mr. Welles.

"Oh, no!" said Marise severely. "That's the mill-whistle, blowing the closing-hour. You're no true Ashleyian, not to have learned the difference between the voices of the different whistles." She turned to Marsh, tilting her wings for a capricious flight. "I wonder if it's not unconscious art that gives to our mighty machines such voices of power."

"Isn't it perhaps ostentatious to call the family sawmill a mighty machine?" asked Marsh. He sat at the end of the bench, his arm along the back behind Mr. Welles, looking at the garden and Marise out of half-shut eyes.

"And when the train comes sweeping up the valley, trailing its banner of smoke, I feel as though it were the crescendo announcing something; and at the crossing, when that noble rounded note blares out—why it's the music for the setting. Nothing else could cope with the depth of the valley, and the highness of its mountain walls."

"I call that going some, 'noble rounded note!'" murmured Marsh.

Marise laughed and persisted, "Just because it's called a steam-whistle, we won't hear its beauty and grandeur."

She stood up. "I'm just hypnotized into good-for-nothingness by the loveliness of the afternoon and the niceness of everybody. Here it is almost eating-time and I haven't even opened the baskets. No, don't you move," she commanded the others. "I'll call the children, and Neale will be here in a moment."

She vanished into the house. There was a moment or two of intense concentrated quiet, in which the almost horizontal rays of the setting sun poured a flood of palpable gold on the three motionless figures in the garden. Then she emerged, her husband beside her, carrying the largest of the baskets; the children straggling with other baskets—a pail, an ice-cream freezer; the dog weaving circles around them, wrought to exaltation by the smell of the eatables.

"Neale was just coming in the front gate," she explained, as he nodded all around and bent to kiss the old woman's cheek. "Cousin Hetty, just look at Elly, in that nightcap of Great-aunt Pauline's. Doesn't she look the image of that old daguerreotype of Grandmother? See here, Mark, who said you could trail that sword out here?"

"Let him, let him," said Cousin Hetty comfortably. "There's nothing much less breakable than a sword!"

"Hello," said Neale, "here comes Eugenia after all. Marise, have you explained who Eugenia is?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Marise, "I forgot they didn't know her. Quick you, do it, Neale."

"Old friend of my wife's, sort of half-cousin several-times-removed—schoolmates, roommates in France together," said Neale rapidly—"cultivated, artistic, and so on. She toils not neither does she spin—doesn't have to. High-brow and yet stylish," he went on under his breath, as she came more fully in view, down the walk. "Spinster—by conviction." He stepped forward to greet her.

The other two men stood up to be presented. In her gleaming supple dress of satin-like ivory jersey, Eugenia Mills looked some finished jewel-object infinitely breakable.

"Oh, there is someone of Marsh's own world," thought Marise.

She was not aware of any wistfulness in her recognition of this fact, but was moved to stand closer to her husband, and once reached out her hand to touch his fingers.

"We're going to have ice-cream, Eugenia," announced Paul, leaning on the arm of her chair, after she and all the rest were seated again.

"Paul, don't hang on Eugenia like that," Marise called to him, remembering Eugenia's dislike of the children.

"But she smells so sweet!" protested the little boy. Mr. Welles held out a sympathizing hand and drew the child to him.

"Come here, all you little folks," ordered Marise, now seriously beginning to serve the meal, "and start waiting on the table. No, Neale, don't get up—I want to see if the children can't do it all themselves."

From where she sat at the foot of the table, Marise directed the operations; the children stepped about, serious, responsible, their rosy faces translucent in the long rays sent up by the sun, low in the Notch. Dishes clicked lightly, knives and forks jingled, cups were set back with little clinking noises on saucers—all these indoor sounds oddly diminished and unresonant under the open sky; just as the chatting, laughing flow of the voices—even though it rose at times to bursts of mirth—never drowned out the sweet secret talk of the brook to itself.

Marise was aware of all this, richly and happily aware of the complexities of an impression whose total seemed to her, for the moment, felicity itself. It pleased her, every bit of it: the dear children—Paul worshipping at the shrine of Eugenia's elegancies; Mark, the absurd darling, with that grotesque sword between his legs; Elly, devouring her favorite sandwich with impassioned satisfaction; Cousin Hetty, ageless, pungent and savory as one of her herbs; Mr. Welles, the old tired darling; Marsh—how tremendously more *sympatico* he had seemed this afternoon than ever before, as though one might really like him, and not only find him exciting and interesting; Neale, dear Neale, with his calm eyes. All of them at ease, friendly, enjoying the visible world and each other.

Where, after all, were the troubling intricacies of human relations, which had been tormenting her and darkening her sky? It was all so good and simple, if only one could remain good and simple oneself. There was no lightning to fear in that lucent, sunset air.

EUGENIA said to her casually in a lull, "Marisette, here we are the first of June and past, and the roses less advanced than they were at Tivoli in the last of March. Do you remember the day when a lot of us sat outdoors and ate a picnic dinner, just as we do now? It was the day we climbed Monte Cavo."

Marise explained. "Miss Mills is a friend who dates back even before my husband's time—back to our student days in Rome." To her, she said, "Eugenia, we never could have climbed up Monte Cavo the day we went to Tivoli. They don't go together on the same excursion at all."

"That's true," agreed Eugenia, indifferently; "Monte Cavo goes with the Rocca di Papa expedition."

Before she could imagine a possible reason, Marise felt her hands go cold and moist. Eugenia went on: "And I never went to Rocca di Papa with you, I'm sure of that! That was a trip you took after you had dropped me for Neale. In fact, it was on that very expedition that you really got formally engaged. Don't you remember? You and Neale walked over from Monte Cavo and only just caught the last car down."

Ridiculous! Marise told herself that it was not possible that her hands were trembling so. It was just a physical reaction such as one had when startled by some trivial thing. What nonsense! Nobody would remember the name from that evening, weeks and weeks ago. And what if they did? What could they make of it? It seemed to her that dusk had fallen in the garden. She heard Eugenia's voice going on, and Neale chiming in with a laugh, and did not understand what they said. Surely, everyone must have forgotten.

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The first, OLD IRON, will appear in the January issue.

She hazarded a quick glance at Mr. Welles' face and drew a long breath of relief. He had forgotten, that was evident. She looked beyond him, to Marsh. He, too, would certainly have forgotten.

He was waiting for her eyes. And when they met his, she felt the lightning flash. He had not forgotten.

The Same Evening in Aunt Hetty's Garden, as lived by Vincent Marsh

Marsh had suddenly found it unbearable there in the hall with Marise. He wasn't used to keeping the curb on himself like this, and he hadn't the least intention of learning how to do it. A fierce physical irritability overcame him, and he stopped short in the hall, just because he could not stand the silly chatter that seemed always to be flowing from somebody about their foolish affairs. If they only knew what he was leaving unsaid!

He had not meant to make Marise halt, too, his movement having been a mere unconsidered reflex, but of course she did stop, a little surprised by the brusqueness of his

action, and faced him there in the dusky hallway. She was so close to him that he could see every detail of her face and person, just as he could at night when he closed his eyes, so close that for an instant he felt her breath on his face. He ground his teeth, minded that instant to throw down the trumpery little wall of convention. It couldn't stand, he knew with an experienced certainty of his own potency, it wouldn't stand for an instant against him. The day he chose to put his shoulder to it, down it would go in a heap of rubble.

But the wall was not all. Usually it was all. But with this woman it was nothing—a mere accident. Beyond it she stood, valid, and looked at him out of those long eyes of hers. What was in her mind?

SHE looked at him now, quietly as usual, made some light casual remark and, effortlessly, as though she had some malign and invincible charm, she had passed out of his power again, and was walking with that sure tread of hers, down to the door. If he could have done it, he would have struck at her from behind. He could get no hold on her, nor take the first step. All during these weeks and weeks he had caught enough facts, Lord knows. But had he any certainty that he had put them together right? He had not yet caught in her any tone or look or phrase that would give him the unmistakable clue. He had set down words and words that would tell him what her life really was; but he was not sure he knew the alphabet of that language. He might be making a fool of himself, with his almost certainty that she was conscious of having outgrown, like a splendid tropical tree, the wretched little kitchen-garden where fate had transplanted her. When he could stamp down this heat of feeling, and let his intelligence have a moment's play, it was possible that he might realize he was misinterpreting everything he saw. That evening, almost at the first, with its betrayal of some strong feeling of hers about the place near Rome! It was more than evident, from her tone, her look, her gesture, that the name of it could mean anything or nothing. It might be some sordid accident—a drunken working-man's saying something brutal to her there.

He looked hard at her back, with its undulating beauty, so close to him, and felt her immeasurably distant. She opened the door now and went out into the light, stepping a little to one side as though to make room for him to come up beside her. He found that he knew every turn of her head, every poise of her shoulders, the action of her hands, the whole rhythm of her body, as though it were his own. And yet there she passed from him, far and remote.

A sudden shock of certainty of foreordained defeat came over him, as he had never known before. He was amazed at the violence of his pain. Intolerable!

She turned her head quickly and caught his eyes in this instant of inexplicable suffering.

What miraculous thing happened then? It seemed to him that her face wavered in golden rays, from the radiance of her eyes. For she did not withdraw her gaze. She looked at him with an instant of profound sympathy and pity, no longer herself, transfigured, divine by the depths of her humanity.

The sore bitterness went out from his heart.

A voice called. She turned away. He felt himself following her. He looked about him, light-headed with relief from pain.

He walked more slowly, feeling with a curious pleasure the insatiable desire for possession ebbing from him. Why not enjoy the ineffable sweetness of what he could have? That was what would please her, what she would like, what she would give. In this moment of hush, he quite saw how

it would be possible, although he had never for a moment before in his life believed it. Yes, possible and lovely. After all he must stop some time, and take the slower pace. Why not now, when there was a certain and great prize to be won . . . ?

People talked around him. He talked and did not know his own words. Marise spun sparkling webs of nonsense and made him laugh, but the next moment he could not have told what she had said. He must have been very tired, to take such intense pleasure in being at rest.

Her husband came—that energetic husband! The children came—the children whose restless, selfish, noisy prying on their mother usually annoyed him so, and still the charm was not broken. Marise, as she always did when her husband and children were there, retreated into a remote plane, answering the children's silly questions, belonging to everyone, her personal existence blotted out. But this time he felt still, deep within him, the penetrating sweetness of her eyes. A tiresome, sophisticated doll-like friend of Marise's came too, somehow intruding another personality into the circle already too full, and yet he was but vaguely irritated. It only brought out by contrast the living, thrilling quality of Marise's presence. He basked in that, as in the sunshine, and thought of nothing else. Possibilities he had never dreamed of stretched before him, of almost impersonal and yet desirable life. Perhaps this was the turning-point for him. He supposed there really was one, some time for everybody.

"Rocca di Papa," someone had said. Or had he dreamed it? He awoke with an inward bound, like a man springing

[Continued on page 33]

A Famous English Humorist Finds Us Puzzling—But Impressive

WHAT I MISSED
IN AMERICA

By E. V. Lucas

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



HE WAS THE
MOST HELPFUL
MAN I
EVER MET.
NEVER HAVE
I CALLED A
MAN "ED" ON
SUCH SHORT
ACQUAINTANCE

WHAT I
missed
most in
America!

I have something of a catalog to unfold. To begin with, I missed dullness. Everything was interesting, from the Golden Gate, which I entered early one Sunday morning in April (just after three Japanese sailors had made a futile effort to swim ashore and become Americans) to the Statue of Liberty, which we left behind us one afternoon in June, eight weeks later. In that interval, something was always happening and it was always interesting.

Even the railway journey to Chicago was interesting: partly because it was so new, and partly because I sat opposite a returned exile from the Philippines who told me the story of his life, showed me the necklace he was taking home to his daughter's wedding and asked my advice as to the wisdom or unwisdom of marrying again—the lady of his wavering choice having been at school with him in New England; now a widow in Ogden with property of her own. In addition to his child-like garrulity and openness he was the most helpful man I ever met, acting as nurse to the three or four restless children in the car and even producing from his bag a pair of scissors and a bottle of gum with which to make dolls' paper clothes. Never in my life have I called a stranger "Ed" on such short acquaintance.

It was novel, too, in a Pullman car, when one wished to smoke a pipe in the very inadequate combined smoking-room and lavatory, to have to stir up the sleeping negro attendant in order to find a place on the solitary sofa seat.

One of the things that I missed on this journey and elsewhere in America was sheep. Not a single sheep did I see on this or any of the railway journeys, although on the way from San Francisco to Chicago I saw many cattle, including numbers of our Red Herefords with the benign white faces. But never a sheep. Nor were there any sheep in the meadows that I passed on various motor drives in California, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Indeed the emptiness of these meadows was very striking, for in England every one of them would have had animals grazing in them. It was not until I reached Washington that I found my first and last flock of sheep, and they were—where do you think? In the garden of the White House. It is not for a foreigner to ask if that was symbolical, so I will abstain from putting the question.

THAT I missed in America the refreshment of light wines, goes without saying, although I was fortunate in that many of the friends I made had "cellars." I was lucky, too, in finding restaurants where coffee-pots yielded a liquor surprisingly like claret or burgundy.

But I think the Americans are thirstier than we. I imagine so from the circumstance that they drink so much water. In England only children drink water, and they not to excess. But in America everyone drinks cold water. It is beside the bed, in the corners of offices, awaiting you at meals, jingling down the passage of hotels, bubbling in street fountains. It is even in the corridors of the cars, with little paper cups to drink it from. In English restaurants water bottles are rarely supplied until asked for; in our hotel bedrooms they seldom bear lifting to the light. As to whether the general health of Americans is superior or

inferior to ours by reason of this water-drinking custom I do not know; but figures would be interesting.

England has almost everything to learn from America in the matter of hotels. I consider American second- and third-class hotels better in many ways than our best. Every American restaurant, of each grade, is better than the English equivalent; the appointments are better, the food is served with more distinction. When it comes to coffee—American coffee is the best in the world. Only quite recently has the importance of the complete suite entered into the calculations of the promoters of English hotels, and in myriads of these establishments, called first class, there is still one bathroom to twenty rooms. Heating, and hot and cold water in the rooms, is even more rare: so rare as to be mentioned in the advertisements. Telephones in the rooms are rarer still.

But we have certain advantages. For example, in English restaurants there is always something on the table to eat at once—hors d'oeuvres, or bread and butter. In America there is nothing ready but iced water—an ungenial beginning to any feast—and you must wait until the order is taken. Other travelers, even Americans, have agreed with me that it would be more comfortable if the convention, which decrees that the waiter shall bring everything together, could be overruled. Something to "go on with" is a great ameliorative, when one is hungry and tired.

INTERCHANGE of national customs and institutions is rarely practicable, because the two peoples are different. Americans have a reputation for taking the law into their own hands or dispensing with it altogether. The very phrase "gunmen" is significant, and one cannot see a New York policeman's drawn baton, without reflecting upon the normal placidity and unpreparedness of the British constable, whose baton is rarely seen and who carries a revolver only on special occasions. None the less, the Americans are in many ways far more orderly than we, and it is upon this orderliness that the success of certain of their time-saving appliances is built. The Automat restaurant, for example, would never do in London. The idea is perfect; but it requires the cooperation of the customer, and that is what we should fail to provide. The spotless cleanliness and mechanical exactitude of these places in New York would cease in London, and gradually they would decline and disappear. At heart, we in England dislike well-managed places.

Similarly we could not adopt in London the excellent traffic-control system which has lately been set up in Fifth Avenue. Such signal boxes would be practicable only where the roads cross each other at right angles and are long and straight. In London we have so many points where several roads meet—such as Ludgate Circus and the Bank and Piccadilly Circus and Trafalgar Square—moreover, there are few of our streets that do not curve.

I found less "hustle" than I was expecting. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that the wonderful American business man is a myth: at any rate, in so far as having any monopoly in swift methods is concerned. I fancy that when it comes to actual business the Englishman is his equal and the Frenchman even more concentrated and practical. I am referring to the first-class business men—serious and keen—in each country. With regard to the others I should say that the American, so far from hustling, spends more time than the others in preliminary clearing of the ground. The sacred duty of coming directly to the point is, it seemed to me, in America, more honored in the breach than the observance.

Another thing that I missed in America was any good singing in vaudeville or musical comedy. There were plenty of songs but no voices.

Another missing quantity was the man who greeted me as "Wa'al, stranger." I never met him. Nor, though I found a profusion of cuspidors, did I meet any long-range shot at them.

I wish that in the Adirondacks, I had missed mosquitoes. But I had no such luck. Not only did I not miss them, but they never missed me. They hit me every time.

An American experience which I am sorry that I missed was a visit to the Law Courts in New York on Friday, when, I am told, married couples are unmarried at a very high speed. A legal friend invited me to accompany him, but I was unable to do so. Not that we are so destitute of divorce cases in England, but they occur less often and usually take longer to hear in court.

I WISHED THAT IN THE ADIRONDACKS, I HAD MISSED MOSQUITOES. BUT I HAD NO SUCH LUCK. THEY NEVER MISSED ME



ANOTHER MISSING QUANTITY
WAS THE MAN WHO GREETED
ME AS "WA'AL, STRANGER"

I should say that the position of woman in America is stronger than in England, where we are Turks at heart. The Englishman likes women, but prefers the company of men. Hence the women, for centuries, were to a large extent in the background. Latterly there have been movements toward independence, but though they have changed the status of woman, and particularly of the unmarried woman, the attitude of the Englishman remains where it is. He likes them *when he likes them*, and legislates for himself.

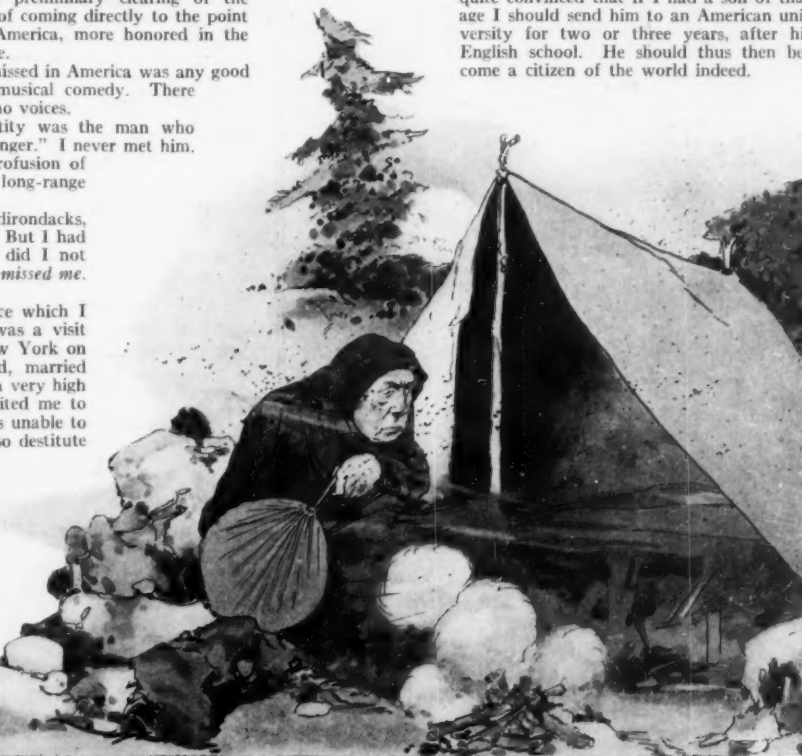
But in America women seem to be much more in the ascendancy; they may not be in public life, but you feel them to be much more at the back of it. In general conversation the women are far more assertive than English women are, and they receive more attention from the men; quite young girls have the carriage and air of rulers. Their natural confidence, their easy assurance (not as though any opposition were being consciously defied) is what one observes. Apart from any other causes, I should guess that not a little of this much more reasonable equality of the sexes is due to the system of coeducation at the universities. Watching the young men and maidens crowding to a lecture in the Hearst Amphitheater at Berkeley, under that glorious California sky, I was struck by the sensible, frank intimacy of them all and envied them the advantages that must be theirs over the English method of segregation at the same age—which, by creating shyness and destroying familiarity, tends to retard, if not destroy, the natural understanding which ought to exist between them and would often make life so much simpler if it did.

I asked one of the professors to what extent marriages were made in Berkeley, but he had no statistics—beyond the fact that Cupid was very little trouble to the authorities, and that Mr. and Mrs. Hoover had met as students at Leland Stanford. Then I asked a member of one of the sororities and she said that during one's time at college one was a good deal in love and a good deal out of it; but the romances rarely persisted into later life.

SHE pronounced it "romances" with the accent on the first syllable, whereas somewhere half-way across the

Atlantic the accent passes to the second. I do not say which are right, the Americans or the English, in these differences, but the differences can be very disconcerting, especially if one refuses to give way. I was talking with someone in Chicago and wished to answer carefully his question as to the conditions under which the poor of our great cities live (which are, in my observation, infinitely worse in England than in America). Indeed, I hardly saw any poor in America at all—that is, not poverty as we understand it. But I could not frame my reply because "squalor" (which we pronounce as though the first syllable rhymed with Moll) was the only fitting epithet, and he had just used it himself, pronouncing it in the American way—or at any rate in his American way—with a long "a." So I turned the subject.

Neither nation has any monopoly of reasonableness in pronunciation. But I have wandered far from Berkeley and Stanford. I am not sure as to my course of conduct if I had a daughter of seventeen, but I am quite convinced that if I had a son of that age I should send him to an American university for two or three years, after his English school. He should thus then become a citizen of the world indeed.



In which Lettie of The Custard Cup breaks into high finance

CHRISTMAS DIMES, LIMITED

By

Florence Bingham Livingston



SHE WOULD WATCH SOMEBODY ELSE'S CHRISTMAS TREE—JUST AS SHE HAD DONE LAST YEAR—AND YEAR BEFORE!

THE young Penfields were in council. Christmas was only a week off; but although they had been craftily watching for signs of mystery, the testimony of all three was flat and without hope. They were sitting on the floor in the living-room, conferring in low tones.

"I hain't never had a Christmas," contributed Thad. "I hain't, neither," countered Lettie shortly, "and I'm twice as old as you are. Ain't none of us had a Christmas. But—but we gotta have one."

"Yes, we gotta," echoed Crink, with strengthened hope. "Boys, we're gonta," continued Lettie vehemently. "What's the big plan, children?" inquired Mrs. Penfield, coming in from the kitchen.

"Christmas!" exploded Lettie. "Oh!" Mrs. Penfield's tired face grew troubled. "We want a tree and presents—and everything," explained Crink.

"Oh, my dears!" The words were heavy with distress. But immediately Mrs. Penfield became optimistic. "I'd been planning that we'd have a fine day, and I'm going to make us a grand bread-pudding. I got a whole sack of stale bread last night to a bakery cheap, and I'll dry out a lot of it in the oven. It'll keep for weeks, and we'll have bread-pudding and codfish scallops and—"

"It would make stuffing," put in Crink eagerly. "In some families it would, Crink, but we don't have nothing to stuff—except ourselves. But 'bout Christmas—I thought we'd play games and tell stories and teach Filibuster a new trick and pop some corn. We'd have an awful busy day, chuck full of fun."

Thad scrambled to his feet. "We want a tree, Penzie. All of us wants one," he put in plaintively.

"Bless your sweet heart!" Mrs. Penfield bent and kissed him. "Now, children," she continued briskly, "this year we got heaps of things to buy. Ain't one of you got a decent shoe, and Crink's got to have a new suit. Yes, I know you'd go without, but you got to remember that Christmas is only one day, and life is three hundred and sixty-five of 'em a year. Besides—"

With a spring, Lettie stepped up to the front line. "Get away, babies," she commanded, with a scornful wave of her arm. "This is where we get down to business. Now, Penzie, darling, how much would it cost to get a tree and ev'rything—you know—the whole shooting match?"

Mrs. Penfield considered. "You mean a tree and trimmings and presents—?"

"Yes, and presents for ev'rybody in The Custard Cup," supplemented Lettie. "Ev'rything swell—a big party."

"Why, Lettie, if you was to do it on a big scale and have ev'rything grand, it'd take—I'm 'fraid it'd take a dollar."

Gravely Lettie reflected upon this huge block of solid finance, as yet un-negotiated. "If we'll raise a dollar," she stipulated slowly, "honest-to-goodness

earn it, will you show us how to have a big blow-out Christmas—lots of presents and fixings—and strings of things all over the tree, and candles—and a big party?"

"I'll do that very thing, Lettie. But—"

"It's as good as done," shouted Lettie. "Oh, Penzie, I love you harder all the time." She flew at Mrs. Penfield, strangled her with a thoroughness that was fortunately brief, and dashed through the big door into the driveway, dancing with exuberance.

Crink followed. "Say, Lettie," he inquired anxiously, "how you going to do it?"

She turned on him disdainfully. "Landy patience, Crink, how do you s'pose I know?"

"Well," he returned, in deep disappointment, "you told her sure, just as if—"

"Golly, won't you never grow up, Crink? Don't you know you have to be sure of a thing first, and then you go ahead and do it afterward? I'm doing the sure part now, and pretty soon I'll think of a way of pulling it off. Trust me!"

Thereupon Lettie withdrew to her favorite vacant lot and threw herself down under a weeping willow, a prey to meditation. All the money she had ever earned had come slowly, from picking up wood, washing steps, running errands, the returns ranging from one cent up to a dime, per job.

"But, by jingoes," she said to herself, "I gotta get this money in a lump. It's a race 'tween me and Christmas, and I'm gonta get there first."

Silence and concentration! But mentality remained a blank, and the pencil of inspiration refused to write.

The Characters in The Cup:

MRS. PENFIELD—A widow who supervises Cluster Court, known locally as The Custard Cup.

TEN-SECOND LETTIE—A waif whose existence Mrs. Penfield's love and makeshift home have glorified.

CRINK—A boy of ten whose spontaneity has been crushed by economic struggles.

THAD—The youngest, whose four years have given him no Christmas.

MR. WOPPLE—A neighbor, whose antagonism to waifs has been a stumbling-block in Lettie's path of virtue.

"I'm gonta!" Miss Penfield leaned over and pummeled the ground with her fist. "I'm gonta! D'you hear? I'M GONTA!"

Lifting her eyes, she shook off her tenseness and surveyed the world in a receptive mood. A boy was whistling around the corner. He came in sight, distributing handbills. Lettie watched him climb steps, slip a dodger under the door, run down again, climb other steps.

Her gaze ceased to follow him, became dreamy. "By George!" she murmured. "I'm getting an idea. I can 'most see it."

She sprang to her feet, wild with excitement and hope, and ran to one of her hunting-grounds, the free edge of a lumber yard. Here she rummaged until she had collected a number of long, light pieces of wood, which she bound together with an old wire and dragged home.

The afternoon and all the next day Lettie spent in a corner of her own back-yard. Mrs. Penfield was moved to pity, when she glanced from the window, at the small figure busily working with hatchet and nails, sticks and old wire.

Through long, weary hours and long, weary days Lettie planned and hammered, failed and tried again. She had set all her hopes on this one scheme, and her determination was held the firmer by the concrete possibilities which she had extracted from Penzie. It seemed that wonderful gifts were easy if one could only buy a few materials.

Puzzles might be made from magazines that had been given to the family—by mounting illustrations on paste-board from old boxes and cutting them into fantastic shapes. Interesting pictures were guaranteed if one could get hold of some plain writing paper, upon which might be shaken a few drops of red and black ink. When the paper had been folded once and smoothed flat, the ink would spread into a blot picture, which would suggest a verse to be written under it. The very cheapest of Manila envelopes would charmingly enclose each of these gifts.

For the children, egg-shells could be decorated with small pictures; and Mrs. Penfield had promised to cut up an old net curtain into tiny bags for popcorn, each bag to contain two or three candies, if funds were ample.

Lettie's mind feasted on all these plans. Never in her life had she had a Christmas present; and now to think that under her hatchet might lie the means of providing Christmas presents for the entire Custard Cup, was like a glimpse into a bewildering paradise.

Nevertheless, it was the middle of the third afternoon before Lettie came into the kitchen with impressive triumph.

"She works," announced the child, with a brief nod toward the contrivance she was carrying. It was a long, slender stick with wires at one end, but Lettie gave no explanation of its purpose. She took it into the bedroom and hid it behind her sleeping-box.

Then, having put on her better gingham dress, she set forth from The Custard Cup. Her objective had been in mind from the first. Part of the information which she had picked up in her open-air life was the system by which advertising material is distributed. She had known more than one boy who was employed by The Wide-awake Advertising Agency, and her present visit was to headquarters.

With some reluctance, the office boy admitted Lettie and pointed out the manager—a stout man with heavy eyebrows—working at his desk in the rear of the office.

"What is it, kid?" inquired Mr. Abbott brusquely.

Lettie dropped into a chair and went straight to the point. "I gotta scheme that'll save you heaps of money. I been watching your boys, all time walking—up steps, down steps. So I made a machine that holds the card or handbill, and all the boy has to do is stand at the bottom of the steps and shoot the card under the door—I got it all doped out—and then while he's hiking to the next house, he puts another card—"

"Where's your machine?"

"It's at home. I—I—"

"'Fraid I'd steal it? Well, I can tell you—"

"Oh, no-o," interrupted Lettie breathlessly. Her black eyes sprang wide as she glimpsed the hideousness of failure. "I thought I'd see if you were int'usted, 'cause if you are, I'll make machines for you—for a dollar apiece. And—"

"Run along, kid. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"But it'd save you—"

"Save nothing! My line ain't revivals; it's advertising. Now you run along. I—"

"Oh, please be int'usted," begged Lettie. "Please—"

"Run along, I tell you. Jack," he called to the office boy, "put this kid out."

"Oh! Oh!" screamed Lettie. "Don't you dare!" In a blinding gust of rage at the threatened indignity, she clenched her fists and pounded the frail old desk till the papers rustled and the ink-well rocked against its metal holder. A wrathful red had surged into her cheeks; her narrow chest pumped up and down in agony.

"Don't you dare! Just have a heart. Oh, let me alone."

Shrieking, protesting, lashing out with her angry arms, Miss Penfield was forcibly ejected from the office of The Wide-awake Advertising Agency. Panic-stricken by failure, she dashed along the street till she came to a vacant lot, where she threw herself down under a live-oak. Wild sobs shook her thin frame. She was no longer a will-driven human being, full of fight and fierceness, but a forlorn little girl, hopeless and heartbroken. With all the gathered longing of a hard, dreary childhood, she had set her mind on these holidays as upon some idealized heights of bliss. And now it was to be as it had always been; no tree, no presents, no party, no games, no nothing!

Next week she would prow through streets in the early dusk, stopping now and then before a window to watch

(Continued on page 21)

You would be the happiest giver alive

—if you could hang the gift of health on every branch of your home Christmas tree this year. But do you realize that eating good soup every day is one of the surest means to bring this priceless gift into your home and keep it there?

And you needn't wait for Santa Claus.

Every time you serve Campbell's nourishing and appetizing Tomato Soup on your home table you help to cultivate the habit of health in the family circle.

Isn't this the finest gift of all?

Made of the pure juice of sound red-ripe tomatoes and other choice and nutritious ingredients, this tempting soup so strengthens digestion, so helps to regulate the body-building processes of the entire system that it proves as wholesome and satisfying as it is delicious.

Write for Campbell's "Helps for the Hostess" book which describes various inviting ways to serve this delightful soup, beside many new menus and original recipes, which are in themselves a prize well worth having. Free on request.

21 kinds

15c a can



"I love this Campbell's Christmas tree
Which grows so green and tall
Of many joys it brings to me
This gift is best of all"



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

WHOM WILL YOU MARRY?

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief. Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief"

THE ARMY MAN'S WIFE ANSWERS:

IN telling of my experiences as the wife of a regular army man, I want to be absolutely fair and truthful not to myself, but to the lives which army women live. So, I must say at the beginning, that if ever there was a woman not meant to live at an army post, I am that woman, for both by temperament and training I was unfitted for it. There are two things which every army wife should be able to do: she should make friends easily and she should make a dime do the work of at least a quarter. For an army man is always being transferred from one post to another—hence the need to have what might be called an elastic social nature. The pay of army men has never been adequate—therefore the need of an ability to spend money wisely.

To meet these two requirements, I was the shyest person imaginable and one of the most extravagant. From childhood I was abnormally timid, and even at the time when I was married, I had no idea of the value of money. Being one of the youngest of a large family, I had always had all the companionship I wanted without learning how to make friends. We were rated rich in the beautiful old Eastern town where my family had lived for generations. My tastes, I think, would be called simple, but I had never wanted anything without getting it. I blush to tell it, but until I was married, I never asked the price of anything before buying it. If there could be worse training—or rather, lack of training—for an army wife, I can't imagine it.

It was while I was at Vassar that I met my husband. I was one of a party of girls who went down to West Point for a dance. Robert and I met each other then, and within a few weeks we were engaged. He was a senior, but as he had no money and I was so young and not yet through school, we were not married for three years.

My family approved of the marriage, but I could see that they were afraid I would be miserably homesick when I went away from them. I myself was so deeply in love that I had no fears, but now and then there would be a little clutch at my heart at the thought of leaving all mine own people; and when I read Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills*, I wrote Robert that I'd like to be a Mrs. Hauksbee, but that I was afraid I never could be. He wrote back that while she was all very well in a book, he didn't think he'd care to have her around the house all the time, and so I felt better.

There was so much excitement about preparing my trousseau and the wedding and such joy at the thought of being with Robert—whom I had not seen for almost a year—that there was no time to be worried about the future, although I did wish we were to be stationed at a nearby post, instead of half-way across the continent.

IT was a small post where we lived first. I think it would have been easier for me if it had been a larger one, for then there would have been little cliques and, with my retiring nature, I could have kept out of them all. Of course I expected to have the women call on me and to return their calls, and I knew that we'd have to be entertained and entertain now and then. The correct thing, socially, I would do. Formality is a great consolation to the shy. It is informality which is difficult. "Dropping in" on people was something I had never done and could not understand. And that post was a great place for "dropping." I was soon to discover.

In the kindness of their hearts and because my husband was very popular, the women had planned to do everything in their power to make his bride happy and to keep her from being homesick and lonely. I don't think I ever understood until I went there and faced a round of parties and continuous "droppings in," how often it is that the best intentions in the world make for misery instead of happiness.

I hope I was never rude, but I know that I wasn't really gracious. I am sure if it had not been for my husband, those women would have been tired of being nice to me and I would have been left alone. But he was a great favorite and so they tolerated me. Also I discovered, although it took something very like a quarrel to make me realize it, my husband loved and needed the companionship of those around him.

There were two things, especially, which irritated me about the social life of the army. Why people, thrown together by chance, should be expected to be intimate, I could not see. Worse than that, the whole system seemed to me to be snobbish. Our second quarrel came when I said that to my husband. He was angry because he thought me obstinately unjust, and I was injured because he would not

EVERY wife of an army man should be able to do two things: She should make friends easily, and she should make a dime do at least the work of a quarter.

I had to learn by doing. . . . My daughters can afford to marry army men . . . they have skill as housekeepers.

accept the philosophy which I was trying to advance as a justification of my taste.

"Wherever one lives, one's associates are largely a matter of chance," he said. That, I admitted, could not be denied; but I still believe as I contended then, that the mere physical facts of life at an army post keep one from having the free choice of one's companions that most people have. A post is a little world in itself, often isolated from any larger community. I am not trying now to justify my ungraciousness of those days, but I do think that it is a foolish thing to expect men and women to become intimate friends because the government has happened to send them to live for a time at the same place.

"And all this observance of rank," I said, "is snobbish and un-American. In times of peace, at least, rank in the army doesn't signify any special ability or service. I'm not insinuating that politics play a part in it—although wire-pulling

said because he knew the life seemed strange and unnatural to me.

AT that first post I learned many lessons. Most of them didn't do me much good there, because I knew I was unpopular and, to overcome that and my shyness at the same time, was beyond me. But when at the end of two years we went to another post, I was determined not to make the same mistakes.

It was much easier for me, because I accepted conditions even if I did not altogether like them. Also, I was not so conspicuous as I had been at the first post, where I had been a bride among people whom I did not know, but who knew my husband well. Outside myself, there were two other factors which helped me. We had been at the post only a few weeks, when my chum sister died. It was the first great sorrow of my life. When the first word came that she was

ill, I started on the long trip home, but she died a few hours before I arrived. When I knew I would never see her again, I felt for the first time in my life that I was a woman; that my girlhood was in the past. There have been many sorrows since then and they have been the keener because I have been so far away. The family joys too I have missed. There have been marriages and I was not at the feast; there have been nephews and nieces whom I did not see until they had outgrown their babyhood. I have had heart-rending moments of wondering if my own people would begin to think of me as an alien, because I shared with them so few of the experiences of life.

Emerson I had read and loved all my life, but it was in those dark days that I came to understand his law of compensation. I was away from my own people among strangers—and the strangers were becoming my own people.

Of course as I was in mourning I was not expected to take part in the social life of the post. But the women whom I barely knew, were so sympathetic that I felt their kindness as I had not felt it when those other women had tried so hard to make life happy by entertaining.

There was another bond of sympathy. My first baby was born a few months after I returned from my visit back home. I was so proud of him—I'm afraid I was one of those foolish mothers who "show off" their children—that it made it simpler for me to be on easy terms with the other women. There is nothing in the world like talking about formulas for modifying milk and exchanging patterns for baby clothes, to make women feel friendly toward each other.

A great sorrow and a great joy had come to me—and I was never, I think, quite the same person again. When we received orders to go to the Philippines, it was with a real pain that I thought of leaving my friends. It has always been like that since then. Just as I have begun to feel at home and among friends, we have pulled up stakes and moved. Sometimes, army life has seemed to me just going somewhere else, all the time.

I always loved to travel, however, and so I was thankful that we could see so much of the world, even if it meant making new acquaintances all the time. And of course one of the delightful things of army life is finding at the new post, some one you have known and liked somewhere else.

LIFE in the Islands was easier in some respects than it had been in the States. For one thing, prices were not so high, and servants, especially, were much cheaper. The matter of money had always been a pressing one with us. I had learned to ask the price of a thing before ordering it, to be sure, but I was not what is called a good manager. I had learned by experience all I knew about housekeeping, and that wasn't much. When it came to making my clothes, I was even less accomplished. I hated to sew. I don't like it yet, but I can do it. I found, after my trousseau began to wear out and the babies to come, that if I did not learn to use the needle, we would be a shabby family.

(Continued on page 31)



ARMY LIFE HAS SEEMED TO ME JUST LIKE GOING SOMEWHERE ELSE ALL THE TIME. . . . JUST AS I HAVE BEGUN TO FEEL AT HOME AND AMONG FRIENDS WE HAVE PULLED UP STAKES AND MOVED

for promotion is not unknown—but mere length of service seems a foolish thing to me on which to found precedence."

That touched the quick, of course, and he explained that there was not snobbishness at the base of the observance of rank, but the need of a system and discipline. I wasn't convinced, but I did cease arguing after saying: "Well, when I see the colonel's wife deferred to, just because she is the wife of the colonel, it seems an artificial standard to uphold. Why, who is she? She looks and acts as if her people had been immigrants. Yet I, whose family—" I stopped short. It is so trying when one is denouncing snobbishness, to be betrayed into showing one's self to be a snob!

It ended the quarrel, however. It is almost impossible to go on arguing bitterly, when both parties to the argument are laughing.

I used to blame the army life for our disagreements and the consequent unhappiness, but I came to see that I should



What color for soap?

Judge soap by what it will *do*. Color has little to do with either its purity or its cleansing value.

There are good soaps variously yellow, green, white and brown.

Some pure tar soaps are *black*! Yet who ever made her head black by shampooing with tar soap?

Regardless of color, you want a laundry soap that will *make clothes snowy white*—and do it the *safest*, the *quickest*, the *easiest* way.

Fels-Naptha is golden because of the natural color of its good materials that help to retain the naptha till the last bit of the bar is used up.

Fels-Naptha is golden, yet it makes the whitest, cleanest clothes that ever came out of suds.

Real naptha (a product somewhat similar to gasoline) is so skillfully combined with good soap by the Fels-Naptha exclusive process that it is soluble in water.

Thus it penetrates to every fibre of the fabric, soaks the dirt loose without the effort of hard rubbing or boiling, and makes a Fels-Naptha wash thoroughly sweet and hygienically clean.

It is always worth your while to get the soap that makes clothes whitest with the least effort.

Three things identify the genuine Fels-Naptha—the golden bar, the clean naptha odor, and the red-and-green wrapper. Order it of your grocer today.

Flakes containing naptha!

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha is a great help in washing finery. Just shave off some chips or curls of Fels-Naptha, dissolve promptly and work up bubbly suds. The naptha dissolves the dirt, and the soap washes clean. So much more economical, too!

How many uses in your home?

Besides being a wonderful laundry soap Fels-Naptha takes spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Cleans enamel of bath tub, washstand, sink. Safely cleans anything cleanable.

Fels-Naptha is the ideal soap for washing-machines because its real naptha churns its way through the clothes and loosens all the dirt.

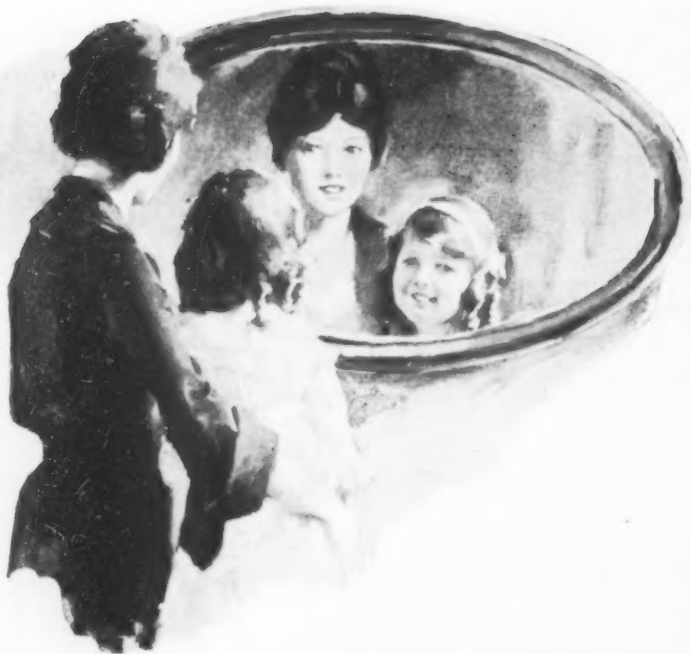
FELS & CO., PHILADELPHIA

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



After 10 Days

See what this new way does for teeth

There is a new way of teeth cleaning which millions now employ. Leading dentists everywhere advise it.

You can see the results wherever you look—teeth that glisten as they never did before.

This is to offer a ten-day test. Then to urge that you let your mirror show how much it means to you and yours.

Fights the film

The object is to fight the film which causes most tooth troubles.

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their great enemy. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then it dims the teeth, and night and day it may do ceaseless damage.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people escape these troubles which are caused by film.

What ruins teeth

Much of this film remains on teeth under ordinary brushing methods. Many tooth pastes even favor the film. Thus millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

The reason lies in film, and dental science has for years been seeking a way to combat it.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists

10-Day Tube Free 461

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 987, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

The way has now been found. It has been proved by decisive clinical and laboratory tests. Its efficiency is beyond question. And this method has brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning.

The methods are all embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a dainty tooth paste which complies with every modern requirement. That is the product we ask you to test in your home.

Acts in numerous ways

One ingredient of Pepsodent is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to digest starch deposits that cling.

Another result is to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of decay.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

Thus in several ways, new and efficient, Pepsodent combats the teeth's great enemies. It brings essential results which Nature intended, and which old methods failed to accomplish.

The way to know

Ask for a 10-Day Tube. Watch the results, then read the reasons for them in the book we send.

Those whiter, cleaner teeth you see mean safer teeth. They mean that film, great tooth wrecker, is being day by day combated.

Compare the results with old methods. Then judge how much this new way means to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

Watch the film go

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. It will be a revelation.

A Café Chantant—Jolly and Profitable

By Harriet Gier

WHAT we needed in our church was a room for the young people for a sort of community center, where they could meet to do just whatever they liked best; and we have it. The church basement has become a delightful place of fresh enamel, pale yellow walls, and tiny kitchenette stocked with egg beaters and waffle irons and shining glass bowls. All of this luxury came from the proceeds of just one entertainment.

It was such an entirely new idea, so profitable and so much fun, that I believe there are many women in many places who would like to try their hands at a *Café Chantant*.

The idea was that of a French restaurant, in an attractive setting, à la carte

supper being served, and an informal program of music and dancing being given. The entertainment took place in the loft—on the third floor of the public library building. This consists of a large room, with a stage, and a smaller one with a kitchenette adjoining. The tables, thirty of them, were arranged so that everyone had a good view of the stage. They were set with exquisite care, with lunch cloths and home silver. Early in November, quantities of bittersweet, ground pine and marsh holly had been gathered.

WE purchased three dozen cheap baskets. When these were filled with the greens and the scarlet berries they were lovely on the tables, and later, they and the Christmas wreaths used in decorating (it was a December entertainment) were all sold.

The food was delicious, and so were the drinks, hot and cold. There was chicken salad and hot toasted rolls, cinnamon toast, a variety of sandwiches, and all sorts of little cakes.

We live in a grape country and put up the white grape juice. The "high balls" of this were very popular, so was the French chocolate and, of course, the coffee.

The waitresses were charming young society girls, aproned and capped in the most approved fashion, and their tips turned out to be a surprisingly big asset. The cloak room, where things were checked for ten cents apiece was in charge of another pretty girl. The tables were reserved ahead at fifty cents each. There was a door admission of twenty-five cents and one paid, of course, for what one ordered. People made up their own parties, coming in groups of four or six or eight.

The places were all taken several days in advance—in fact they could have been sold twice over, so great was the demand.

THE program was a hit, from the opening song, "La Madelon de la Victoire," down to the final "Rockin' in the Win'." There was a chorus of twenty girls and men, the girls dressed as French maids in short black dresses, tiny ruffled aprons. Immense Alsatian bows were on their hair. The men wore the regulation waiter's outfit. The members of the orchestra were arrayed as chefs, in short coats, long aprons and square caps of immaculate, starched white.

Pierrot and Pierrette, two young girls in white with black pompons on caps, shoulders and slipper tips gave a feature dance. A little dark-eyed maid in lavender organdie and a picture hat covered with lilacs went about among the people singing:

"Who'll buy my lavender?" She carried a wicker tray heaped high with sweet smelling bags, and they sold like "hot-cakes." The charming singer of "You Don't Know What You're Missin'," left the stage midway in her song and finished it at a well-known man in the audience.

The program was not long, and in making it up, doubtless each town would have a choice in selecting its various numbers.

It was all carried out with the utmost informality. The audience joined in the choruses whenever it liked. There was smoking, and there were waits between songs, while orders were taken and the food brought. And there was much visiting back and forth between tables. It all seemed to make a special appeal to the men, who said they had had the time of their lives. Later, there was dancing; and the following evening the affair was repeated at one of the movie theaters, but without the café part.

AN entertainment like this has an added advantage, for it can be given at any season of the year. It ought to be very successful in summer. In every town there is some Lady Bountiful—or a nearby country club—who would turn her cool, shaded grounds over for such a purpose, for several days perhaps. Each afternoon there might be a *thé dansant*, with dancing on the lawn. And features might be made of all sorts of iced drinks, sherbets and creams.

An orchestra, such as ours is, is always lovely out of doors, and by advertising the affair in neighboring towns a large auto patronage could be secured. It would be still more attractive in the evening, and wouldn't it make an ideal New Year's party, with big bowls of hot punch and waffles made in the room?

Naturally the success of the business end of such an undertaking depends on the personnel of its committee. We had a most efficient chairman, a worker, and she had, for her various committees, capable helpers. Each one, or each group, had certain definite things to accomplish. For instance, the advertising was the work of one committee. Interest in the *Café Chantant* had been aroused a full four weeks beforehand, when "liners" were run daily in the local paper, such as "Save the date—December 18th." "Have you reserved your table yet?" "Coming—an evening filled with good things." "Wait for it—Watch for it," and so on.

Later the paper gave us a number of write-ups, describing the entertainment, as it would be given, in detail with the names of the performers and the committees. A very attractive folder, such as hotels use, was at each table. The expense of these was more than met by the advertising space taken in them by the home merchants.

It being a church benefit, the food was all solicited—one committee's work. Another had entire charge of setting the tables and collecting the linen and silver. Still another supervised the serving and was in charge of the kitchen. The program itself was the work

of a committee of proved musical and entertainment talent. We were fortunate enough to have with us an experienced concert singer who was of the greatest help in planning the program and securing the best local singers. We are in a small town and three hundred dollars wasn't a bad total.



AFTER THE PROGRAM THERE WAS DANCING



THE WAITERS AND WAITRESSES TOOK THE STAGE

PARFUM.
MARY GARDEN.
Rigaud
PARIS 16 Rue de la Paix



Breath Pastilles
Brilliantine
Cold Cream
Eau Dentifrice
Eye Lash Beautifier
Eye Brow Pencil
Extract
Face Powder
Greaseless Cream
Hair Tonic
Lip Rouge

—fragrant with
Mary Garden
Perfume

Liquid Soap
Nail Polishes
Powder (Solid)
Sachet Powder
Shampoo
Talcum Powder
Tissue Cream
Toilet Water
Tooth Paste
Vanity Case

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Each
Bottle
Now Packed
in a
Carton

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant. Children's hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating mothers use

WATKINS
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COCOANUT OIL
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This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp nor make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for the whole family

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio.

CHRISTMAS DIMES, LIMITED

(Continued from page 14)

somebody else's Christmas tree, spreading its branches between parted curtains, dotted with lighted candles that gleamed on tinsel and gay red bells—just as she had done last year—and year before—and year before! Outside—always, always outside!

Her body was torn by sobs. Her thin fingers twisted in the dry grass and sharp oak leaves. A startling thought pushed through her suffering. Perhaps she had been too ambitious.

That thought sent Lettie back to The Custard Cup. She seized her invention from behind the sleeping-box and was off again, racing, running, balancing the long pole with much difficulty. Reaching the Wide-awake office breathless and frenzied by the inward struggle between hope and despair, she dashed past the astonished Jack and brought up at the desk. The long pole wavered about Mr. Abbott's head. He jerked back in instinctive reaction.

"Here!" panted Lettie. "Here 'tis. See—for yourself. You can have it—and the whole scheme—make as many's you want—for a dollar. Whole thing—a dollar!"

Mr. Abbott stared in amazement. Lettie, watching with eagle gaze and seeing no signs of success, clutched for further leverage. Perhaps apology! That was often what people required of her.

"Excuse me—for getting mad," she gasped. "I gotta beastly temper. To home I—I pound it out, but you—you didn't have anything to pound—quick 'nough."

"Holy smoke!" interrupted Mr. Abbott, shaken into good-nature. "Sit down, sister. Let's see if we can find out what 'sylum you come from."

With a bumpy sigh, Lettie flopped into a chair and demonstrated her model. At the end of the stick were two arcs of wire which closed upon the card. The arcs were held together by a wire loop, which could be released by two arms, also of wire, that ran down the handle in reach of one's hand.

The contrivance was crudely made, but as Lettie triumphantly pointed out "it worked." Mr. Abbott himself worked it a number of times, not rapidly but with undeniable results. He shook his head. "It would take as much time as it'd save."

"Oh, sir," cried Lettie, "boys would just love—"

"Shaw! That ain't the point." He paused, while Lettie watched in agonized suspense. "I was thinking," he began slowly, "it's 'most Christmas—"

He looked at her keenly. "I got a boy that's crazy over machinery. I might—" He drew out a wallet and extracted from it a dollar bill. "Here you are, sister."

Lettie took it in a daze. She tried to speak; her voice broke. She seized the bill and stumbled out of the office.

"Oh, Penzie," she cried, as she burst into the kitchen, "I got it; I got it. Gosh, I thought I'd never pull it off. Now, Penzie, we got money 'nough to buy a big, big Christmas, haven't we?"

"Oh, plenty. All we got to do is to plan. Land, folks'd be s'prised to know how little money they could get along with if they'd only mix their brains with it."

But the young Miss Penfield was dismayed, to find her capital diminished to eighty cents, twenty being required for final payment on a window she had broken. However, Crink brought in five cents, returns from an errand, and Thad contributed one penny, proceeds from two hours of chicken-fencing. Total, eighty-six cents!

Mrs. Penfield knew a place in the country where a tree could be had for nothing. But it would take two carfares and return; also Crink and the family hatchet.

The next morning Mrs. Penfield took Lettie down-town, to a store which catered to shoppers with modest resources. The first item on her list was tree trimmings. But she blinked in bewilderment at the array before her. Tinsel of gold and silver; glass ornaments without end, red, green, yellow! And a dime was the absolute limit for this department. Lettie set her teeth, and eliminated systematically until she reached the most for the least, which gave her three yards of thin silver tinsel for ten cents.

Candles? Most emphatically! A Christmas tree without candles is an evening sky without stars. Six candles and six candle-holders took the rest of her dime.

The Penfield plan allowed another dime for candy, but it was not easy to decide upon the variety. Divisibility had to be considered, as well as bulk. Lettie, pacing up and down before the long counter of

heaped-up candies, came to rest before "plain-mixed" and "midget mixed." The midget would yield greater numbers, but plain mixed would melt less rapidly and therefore give longer entertainment. Ultimately Lettie chose plain mixed.

When her purchases were made, Lettie turned a fascinated eye upon tables and counters of alluring articles. Little cars with wheels that turned; dime banks that looked like peaches; games, books, toys! Marbles—imagine, twenty-four round pieces of baked terra firma for the ridiculous sum of five cents! How happy Crink would be! How Thad's soft eyes would bulge! It was more than could be borne.

"I don't care!" Lettie burst into frantic sobs that carried over a wide circle. "I don't care! Do you hear? I DON'T CARE!" Tears streamed down her face; she swung her arm wildly.

"Lettie, dear," said Mrs. Penfield, "remember where you are."

"I do," shrieked Lettie. "That's what's the matter. I don't care. Some day I'll have things—millions more'n they've got here. I don't—"

With swift skill Mrs. Penfield pushed her through the curious crowd, out of the store. "I'm 'shamed of you, Lettie. I—"

"Oh, Penzie," interrupted the child, "I'm awful sorry; but I got so dang'rous inside, seemed as if I'd bust. All them things!"

Mrs. Penfield shook her head. "Christmas ain't presents, Lettie; it's feelings. Besides, ain't you going to have a grand party? And you've just bought lots of wonderful things. You know you said you'd be perfectly happy if—"

Lettie swallowed hard; her small mouth straightened. "Yes'm, I said that very thing. Ain't I the limit?" she cried in disgust. "Gee, I know I'm lucky. I'll show you, Penzie, darling."

When everything was ready for the party, the financial score ran like this:

Carfare for tree	20 cents
3 yards tinsel	10 "
6 candles and holders	10 "
Candy	10 "
Popcorn	10 "
Tablet paper	10 "
Manila envelopes	10 "
Spool of thread	5 "
Stick of candy for Thad	1 "

Total.....86 cents

It was a wonderful evening. The three young Penfields went through it as in a happy dream. Here was not merely a good time, but the climax of bliss, the essence of things long-hoped for. The air was full of the pungency of fir boughs. And there was the tree itself in a corner of the living-room, its branches hung with tinsel. Lettie's three yards of this ethereal trimming had been separated into cunning lengths and disposed with an appearance of abundance. And candles! They could not be denied. There were four strings of popcorn in a graduated terrace; walnut shells, decorated with whatever paint had offered; egg shells also, with bright pictures affixed.

And then the presents! For every child: a pictorial egg-shell, a picture puzzle, and a net bag of popcorn and candy; for every adult, an appropriate blot and verse, and a picture puzzle!

When the candles were lighted, fairyland became an open book. Crink and Thad tipped about in ecstasy. Lettie was radiant.

As for Lettie, she was not the same child that had straggled into Mrs. Penfield's kitchen three months before, under-nourished, blindly resentful against the harshness of an unthinking world, ready to fight anything and anyone to keep her starved spirit in her starved body—a creature forced by the indifference of society into reversion to elemental instincts, to primitive pugnacity. She had been saved from the attitude that might have followed—the attitude of a society that later holds up its hands in a shock of horror and repudiates the menace that its own carelessness has nurtured. It will always be so until that society ceases to segregate its human strays, to be housed in correct stone buildings and fed from long-handled spoons, and rouses to the inalienable right of the individual to individual care.

There were thirty-five guests, squeezed happily into the borrowed chairs. Game followed game, song followed song, while the tree stood waiting until at last, with prodigious flourish, the young Penfields made distribution. Surprise was unparalleled,

(Continued on page 63)

In Place of a Wallet

By Elizabeth Holden



MONEY comes very near being the root of all evil. Certainly, it is half of the worry of Christmas. Christmas, which ought to be a festival of love and generosity, and a celebration of the heart's inner peace, has grown into a mad scramble to get enough presents to go round.

The Spugs were right. Something had to be done to prevent so much useless giving—and so much giving that shone with no aureole of loving service.

What to give and how to give it, so that the money end is not a sordid tangle in the process, is a problem that birthdays and Christmas bring to many women, who have never learned Alice's trick of giving.

Alice was my college roommate. She had no wallet of clinking coins, no money beyond actual tuition and board, yet I never knew anyone to whom the old customs of candle-light birthday cakes and bulging Christmas stockings were more dear. She couldn't bear not to give, and she couldn't afford to give. And without noting down the lesson from the psychology text books, I think she knew that it was a fatal drying-up process, and deadener of life, for her to have so many generous impulses and not gratify them, until she lost the habit of "loving in deeds." So it was that she invented a kind of Christmas present that she could give us; and now, after seven years, I doubt if I remember what Caroline or Inez or Elizabeth gave me, but I will never forget what came out of the Christmas cornucopia of The Girl Who Had Nothing.

One year, I remember, she stole off with six of my huckaback towels. They were my towels, bought and paid for, but when she slipped them into my holiday trunk, they were richer by twelve initials, embroidered in pink and blue—Alices stitches—Alice's Christmas towels to me.

For Caroline, in our second year, she made a bag lined with oilcloth, in which to carry her wet swimming suit from gymnasium and swimming pool. It couldn't have cost forty cents in those days "before the war" and shouldn't amount to sixty now. But when Caroline's name was cross-stitched in holly-berried red on the plain blue cretonne, twelve inches by eighteen, it was the sort of folderol that the department store counters blandly ask four dollars for in extravagant July.

Another year, she ran an amateur florist's shop, specializing in Christmas lilies. I had noticed all through the fall, in our walks by the lake, her keen eye for pretty pebbles, and the occasional tossed-up shell. "What a squirrel you are," I laughed at her, when I saw her unload a sagging pocket into a chiffonier drawer. Afterward, I saw it as just another bit of loving forethought and Christmas planning. Early in December, she invested two dollars in Chinese lily and narcissus bulbs, borrowed all the available bowls, and piling her precious pebbles around the bulbs, three to a bowl, poured water in and began to prepare for the rich Christmas flowers. Three days before we went home, when the air was thick with examinations and shopping and headaches, she brought the bowls around, the delicate white blooms just unfolding, the fragrance,

sweet and intangible and cheering as her love for us. She found time, too, to raise a kitchen box of chives and parsley for her mother, a homely gift, but a gay sight after she had painted the box red. "Cost me fifty cents," she gurgled as the two of us struggled with the box on our way to the suburb where she lived, "and here I am, feeling as if I were bestowing an acre of kitchen garden on my little mother. Besides, think of the paint I have left!"

The paint she had left! She got a worn wooden footstool from a second-hand shop, and made it into a red treasure for Elizabeth's sprawling feet. She treated my old white rocker to a fresh coat of paint. She changed an unspeakably ugly pine mirror, that Inez had got at the Senior rummage sale, into a delightful thing, its frame painted white, with a conventional little nosegay adorning its top. She painted our ink-bottles, too, adding to some our monograms—she was fond of studying old books on lettering—and to others a bright little "doo-dad" that she called Alice's Ink-bird.

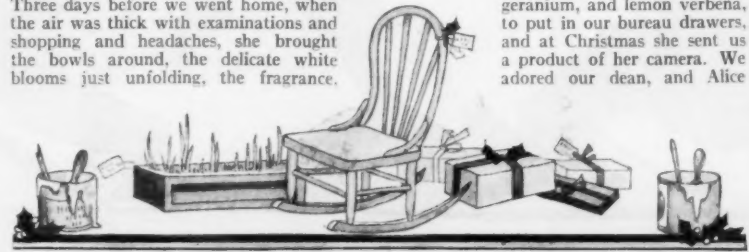
Another year—the year she went east to tutor, she brought us each six little cambric bags of rose-leaves, sweet geranium, and lemon verbenas, to put in our bureau drawers, and at Christmas she sent us a product of her camera. We adored our dean, and Alice

had experimented until she had the perfect snapshot. Then she had had it enlarged. It was the ideal Christmas card, something to keep always, not just something to clutter up the desk awhile and then toss into the waste basket.

For Margaret, who had been a devoted suffragist before she went to China to teach in a missionary school, Alice did a unique service. Faithfully she clipped all the suffrage news—it was in the days when the federal amendment was just coming to life, and Alice Paul and Mrs. Catt were both in the same organization. Everything out of her own paper, everything out of the magazines the rest of us were throwing away. It was a wonderful pile of clippings, and when she posted it off, tied up in brown wrapping paper, with red and green ribbons and a holly sticker, she labeled it a "Suffrage Gorge." She did that same thing for her brothers when they went into the army. John wanted all the news about the Cubs, and Harry about the Chicago Mayorality campaign. She made the loving clippings and sent them off in the most attractive way her art of wrapping pretty packages had taught her. It was just like frequent short trips home for the boys to have the histories of their pet interests.

The winter that Elizabeth went to a big eastern university to work for her master's degree, Alice's going-away gift to her was a commonplace laundry-bag transformed into a personal treasure by imitating an old sampler on its sides, in red cotton, with Elizabeth's whole name, college hall and the date, done on it in quaint cross-stitch.

Though she is now a prosperous young attorney herself, who could send us all silk stockings and long kid gloves, none of us think of wondering "What will Alice give us?" but with the old wonder at her ingenuity, we try to imagine what the dear old thing will up and do this time.



I sniffed a jolly woodsy smell
As I came in today.
It was a great big Christmas tree,
I'll trim it right away.

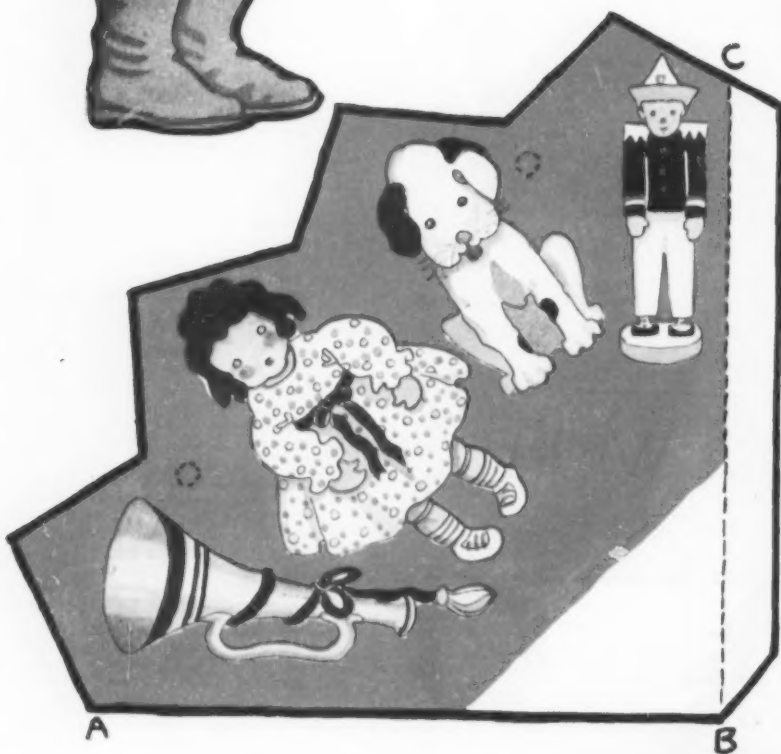
By Barbara Hale

Directions

FIRST of all, paste this entire sheet on a bright red or green sheet of paper. If you cannot get the colored paper, a sheet of white paper will do.

Cut out Santa Claus, punch a hole in his cap where the white dot is, tie a piece of red ribbon or string through the hole and hang on your Christmas tree.

Cut out the cornucopias, curl each around and paste the edge A-B along the dotted line on the tab B-C; paste the edge E-F on E-D; paste G-H on H-I. Tie a string through holes punched in the cornucopias and fill with popcorn or candy.





Kitchen Cleanliness

Old Dutch Cleanser makes everything in the kitchen clean and sanitary and is a real safeguard to health. You will get better and easier results by using it for all household cleaning.

THE QUALITY INSURES ECONOMY





The Gift You Treasure

CHRISTMAS GIVING takes many forms, but nothing gets closer to the heart than a gift which makes your household duties easier and lighter. The appeal is all the stronger when beauty is added to usefulness.

The Domestic Electric Iron uniquely combines quality materials and quality workmanship with attractive and graceful design that wins immediate admiration. It is balanced just right, shaped just right, irons just right. The Domestic lacks nothing that should be built in an electric iron of thorough quality.

The woman who does her own housework, through choice or necessity, will treasure the Domestic Iron—the dependable, economical, efficient helper that relieves ironing day of drudgery. In the laundry or sewing room, the Domestic goes a long way toward solving the servant problem.

Eight Years of Wonderful Success

Used by over a quarter of a million of American women, tested in years of actual service—the Domestic has made a place of its own in American homes. It is known as "the iron with no complaints." Dealers tell us when they sell a Domestic they add a friend as well as a customer.

This consistent reputation has been built on the iron that gives service. Handles heavy, wet pieces or dainty, filmy frocks with equal success. Heat distribution is correct. Ironing is a pleasure as the Domestic's ideal, highly finished surface glides swiftly and easily over the work.

Solve Your Christmas Gift Problem

The gift ideal for mother, wife, sister or friend. Relieves drudgery, adds happiness, saves money. Solve your Christmas gift problem with satisfaction by sending the Domestic Electric Iron to all you wish to remember.

For Christmas attractively packaged in holly gift box—presentation card included.

At Your Hardware Dealer's

or sent prepaid anywhere in the United States for eight dollars. Use order form below for your convenience.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
5600 Roosevelt Road CHICAGO

*Thirty years making
quality products*

Mail This Order Direct To Us If Your Dealer
Cannot Supply You.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
Dept. MC-3, 5600 Roosevelt Road, Chicago.

Send prepaid Domestic Electric Iron.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Dealer's Name _____

Christmas
Gift Box

Electricity—the Perfect Servant

By Van Allen Lyman



Photo Society for Electrical Development

DO you ever wonder why your bill for electricity is as high this month when you have been practising economy as it was last month when you were burning lights all over the house?

Has it occurred to you that according to the "Minimum Charge Plan," the system by which the modern household purchases its electricity, you are paying for a certain amount of electricity whether you make use of it or not? If you do not exceed this minimum amount your monthly bill will remain the same, and there is a strong probability that you are paying for more electricity than is actually used. The aim of every housekeeper should be to avoid extravagance, and get a maximum amount of electric service. Electrical labor-saving devices are the best means of taking up the slack.

METER READING

The electric meter in your house will tell you, as readily as it tells the representative of the electric company, exactly how much electricity has been used since the last time it was read; therefore, learn to read it. Although it is always something of a mystery to the uninitiated it is as simple to read as a clock. At some convenient time go to the office of the electric company and ask them to show you how to read a meter. The great majority of companies are glad to make this matter clear to their customers, as it leads to a better understanding.

The question may be asked, "Why go to the office at all, why not get the man who comes to read the meter to show me?" You can if you wish, but it is apt to be unfair to him. The house meter reader is very apt to be paid, not by the day or week, but by piece-work—so much for every meter he reads.

Metered electricity is unquestionably the fairest arrangement to both customer and company. The minimum charge arrangement is also fair, for the company has a constant expense in the maintenance of service and all that it implies, whether the customer chooses to make use of it or not. Unfairness to the customer would be in an excessively high minimum monthly charge, excessively high rates, or bad service, or a combination of all three.

THE USEFUL IRON

Electrical irons are universally used and have proven themselves so far superior to the old stove-heated kind that there is one in nearly every home which has electricity. As with other things, it pays to buy those of good quality. The very cheap ones often do not last as well and are apt to use an excessive amount of electricity. Because no carrying back and forth from a stove is necessary an electric iron can be used of somewhat heavier weight than the old style; about six pounds is most generally satisfactory for household use. An iron of this weight holds its heat better and more evenly than the lighter ones and does not require so much hand pressure on the goods.

With electricity costing ten cents a kilowatt, an iron of domestic size costs five cents or less to run an hour, depending on whether the electricity is kept on all the time or not.

Next in popularity to electric irons come electric toasters. With the toaster set on the dining-room table, bread is toasted two slices at a time with no trouble whatever and in exactly the amount needed and it is always hot and crisp and perfectly browned. The cost of operation is about the same as that of an electric iron, but inasmuch as the toaster is used but a few minutes a day the total cost per month is very small.

There are numerous devices on the market known under the general head of

"toaster stoves" and "table grills" which are intended to do table cookery such as eggs, potatoes and chops, and toast as well. They will cook as claimed, but they are only large enough to cook a whole meal in a family of two or possibly three. However, in a large family, they are useful in preparing a hot dish for Sunday night supper, or an after-theater bite.

A full-sized electric stove is very satisfactory where the electric rate is low enough to make its cost comparable with oil or coal or gas.

HOT WATER RIGHT AWAY

Immersion heaters for heating water or any liquid are a real convenience. The first cost of them is from three dollars up. A small immersion heater will bring a full glass of water to a hard boil in less than two minutes; a larger quantity of water will of course require a longer time. The small heaters are not practical for heating large quantities of water, a bathtub full for instance, but for heating enough water for shaving, to fill a hot-water bottle, prepare baby's food, boil eggs, or any of the innumerable things where a moderate amount of water is required. These heaters should always be submerged in water before the electricity is turned on, and the electricity turned off before they are removed from the water. The little heaters take up less room than a small-sized hair brush and are extremely convenient when traveling.

The woman who uses a curling-iron will find an electrically heated one very convenient. Curling-iron heating is accomplished in two ways, either by having a heating apparatus inside the curling-iron itself or by having a small heater into which any ordinary curling-iron is inserted.

SEWING BY MOTOR

The newer types of electric sewing-machine motors have proven so thoroughly good that they can be fully recommended, provided they are of first-class manufacture. The type referred to are those small motors which are designed to set on the table of the machine, driving the sewing-machine by contact between the small cork or rubber covered wheel on the motor and the fly wheel of the sewing-machine. A controlling pedal is supplied with the motor, which is worked by pressure of the foot. The further it is pressed down the faster the machine will run; release the pressure entirely and the machine stops. These motors with their controls are very sensitive, so sensitive that with a good machine it is possible to make the motor take one stitch only, if such be desired. Electricity to run them is, of course, supplied from the nearest lamp socket or baseboard outlet. No changes whatever are necessary in the sewing-machine except to remove the leather belt, and no fitting is necessary for the motor, just set it in place and a spring automatically adjusts it. The cost of their operation is negligibly small.

Washing-machines range in price from \$75.00 to \$175.00. There are three different types, one in which the cylinder holding the clothes rotates in the soapy water, one in which it swings from side to side, the other—the vacuum-cup method—whereby the water is sucked through the clothes.

Vacuum cleaners come in all sorts of models at various prices. Dish-washers, although expensive, are a great boon.

The electrical appliances can be attached to lamp sockets, but for the greatest efficiency and convenience a bull's eye or wall switch in the kitchen and one in the laundry are most satisfactory.

The fundamental thing to remember is to turn off the current when the appliance is not in use. Disconnect by pulling out the plug, not by turning off the current.

"Don't Envy Beauty— Use Pompeian"

"How well you look tonight!" Such compliments are the daily joy of the woman who applies her cream, powder, and rouge correctly. Here is the Pompeian way to instant beauty:

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Work the cream well into the skin so the powder adheres evenly.

Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance.

Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty?

Lastly, dust over again with the powder, in order to subdue the Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant!

These preparations may be used separately or together (as above) as the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette." Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing) softens the skin. Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on—flesh, white, Rachel (formerly called brunette). Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't crumble—light, dark, medium. At all druggists, 60c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (60c), Pompeian NIGHT Cream (50c), and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 30c talcum with an exquisite new odor).

Marguerite Clark Calendar and Samples

Miss Marguerite Clark posed especially for this 1921 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel entitled, "Absence Can Not Hearts Divide." The rare beauty and charm of Miss Clark are faithfully reproduced in dainty colors in this Art Panel. Size, 28 x 7 1/4 inches. Price, 10c. Samples of Pompeian Day Cream, Powder, and Bloom sent with the Art Panel. Also samples of Pompeian Night Cream and Pompeian Fragrance, a talcum. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please clip coupon now.

pompeian

DAY CREAM

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY
2009 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Also Made in Canada

Guarantee

The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Company, at Cleveland, Ohio.



"Don't Envy Beauty
—Use Pompeian"



THE POMPEIAN CO.,
2009 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for 1921 Marguerite Clark Art Panel entitled, "Absence Can Not Hearts Divide." Also send Instant Beauty, Fragrance (talcum), and Night Cream samples.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Flesh Beauty Powder sent unless another shade requested.



The Wonders Of a grain of wheat

Each wheat kernel contains over 125,000,000 food cells. It embodies 16 elements—practically everything the body needs. It is rich in needed minerals—the leading food of the world.

But in whole-wheat bread the elements pass largely undigested. Experiments show that 25% of the protein is lost; and 51% of the minerals.

Food cells must be broken

The food cells must be broken to digest. Cooking breaks only part of them. So Prof. A. P. Anderson invented a process which now blasts them all.

He seals the wheat in guns, then applies for an hour 550 degrees of heat. About 10% of the kernel is water. The trifle of moisture in each food cell is by this process changed to steam.

Then the guns are shot and over 100 million steam explosions occur inside each kernel. Every food cell is blasted.

The wheat kernels are puffed to bubbles—airy, flimsy, flaky globules—eight times normal size.

Scientific food delights

That is Puffed Wheat. Puffed Rice is whole rice puffed in like way. Puffed Corn is broken corn hearts puffed.

The grains are thin, crisp, toasted tidbits, fascinating in texture and in flavor. Millions of children find in them the finest foods they know.

They do not tax digestion. Every atom feeds. They are all-hour foods to be served in many ways.

If you don't serve Puffed Grains—all three kinds in all inviting ways—you are missing the world's greatest food delights.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Puffed Corn

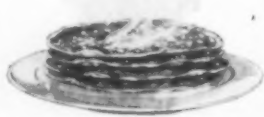
**Also Puffed Rice
Pancake Flour**



Puffed to bubbles
8 times normal size

Like nut-made pancake flour

Now we mix ground Puffed Rice in an ideal pancake blend. The Puffed Rice Flour makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like taste. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour and you will serve the finest pancakes ever tasted. The flour is self-raising—simply add milk or water.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3456



Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins

WHEN PUTTING AWAY the tinsel, silver and gilt balls after Christmas, wrap them first in cotton, sprinkle in a little camphor-gum, and put them away in a box. If this is done, the tinsel and balls will not tarnish.—H. S., New York City.

EFFECTIVE DECORATIONS FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE can be made at home at no cost whatever. Cut twenty circles three inches in diameter, or twelve two-and-one-half inches in diameter, from scraps of colored paper. Magazine covers, colored advertisements or scraps of tissue-paper can be used. Fold each circle twice (color side, outside), then unfolding them slightly, string them as you would beads, on a strong thread passed through the center of each circle. Gay balls will result. Use white tissue-paper for snow-balls. The edges may be fringed a little, or they may be tipped with an alum solution which will make them sparkle when the tree is lighted.—S. S., Hendersonville, North Carolina.

PUTTING JACK FROST OUT OF BUSINESS. Boil one pound of alum with one quart of water, for ten minutes. When the solution is cold, paint the tips of the branches of your Christmas tree with it, and sprinkle it over cotton banded at the base of the tree.—M. N. P., Conyers, Georgia.

SAVE THE CHRISTMAS TREE. In the spring, stick it in the ground in your vegetable garden and plant string-beans around it. The beans will climb up it without requiring any strings, and when they flower it will give a unique touch to your garden.—Mrs. H. R. G., Grass Valley, California.

SAVE THE STRING POPCORN used as a decoration on this year's Christmas tree for next season. Place the strings in a glass jar and seal. Put the jars in the oven and let them heat gradually, but not enough to affect the color of the corn.—Mrs. L. W. B., Bremen, Ohio.

WHEN THE CHRISTMAS TREE HAS SERVED ITS PURPOSE in the festivities, it can be used at first in the garden as a feeding-place for the birds, being laden with bread-crumbs, etc. As it gets more and more withered, it should be broken up and burned. This can be made the occasion for a family tea-party, at which holiday experiences are related. The fir-needles make excellent stuffing for porch and canoe cushions.—C. E., Tacoma, Washington.

CHRISTMAS TREE BALLS that have lost their bright colors may be restored simply by washing in warm soapy water, care being taken not to allow the water to get inside.—M. H., Roxborough, Pennsylvania.

MITTENS FOR SMALL CHILDREN may be made from the good parts of old sweaters. Have the child lay his hand on the cloth, and cut to fit, allowing for seams. Sew up and catch-stitch bottom hem. Keep the pattern to replace the mitten which is sure to be lost.—Mrs. A. R., Agra, Kansas.

TO TURN OVER A HEAVY MATTRESS without a struggle, fasten to each corner a strong loop made by doubling some heavy material. This device is a great help too in carrying the mattress from one room to another.—Mrs. L. L., Waterloo, Iowa.

THE OLD VELVET PIANO COVER or portières may be turned into covers for round sofa pillows. By shirring the edges and gathering the velvet to the center, the faded places may be concealed.—Mrs. J. S. S., Ralphon, Pennsylvania.

ON SLIPPERY DAYS in order to keep from falling, stick a small piece of adhesive plaster on the bottom of each rubber.—Mrs. A. R., Linesville, Pennsylvania.

TO CLEAN SMOKED MICA, remove it and rub each piece over with a cut raw potato. Dip in cold water and dry with soft cloth.—Mrs. H. B., Davison, Michigan.

WE want your best original suggestions for saving time, money and strength in housework of all kinds. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Unaccepted manuscripts will be returned if an addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Address: Housekeeping Exchange, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



JUST think how much more attractive and modern your kitchen will be if you equip it with a set of "Wear-Ever" aluminum cooking utensils.

"Wear-Ever" utensils add to the bright, cheerful atmosphere of the kitchen because they are so cleanly and silver-like. They help make the kitchen the inviting place it should be—as up to date as are the other rooms of your home.



"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

are made from hard thick sheet aluminum—without joints or seams. Cannot chip—cannot rust—are pure and safe.

Figuring the cost of "Wear-Ever" utensils on the basis of the years they last, they are the most economical utensils you can buy.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark on the bottom of each utensil

Write for free booklet "The Wear-Ever Kitchen" which tells how to save fuel, food and work.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co. New Kensington, Pa.

In Canada, "Wear-Ever" utensils are made by Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



Columbia Grafonola

Give Music This Christmas

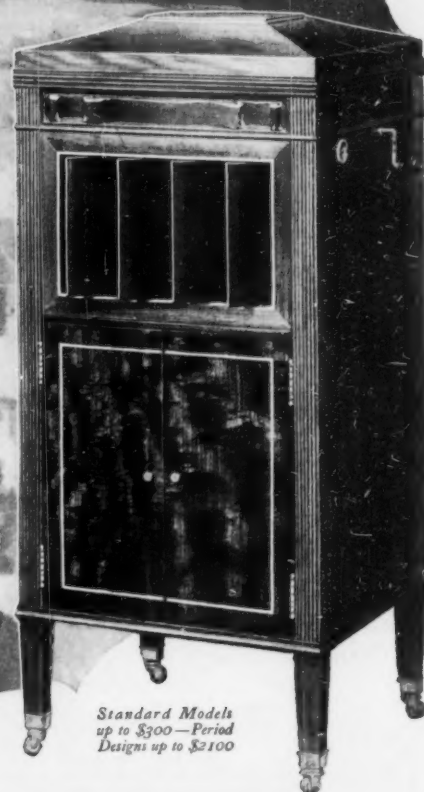
Give your family a Columbia Grafonola with Columbia Records for Christmas. Then right at your fireside you will find such famous *exclusive* Columbia popular artists as Al Jolson, Bert Williams, Frank Crumit, Harry Fox, Marion Harris, Nora Bayes, Ted Lewis' Jazz Band, and Van and Schenck; such *exclusive* Columbia opera stars as Barrientos, Gordon, Hackett, Ponselle, and Stracciari; and a world of other artists besides. Call on any Columbia dealer and he will gladly demonstrate that the Columbia Grafonola playing their Columbia Records always gives you exact reproductions of the music these artists themselves produced on the original wax in the Columbia Laboratory.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO., New York
Canadian Factory: Toronto



The Only Non Set Automatic Stop

Nothing to move or set or measure. Just start the Grafonola and it plays and stops itself. Never stops before it should. Always stops at the very end. Exclusively on the Columbia Grafonola.



Standard Models
up to \$300—Period
Designs up to \$2100



Ask Men What Pie They Like

—See How Many
Vote the Raisin

TAKE a vote on pies in your home and you'll make mostly raisin pies. For raisins make a food dessert that quickly revives spent energies.

Raisins furnish 1560 units of energizing nutriment per pound.

They are 75 per cent pure fruit-sugar in practically pre-digested form.

So the nutriment of raisin pie is almost immediately assimilated.

Men like the flavor and they feel the strength that this fine dessert imparts.

Try one tonight. You'll never have to ask men what pie they like thereafter. Here's the tested recipe for the chief of pies:

The Juice Forms a Luscious Sauce

2 cups SUN-MAID Raisins	Juice 2 lemons
1½ cups boiling water	1 tbsp. grated lemon rind
1 cup sugar	Juice 1 orange
4 tbsp. cornstarch	1 tbsp. grated orange rind
1 cup chopped walnuts	

Cook raisins in boiling water for five minutes; pour into sugar and cornstarch which have been mixed. Cook until thick; remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired. Be sure to use

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Use these raisins for home cooking, for they are the finest raisins grown.

Made from choicest California table grapes, tender, meaty, juicy and thin-skinned.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (*seeds removed*); Sun-Maid Seedless (*grown without seeds*); Sun-Maid Clusters (*on the stem*). All dealers sell them.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 10,000 Growers
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA



Uncle Sam's Correspondence Course

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., was established to keep our readers in close touch with the Government's useful and interesting publications. The Bureau will obtain for you, as long as the free edition lasts, copies of some of the booklets described below; the others may be obtained as directed in each paragraph. When writing to our Bureau always enclose a two-cent stamp with your request for the booklets or information, to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.

Prevention of Disease

THIS book, which is issued by the United States Public Health Service, is one of the most useful the Federal Government has ever issued. It contains over 300 pages devoted to a description of the symptoms, treatment and prevention of nearly every possible illness, and is profusely illustrated. It may be obtained through our Washington Bureau.

Care of the Mother

MORE than half of the babies who die during the first year of life die from causes relating to the condition of the mother. Every year there are over 75,000 deaths of children under one month of age. Most of these are the babies who are born too weak, too injured or too diseased to live. Some of these little ones died because their mothers did not know how to safeguard their breast milk or appreciate the importance of breast feeding. One mother dies in every 150 cases; one child in every 20 does not live six weeks. In view of these facts, every expectant mother should be armed with the best advice and literature obtainable. Our Washington Bureau will send you a decidedly helpful booklet on the subject.

Destroy the Rat

AS was prophesied by the United States Public Health Service, bubonic plague has made its appearance in this country in a few Southern ports. Rats have been the agents in transmitting plague into all parts of the world. Of all disease-bearing parasites, they are the most destructive. To prevent the spread of bubonic plague, thorough cooperation for the destruction of rats is necessary in every community. Get a copy of this booklet from our Washington Bureau and start ridding your town of this pest.

Home Storage of Ice

IN many Northern rural communities where a stream or pond is available, natural ice can be harvested and stored at low cost. The Dairy Division of the Agriculture Department has prepared a booklet containing full instructions for ice harvesting and for building proper storing houses which may be constructed at low cost. Write to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 1078.

Home Bread Making

HOME BREAD MAKING," is the title of an interesting booklet issued by the States Relations Service. It describes the general principles on which bread making is based and suggests a standard recipe for yeast-raised bread. It also contains recipes for biscuits, rolls and many other kinds of breads. Ask for F. B. 807, addressing your request to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Household Conveniences

LABOR saving equipment is a great boon to the busy housekeeper. The household conveniences described in this booklet have been selected because they may be made at a moderate cost by anybody who has a few simple tools and the ability to use them. Write the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for F. B. 927.

Selecting a Farm

THIS booklet is designed to aid the prospective buyer or renter in the choice of a farm. It is written for those who already have had some experience in farming, rather than for the uninitiated, and is intended primarily to afford suggestions to the farmer whose training has been rather limited, or to the more experienced man who contemplates moving to an unfamiliar locality or changing to an unfamiliar type of farming. Write the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for F. B. 1088.



Cocoanut Ambrosia

2 cups Dromedary Cocoanut	Whipped cream
1 cup chopped mixed nut meats	4 oranges
2 rounds chopped canned pineapple	2 bananas
1 cup candied cherries	½ cup sugar

Skin and dice the bananas and oranges. Put the ingredients in layers in a pretty glass dish. Chill and serve with whipped cream.

Use Dromedary Cocoanut

DROMEDARY Cocoanut gives a fresh cocoanut flavor to this most delightful dessert—ambrosia. By adding it to everyday dishes—cakes, pies, cookies, puddings—you increase the wholesome goodness as well as the food value.

In the "Ever-Sealed" package, Dromedary Cocoanut keeps fresh, moist, and full-flavored till the last shred is used.

Try the new recipes for cakes, pies, cookies, and many unusual dishes in our latest "1920 RECIPE BOOK."

Sent FREE on request.

The HILLS BROTHERS Co.
Dept. 23, 375 Washington St., New York





Shorter Hours—More Play

A Biscuitry Pledge to Women

By AGNES CARROLL HAYWARD

"A man may work from sun to sun
But a woman's work is never done!"

HOUSEKEEPING is what you make it; you master it or it masters you.

The woman who makes the most of life, who puts family and friends ahead of menial tasks is the woman who takes advantage of the many housekeeping helps now available.

Electric appliances have done much to lighten daily tasks and will do more. In many departments of the household modern methods are turning work hours into play hours.

Yet baking—the greatest bugbear of all—still haunts the woman who has not utilized biscuitry to the utmost.

Here's a whole family of National Biscuit Company helpers, the most loyal in the world, whose solemn pledge to the woman who adopts them is "Shorter Hours and More Play". And this very slogan contains the remedy for most of the unhappy homes of today!

Where biscuitry is allowed to serve there is never an emergency. Hospitality is the heart of such a home. Guests are always welcome, and the good man of the house feels he can introduce an eleventh hour guest without notice and without embarrassing the larder.

Even the junior members of the family can plan all sorts of informal good times without troubling the other members of the household.

Formal affairs are always faultlessly served by all members of the biscuitry family, crisp and clean from their In-er-seal Trade Mark packages. But perhaps the chief convenience is in their ever readiness to serve any part of any meal at a moment's notice.

Uneeda Biscuit, of course, for rarebit parties, but if you don't want to go to the trouble of a rarebit, here's something just as good—in less than half the time:

On each Uneeda Biscuit place a thin slice of American Cheese, a bit smaller than the biscuit. Sprinkle with paprika and place in hot oven until cheese is melted, or under gas broiler or electric grill, if you prefer. They're the best things ever with coffee.

Saltines may be treated the same way and are delicious with salad, but you don't even have to go to that much work unless you want something hot, because one of the most accomplished members of this family—Cheese Wafers—serves the salad course just as gracefully as after-dinner coffee. Then, as a complete surprise, watch the impression that is made when these same Cheese Wafers serve a cream soup!

For a really dainty sandwich try Cheese Wafers spread with minced chicken and mayonnaise. They are indescribably good.

Or, serve Cheese Wafers instead of cheese with pies and tarts when you want something new and delicious.

Speaking of tarts—do you know Uneeda Biscuit make the best tarts you ever tasted? Beat the whites of eggs to a very stiff froth, adding a level tablespoonful of sugar for each egg white. Drop a spoonful of jelly, preserve or lemon pie filling on each Uneeda Biscuit, cover with white of egg and put in medium hot oven until lightly browned. Serve immediately.

Half a preserved apricot carefully drained will make an unusually good filling, and fresh strawberries or other small fruits are beyond compare.

Just imagine tarts "made while you wait"! And imagine crust that is always light and flaky. Then go on and figure the saving in time and trouble, to say nothing of the joy of the family over this new dessert.

Then, there's the most fascinating dessert that nearly every one of the biscuitry

family can make. Try this when you want something really extra.

Dip marshmallows in a little cream, place on top of vanilla or chocolate wafers and put in hot oven or under gas broiler until marshmallows are toasted a light brown. Serve immediately. Can't you just taste Zu Zu Ginger Snaps this way? To say nothing of Social Tea Biscuit, Tokens, Five O'Clock Tea Biscuit, Coconut Dainties and many, many others!

The next time you serve tea, don't spend hours worrying about the menu and more hours preparing for it. An assortment of marshmallow dainties may be made in less than ten minutes and will solve the refreshment problem to everyone's entire satisfaction.

Shortcake, too, that temperamental dessert so seldom as light-hearted as it should be, no longer demands an hour's time to make and bake. Lorna Doone Biscuit, plus a little fruit and a little cream, turn the trick in five minutes—ten if you wish to heat the Biscuit before putting them together with the fruit.

Did you ever try mixing fruits for your shortcakes? A little chopped pineapple will give bananas a new meaning, and will help out almost any canned fruit.

Then there's a prune shortcake that's really very worth while. Remove the pits from stewed prunes, cut in small pieces and add a little lemon juice or pineapple juice. Use with Lorna Doone Biscuit and whipped cream—and be sure you have enough for a second helping. A few dried apricots cooked with the prunes make another good shortcake combination—always with Lorna Doone Biscuit, of course, for the best results.

Then there is the rest of the Biscuitry family that everyone knows—and whose uses are without number. Nabisco, Ramona, Anola, Lotus, are the most satisfying servers for the most formal occasions. Ice creams, ices and beverages are incomplete without them, and the simplest meal becomes a festive affair because of their presence.

Fig Newtons need no introduction or endorsement as quite the most delightful cake-and-fruit dessert obtainable, but for a new way of serving cut in thin strips with a sharp knife, pile strips log-cabin style and fill center with whipped cream. Top with a cherry or bit of currant jelly.

But life isn't all desserts—just or otherwise—so there are members of the biscuitry family to wish you a cheery good morning at the breakfast table. For a hot-weather breakfast there couldn't be anything better than fruit with Uneeda Biscuit, Oysterettes, Graham or Oatmeal Crackers and a bowl of half-and-half. Or, if you like a hot breakfast, try Zwieback with hot milk or a hot cream sauce. It's delicious as French Toast, too, when dipped in egg and milk and fried. Serve with maple syrup or marmalade.

There are so many other talented members of this great family that you won't have time to tire of any one of them—as if you could! With their help you may have a different dessert every day of the year, a sandwich for any occasion, the entire "makings" for a picnic, tea, or after-theatre supper. And all without one bit of baking!

On your next trip to the grocery adopt every member of the biscuitry family in sight. Install them in a convenient home on your pantry shelf—always within reach of even the smallest member of the family—and give them full sway. Never be without them and you'll never be without help of the most satisfying kind.

Housekeeping will cease to be discouraging. Hours will be saved. And the whole family will reflect your cheerier attitude toward life.

The Wishing Hour

"Comes a pause in the day's occupations"—and, lo, the tea-wagon with its welcome refreshment.

NABISCO Sugar Wafers, of course. For what other dainty blends so joyously with tea, coffee, chocolate, or conversation?

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Mrs. Knox's Corner

A Christmas Dessert and Candy

AFTER eating a hearty Christmas dinner have you ever felt that the Plum Pudding was just a little too much? I have, and began experimenting on a recipe that would avoid the heaviness of the meal and yet be so palatable and attractive that it would add just the finishing touch to it.

I have found that this fruited Plum Pudding, which requires so little time and trouble to make, and saves standing over a hot stove, is the very thing that appeals to all members of the family. Decorated with a bit of holly, it carries out the spirit of Christmas, and while I call it a Christmas Plum Pudding, you will find it suitable for any dinner.

I am also giving you a recipe for Christmas candy that I am sure you will find dainty, delicious, and which will add pleasure to your day.



CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 1/2 cup cold water 1/2 cup currants
 1 cup sugar 1 1/2 squares chocolate
 1/2 teaspoonful or 5 tablespoons
 vanilla cocoa
 1 cup seeded raisins Pinch of salt
 1/2 cup dates or figs 1 pint of milk
 1/2 cup sliced citron or nuts

Soak the gelatine in cold water for five minutes. Put milk in double boiler, add melted chocolate or cocoa which has been stirred to a paste in a little water, and when scalding point is reached add sugar, salt and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire and when mixture begins to thicken add vanilla, fruit and nuts. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

CHRISTMAS CANDY

2 envelopes Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 4 cups granulated sugar
 1 1/2 cups boiling water 1 cup cold water

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon. To the other part add one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand overnight; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors such as lemon, orange, peppermint, wintergreen, etc., and different colors, adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

OTHER CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

If you would like suggestions for a MARSHMALLOW ROAST and other delicious candy recipes, write for special Christmas suggestions. Our booklets "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" containing recipes for Desserts, Salads, L. Creams, etc., will also be sent free if you enclose a two-cent stamp to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

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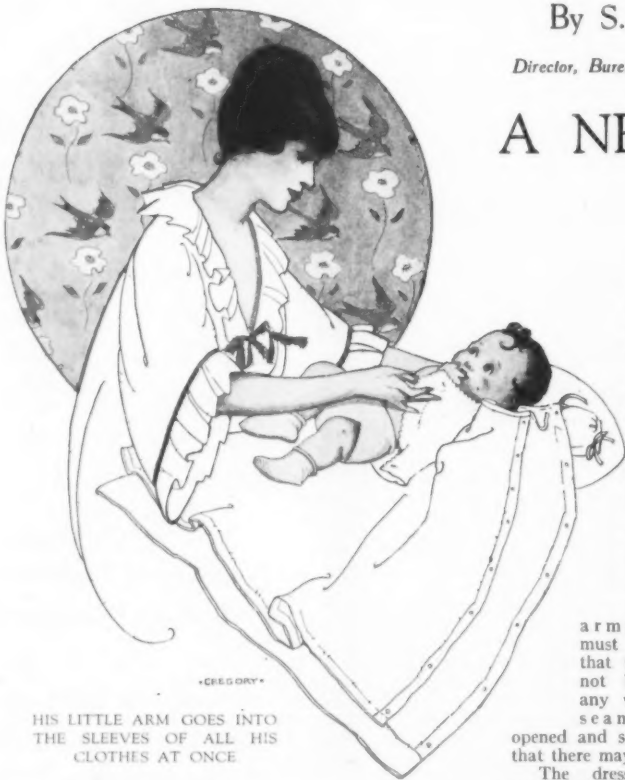
"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—it means KNOX"

Every Mother—Every Baby

By S. Josephine Baker, M.D., D.P.H.

Director, Bureau of Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City

A NEW INVENTION IN LAYETTES



HIS LITTLE ARM GOES INTO THE SLEEVES OF ALL HIS CLOTHES AT ONCE

PITY the poor babies, and mothers too, at a difficult time like this dressing time.

For many years I have watched mothers go through the complicated task of putting clothes on kicking, gurgling, squirming babies. Except for making the clothes more simple, there has been practically no change in the way a baby is dressed since the time when baby clothes were first invented. Generation after generation, mothers have continued to take these very active small bits of humanity on their laps and to turn them, first on their backs and then on their faces, struggling with buttons and tapes and fasteners, while they wound the band around the small body, buttoned the shirt up the front, pulled petticoat and dress up over the feet and finally turned the baby again to button him up the back. Then, if a small coat was added, it meant another turn so that the strings or buttons could be fastened in front.

After I had watched this elaborate process many hundreds of times, as it was carried out both by mothers and nurses, it seemed to me that something should be done to simplify it, and finally I evolved an idea as to efficiency in baby dressing. I have had this new method tried out with many hundreds of babies in New York City, and almost universally mothers with their first babies are delighted with the results and thereafter always use this type of clothing. Nothing could be more of a boon to mother and child than baby clothing which reduces the number of times the baby must be turned and handled in the process of dressing him.

So This is The Idea

The following articles of clothing are all that are necessary for a complete baby outfit—6 dresses, 4 Gertrude petticoats, 4 long-sleeved shirts, 3 bands (for very young baby), 3 dozen diapers, stockings, and for out-of-doors a long coat with a soft hood, 1 wrapper, 1 nightgale, 4 nightgowns.

The principle that lies back of this new method of dressing the baby is that each article of clothing opens down the front. The illustration shows how this works out. The neck and wristbands should be made large, finished with simple hems without trimming, with washable tapes run through, so that they may be pulled up to the desired

size. The dresses should be made in accordance with the standard type; that is, twenty-two inches from neck to bottom of hem, ten inch neckband, wide wristbands and at least ten inches leeway under the arms. Armholes must be roomy so that the baby will not be bound in any way, and the seams should be opened and stitched flat so that there may be no ridges.

The dresses may be made either in kimono or set-in sleeve style, but the size and length given will do the baby throughout the first year, becoming correspondingly shorter as the baby grows taller, so that throughout the year the dresses will always be the proper length for his age. The Gertrude petticoat is made slightly shorter than the dress. It is open down its full length in front, so that there need be no fastening at the shoulder. The long-sleeved shirt also is buttoned down the front, while the band is fastened with tapes which tie in front, a little to one side of the baby's abdomen. The diaper, of course, fastens in front.

Materials

As to materials—any thin sheer fabric may be used for the dress, and there is no reason why it should not be trimmed at the front or why the opening should not be slightly to the side of the front, if the mother so desires. She may use tapes or tiny flat buttons instead of snap fasteners. If the latter are used, or if it is thought better to use hooks and eyes, the flat type must be selected and it is well to see that they are rust-proof.

A light-weight flannel is the best material for the Gertrude petticoat. It may be all wool, or preferably of cotton and wool. The shirt and band should be of knit goods, preferably cotton, although cotton and silk, or cotton with a very slight amount of wool may be used. The diaper is of the ordinary bird's-eye material, eighteen by thirty-six inches. The stockings are of cotton. In winter they should be long enough to fasten to the diaper; in summer, socks take their place.

THE McCALL COMPANY has prepared patterns for the convenient hygienic layette designed by Dr. Baker which she describes here.

It is called the Dr. Josephine Baker Layette, front closing, the New McCall Pattern, number 2006. If there is no McCall Pattern Dealer in your neighborhood, order by mail enclosing 30 cents to The McCall Company, 236 West 37th St., New York City.

If baby needs extra clothing while he is in the house, put on his little nightgale. If you find it necessary to wrap him in a blanket, be careful not to let it be tight.

When the weather is warm, the pride of the household need not wear his Gertrude petticoat.

Up to the dignified age of one month baby may wear the same clothing day and night. At the end of that time he graduates to a night outfit consisting of flannel or wool and cotton for winter use with silk and cotton or plain cotton for summer. His nightie should be long enough to reach at least ten inches below his feet. A very good one for winter use is the one illustrated, which folds over at the bottom and is fastened with snap-fasteners. Baby should have a complete change of clothes at least once a day. At the end of one month he should be undressed each night and put into his night things.

Don't let the baby wear his flannel abdominal binder after the first month. By that time it will be better for him to have a knitted band with shoulder straps. If he wears his first band too long it will interfere with the development of his abdominal muscles.

Dressing Preparations

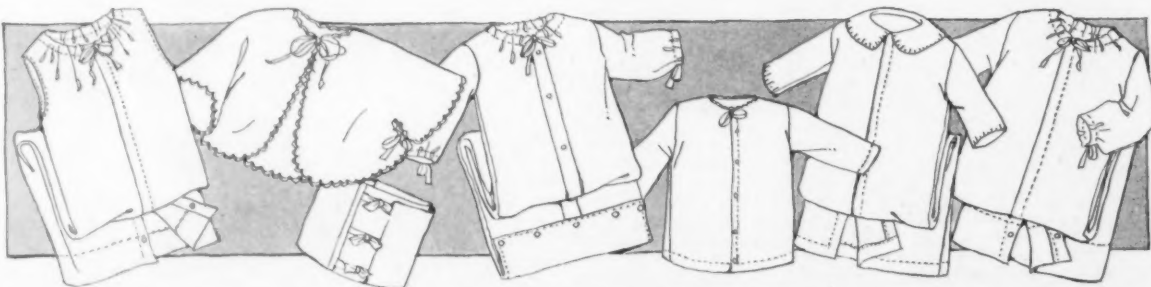
In dressing the baby, select a flat surface. This may be either a table or a bed. Have the clothes ready before the bath so that the baby may be dressed at once as soon as he is dried. First, open the dress down the front and lay it out on the table. Over it lay the Gertrude petticoat, which also must be opened all the way down the front. Adjust the armholes of the petticoat directly over the armholes of the dress. Next spread out the shirt and slip sleeves through the armholes of the petticoat, then into their proper places through the armholes of the dress. Then place the diaper in position and finally, lay the band out full length, overlapping the diaper and shirt.

The diaper may be folded into a square and then into a triangle. Excellent economy is to have on hand a quantity of small pads made from old linen or cheese-cloth to be placed inside the diaper. After they have received the discharges they can be burned. The diaper should never be tight about the stomach or legs.

If you want to dress the baby for out-of-doors, the coat may be the first article to be laid on the bed.

As soon as the bath is finished, carry the baby to the bed or table wrapped in a soft blanket. He may then be lifted out of the blanket and laid on top of the clothing. First, the band is put around the baby and tied. Next the diaper is brought up between the legs and fastened together over the abdomen. Then, the baby's left arm is put up through the sleeve of the shirt, the armhole of the petticoat and the sleeve of the dress. Finally, the right arm is put through the right armholes of the sleeves. The shirt is then brought together and fastened down the front. Next the Gertrude petticoat is fastened down its full length, then the dress. The whole act of dressing need not take over two minutes, and leaves neither mother nor baby tired and cross.

Dr. Baker will be glad to help you with your problems concerning the health and training of your baby. Of course she cannot prescribe, but she is ready to give what advice can be given by letter. Enclose stamped envelope and address Dr. S. Josephine Baker, care of McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



BABY'S GERTRUDE PETTICOAT, NIGHTGALE, BAND, NIGHTGOWN, SHIRT, WRAPPER, AND DRESS



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If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



Whom Will You Marry?

[Continued from page 16]

At posts, there is an officers' mess at which the officers and their families usually eat. I never liked it, however good the food was (and usually, it was very good indeed). But as a matter of economy for the first years of our married life, we ate at the mess. After the children came, it was necessary to have a kitchen in good running order, and so then we ate at home.

Usually at posts, it is difficult to get good maids—just as it is everywhere—but one can always have a striker, an enlisted man, who for a few dollars a month, is glad to keep one's quarters clean.

The charm of the tropics, which everyone seems to feel, was very potent to me, so when the time came for us to leave the Island, I was loath to go. We went from there to Alaska! The sudden change in climate was very hard on the babies—we had two then—and on me. Yet some of my happiest recollections are of the days we spent in the North. In winter, the sense of isolation from the world made us feel like exiles—and exiles have a way of "standing by" each other. By that time, also, I had ceased to resent the fact that one's friends were made by chance.

A West Point song says of the army "promotion's very slow"—and so it seemed to me. When my husband received his commission, it was better than it had been, for that was after the Spanish-American war and promotion was faster; but it still seemed very slow, especially when the bills came in. Still, the one good thing, financially, about army life is that it is sure. One knows how much money one will have and, allowing a certain latitude, knows how much one will have five years or ten years ahead. Then when an officer is retired at sixty-four, he has one-half the salary of the rank he holds, for the rest of his life. One bad thing, financially, about army life is that the pay is not enough to rear and educate a family, without many sacrifices.

I firmly believe that every girl should be trained thoroughly in the matters of the household. I had to learn all I know by doing things and trying not to repeat my mistakes. I am glad to know that my daughters—I have three—can afford to marry army men, if they wish. They have skill as housekeepers.

It seems to me that I have written down all the hardships of life in the army and, in my honesty, have been only half-honest. For there are so many beautiful and charming things about it. For one thing, the family can be together more than is usual in civilian life. The army husband is home for the noonday meal and, again, there are hours of leisure in the day which he can spend with his children.

The matter of schools for army children is oftentimes a serious problem. But Robert was essentially a teacher and so our particular problem was easy of solution. He taught our children what other children get in the lower schools—and many things besides. Self-reliance, consideration of others, love of country, all the code of "an officer and a gentleman" they learned along with their reading and writing and numbering.

I have known literally hundreds of army children and I really believe they average well above most children in book-learning, as well as in conduct. There is tradition in the army and it is a real force.

It is a healthy life in the army, too. There are regular hours and something approaching benefits of life in the country. There are outdoor sports of all kinds, and any officer is qualified to give good physical training by means of the "setting-up" exercises. When one is ill, there is the best of medical attention without charge.

Sometimes there used to come a feeling that it was a futile life we led. The world had done with war; it would never really need the soldier again. He existed only for an emergency that could never arise.

Then, the sharp truth came home to us that the world had not done with war. The men of the army were ready.

Of those early days of the war, when we women saw our men go off far across the sea to fight, I am not yet able to think. I can only feel again what I felt then. They were brave men who went out to save the world—and they were brave women who broke their hearts at their going, yet would not have kept them back.

My days at army posts, except when I go to see the friends I have made through the years, are over. My husband is one of those who sleeps in Flanders Field. I, who have stood while taps were sounded over so many graves, was almost half-way around the earth when they sounded for him. But that, too, is part of being a soldier's wife.



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Beautiful Hands May Belong to the Busiest Person

By Louise Rice

IT is just as easy to have beautiful kitchen hands as parlor hands, though a great many women seem to believe that the sign over every kitchen door should be: "Leave fair hands behind, all ye who enter here."

In the first place, remember that the skin of your hand is just as sensitive as that of your face. You can coarsen and harden both by carelessness. But no hand is ever ruined, not completely; never beyond the point where intelligent care will not restore at least part of its line and color.

CLEAN HANDS

The first rule of hand beauty, and almost the only important one is: **KEEP YOUR HANDS CLEAN.** Perhaps you think you do. All right; then let me ask you if you dust, ungloved? If you rub down the polished front stairs with an oiled cloth, ungloved? If you wash your hands, after the morning's work, with harsh laundry soap and dry them perfunctorily? If you wash clothes the old-fashioned way, on a board, and never think to soak your hands in good, greasy vaseline the moment you are through? If you iron all day with a linty iron holder in direct contact with the palm? If you peel potatoes and onions and remove the stain a day later with harsh, rasping pumice stone?

If you do all this, you are one of the women who believe that it is useless to try to have a nice hand and a clean house simultaneously; but it can be done! Yes, and without much trouble either.

Let us return then to that first rule about cleanliness. To keep the hands really clean and to keep a house in the same condition, the hands must be protected. Which means that a pair of canvas gloves, a pair of rubber gloves and a full set of fingers must be used.

If you will honestly try to use gloves for only one week, you will be converted.

The canvas gloves should be used if it is absolutely necessary for you to put your hands in dirty water. They will not keep the water out, but they will strain the dirt, so that it will not settle around your nails and in the folds of your knuckles. The canvas gloves should be used for cleaning windows, for sweeping, for running the lawn mower or the vacuum cleaner, for light dusting, for digging in the garden.

These gloves can be bought for twenty-five cents a pair and sometimes less. Keep several pairs, and always wash them thoroughly whenever they are soiled. Before putting them on for heavy sweeping, rub some cold cream into the finger tips and the palms.

NO SCARS OF BATTLE

The rubber gloves are absolutely essential to some jobs. Blacking the kitchen stove, for instance, or cleaning a gas range, or filling and cleaning lamps and lanterns. They are indispensable for jelly making. Dyeing your last year's dress will lose its terrors with their protection. When Johnny drops a bottle of ink, you need not stain your hands with that literary fluid; just snatch up a rubber glove and you can clean the mess with no fear of losing your whiteness of hand.

Rubber fingers cost, usually, about ten cents apiece, and are the least "worry" of

any of these protective affairs. They can be drawn on in a moment and taken off with one twist of the finger. Don't pinch them together when they are wet, but blow into them and lay them where they will dry.

THE ACTIVE FINGERS

Pull on more or less rubber fingers, according to what you are about to do. If you are just peeling a couple of apples, one on the thumb and one on the first finger of the right hand will be sufficient, but if you are getting a dinner ready, the thumb, first and second fingers of both hands should have their rubber protectors. The second that is required to slip them on will be more than compensated for, when you see that the ugly lines, like old cuts and scars on your fingers, are going away.

Even with the rubber fingers on, don't slice any vegetables against your thumb. Put them down on a slicing board and cut against that.

Use the rubber fingers when you are hulling berries or stoning cherries or stringing beans or shelling peas.

A dish mop is most essential in maintaining the beauty of kitchen hands. If you try, you will discover that you can wash dishes quite as successfully, without wetting your hands. A stiff, coarse little brush can be used for pots and pans, and some linked rings, sometimes called an iron dish-cloth, will help to scrape pots.

COLD CREAM ON THE KITCHEN SINK

A pot of cold cream ought to stand not on your dressing table, but over the kitchen sink. Rub a little in whenever you have had your hands in water. Rub a bit in before you draw on the canvas gloves. (Not before using the rubber gloves. The oil makes them very hard to get on.) If any operation gives you a dry, itchy feeling on the hand, put a bit of cold cream on, right then. Beside the pot of cold cream, keep a lemon. Rub this over your fingers when they are stained. If you are slicing tomatoes, take the bits of skin which are left, and rub them on your hands, your wrists and your elbows. The acid of the tomato is a wonderful whitener and softener.

A piece of raw cucumber is splendid, too. After you have rubbed it all over your hands, like a piece of soap, take a tablespoonful of sour or sweet milk and repeat the process. Wash your hands, then, in tepid water. The nail brush should not be harsh. Use it as you do your toothbrush, gently but persistently.

One last but most important word. Select the soap for your hands as carefully as you do that for your face. Very hot and very cold water are equally bad for your hands. Rinse the soap off carefully and dry them thoroughly.

If your hands are cracked and chapped, get hold of an old pair of men's kid gloves, which should be at least two sizes too large for you. Before going to bed, wash your hands gently in a bowl of lukewarm water in which a tablespoonful of cornmeal has been dissolved, by putting it in when the water was boiling hot. Dry the hands thoroughly. Then, simply soak them with cold cream and put on the gloves. In the morning, remove the grease with another bowl of tepid cornmeal water. This process, followed for only one week, will cure the most disgracefully maltreated hands.

The Worst Christmas

[Continued from page 7]

"There was one like that," she said—"in Hawaii. I had been so depressed about those little people. The race I was told was dying out. I was homesick, sad.

"I arrived among them on Christmas day. They had declared a fête in honor of their former queen, Liliuokalani, and I was invited. We all sat Turkish fashion on coconut mats. On the ground were great bouquets of flowers, and we were given festoons of blossoms to hang round our necks. Can I ever forget that feast? No sadness, if you please—the most joyous people I've ever seen. How they laughed, I remember, at my expression, when, as I was holding a tempting morsel between my thumb and finger, I was told, just in time, that I was about to eat roasted wild dog! As we feasted, native boys played on guitars.

"After the banquet, I rode through beautiful countryside. Everyone out for a holiday. Floods of sunshine and a sky vividly blue. Quaint houses covered with gorgeous blossoming vines; a sparkling blue ocean, and far out on the tops of the great waves, the surf-board riders. It was my most glorious Christmas."

"Do you think," I asked her, "that there is some magic about Christmas?"

"Perhaps," she said, with her rare smile. "I have had unhappy hours, truly, but never an unhappy Christmas."

Nor I, nor Bobby, nor the iceman, nor the artist, nor the singer, nor the great producer. I believe it is because on that day all the happiness there is comes bubbling to the top of the human heart. And I went home and told Bobby that he was right.



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TO those who are choosing gifts that are useful as well as sentimental, we can offer no better suggestion than the new Christmas box of

HYGLO

Manicure Preparations

It will be doubly appreciated: first, because of the intrinsic value and usefulness of the outfit and, secondly, because of the introduction that it brings to the simplest and surest way to perfectly manicured fingernails.

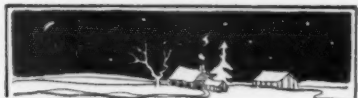
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The Brimming Cup

[Continued from page 12]

up from sleep at a sudden sound. His first look was for Marise. She was pale. He had not dreamed it.

The voice went on . . . the new-comer, the one they called Eugenia . . . yes, she had known them in Italy. Marise had just said that they had been friends before her marriage. The voice went on. Now he listened as though crouched before the keyhole of a door . . . only three or four sentences, quite casual and trivial in content . . . then the voice stopped. It had said enough. Now he knew! Now he had the clue! He had the sensation of rising to his full height, exultantly, every faculty as alert as though he had never been drugged to sleep. The deep inalienable need for possession stretched itself, titanic and mighty, refreshed and strengthened by the involuntary rest it had had.

He fixed his eyes on Marise, waiting for the first interchange of a look. He could see that her hands were trembling, and smiled to himself. She was looking at the old man, Welles. Now, in a moment, she would look at him. There were her eyes! Thunder rolled in his ears!

CHAPTER EIGHT

Heard from the Study
June 20

FROM his desk in the inner room, where he buckled down to estimates about popple-wood casters, Neale could follow, more or less closely as his attention varied, the evening activities of the household.

First there had been the clinking and laughter from the dining-room and kitchen, where Marise and the children cleared off the table and washed the dishes. How sweet their voices sounded, all light and gay. How happy Marise made them! And how they thrived in that happiness, like plants in sunshine!

When you really looked at what went on around you, how silly traditional ideas were: that notion that a woman of beauty and intelligence was being wasted unless she was the "emotional inspiration" of some man's life. What blindness to the bigness and variety of life that seemed to anybody who had had under his eyes a being rich and various, like Marise—who just by being herself, she enriched every life that touched hers. And Heaven knew she was, with all that, the real emotional inspiration of a man's life, a man who loved her a thousand times more now than in his ignorant and passionate youth.

Come. This wasn't work.

He turned to his desk and drew out the papers which had the figures on that popple. There was a period of close attention to his task, when he heard nothing at all from the next rooms.

Finally he nodded with satisfaction, pushed the papers away and lighted his pipe, contentedly.

He leaned back in his chair, drawing on the newly-lighted pipe, and ruminated again. He told himself that he would like to see any other man in the valley who could make an estimate like that. He didn't need all the money he could squeeze out of everybody concerned to make him value his job as manager. It was the feeling of managing, of doing a job he was fitted for—that was his real pay.

How fine it had always been of Marise to back him up in that view of the business. Never once had she had a moment of the backward-looking hankering for more money, that turned so many women into pillars of salt.

He pulled out some of the letters from Canada about the Powers case. He had brought them home to try to get a good hour alone with Marise to talk it over. He frowned as he reflected that he had had mighty little chance for talking anything over with Marise since his return. There seemed always to be somebody sticking around—one of the two men next door, or Eugenia, who appeared to have settled down entirely on them, this time.

What in thunder did Eugenia come to visit them for, anyhow? Well, he could stand Eugenia, if she could stand them, he guessed. There she was coming down the stairs now, when she heard Marise at the piano with the children, and knew there was no more work to be done.

He leaned back, smoking peacefully, listening to Marise's voice brimming up and all around the children's as they romped through *The Raggle-taggle Gypsies*, oh!

He heard Paul say, "Now let's sing, Massa's in the cold, cold ground, and Elly shriek* out, 'No, Mother, I can't bear it!'" At which Paul answered with that certainty

[Continued on page 34]



The water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 motion four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

ALL the cuddly soft baby things,—that tiny nightie, the little dress you have embroidered so carefully—can be popped into the gleaming copper tub of the 1900. Out they come, snowy white and fresh, to adorn baby's chubby, pink person!



IN fact, everything can be washed in the 1900, even heavy sheets or blankets. The cleansing, soapy water rushes back and forth through the clothes in that magic figure 8 movement, swishing through them with *every motion of the tub* and four times as often as in the ordinary washer! This figure 8 movement is the magic exclusive feature that makes the 1900 the perfect washing machine. There are no parts in the tub to cause wear and tear, or to wrench off buttons either.

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Then we built this kitchen—the finest in the world—at a cost of \$1,700,000. And here, with every facility, they produce these new-style beans.

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Men enjoy Van Camp's. Countless restaurants serve them now, just to please the men. Watch the man when you serve Van Camp's. Mark how well he likes them.

The beans are selected by analysis. The boiling water is freed from minerals which make skins tough.

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They are baked in sealed containers so no flavor can escape. They are baked with a matchless sauce, so every atom shares the tang and zest.

The result is beans whole and mellow, flavorful, zestful, easy to digest. It has brought to millions a new conception of baked beans. Compare it, for your own sake, with the beans you know.

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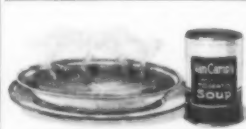
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One of the 18 kinds—the finest soups created.



Van Camp's
Spaghetti

Italian style, but made with the rarest ingredients.



Van Camp's
Evaporated Milk

Fully twice as rich as milk—man's milk—like cream.



The Brimming Cup

[Continued from page 33]

of his of being in the right. "It's not fair, is it Mother, to have Elly keep us from singing one of the songs we like best?"

Now, how would Marise meet this little problem in family equity, he wondered.

She was saying, "Let's see. Elly, it doesn't look to me as though you have any right to keep Paul from singing a song he likes. And Paul, I don't see that you have any right to make Elly listen to a song that makes her cry. Let's settle it this way. We can't move the piano, but we can move Elly. Elly, dear, suppose you go way out through the kitchen, and shut the doors and stand on the back porch. Toucél'll probably be there, so you won't be alone. I'll send Mark out to get you when we're through. And, because it's not very much fun to stand out in the dark, you can stop and get yourself a piece of coconut cake as you go through the pantry."

Neale laughed silently to himself. It wasn't only over the piano that Marise had a mastery. Why wasn't it an artistic creation—the unbroken happiness and harmony she drew out of all the conflicting elements of family life, the warring interests of the differing temperaments, ages, sexes?

The wailing notes of the negro lament rose now, Paul's voice loud and clear and full of relish. His pipe went out as he listened, and he reached for a match. The song stopped—some one had come in. He heard Paul's voice cry joyfully, "Oh, goody, Mr. Welles, we're having a sing with Mother. Come on up to the piano."

Neale leaned forward, with slightly unpleasant stirrings of his blood, and listened to see whether the old man had come alone. No, of course he hadn't. He never did.

There was Eugenia's voice saying, "Good-evening, Mr. Marsh." She would move over for him, on the sofa and annex him with a look. Well, let her have him. Neale moved his head restlessly and shifted his position. His pipe and his armchair had lost their savor. The room seemed hot to him and he got up to open a window.

He heard Mark's little voice sound shrilly from the pantry, "Come on, Elly! It's all right. I've even putten away the book that's got that song."

Some splendid surging shouts from the piano and the voices began on the *Battle-Hymn of the Republic*.

The voices stopped; Elly said, "That song sounds as if it were proud of itself." Her father's heart melted in the utter prostration of tenderness he felt for his little daughter. How like Elly! What a quick intelligence animated the sensitive appealing darling that Elly was. Marise must have been a little girl like that.

"One more song before bedtime," Marise was saying, "and we'll let Mark choose. He hasn't had his turn yet."

A long silence in which Neale amusedly divined Mark, torn in fragments between his many favorites. Finally the high, sweet little voice, "Well, let's make it *Down Among the Dead Men*." Neale laughed silently, again. What a circus the kids were!

The clock struck nine as they finished this, and Neale heard the stir and shifting of chairs. Paul said, "Mother, Mr. Welles and I have fixed it up, that he's going to put us to bed tonight if you'll let him."

Amused surprise from Marise—Mr. Welles was saying he really would like it, never had seen any children in their nightgowns except in the movies.

A clatter of feet on the stairs, the chirping voices ruffled by the shutting of a door overhead, and Eugenia's voice saying, "Well, Marisette, you look perfectly worn out with fatigue and I'm not surprised—the way those children take it out of you!"

"Damn that woman!" thought Neale. Her sterile life had starved out the capacity even to understand a really human existence.

"It's not surprising that Mrs. Crittenden gets tired," commented Marsh; "she does the work of four or five men."

"Yes," agreed Eugenia, "I don't know how she does it. I admire you for it, Marisette—cook, nurse, teacher, house-keeper."

"Oh!" he heard Marise say with an impatience which pleased him. He foresaw that it was going to be too much for his patience to listen to them. Luckily he was in the library. He got up, and took down a volume of Trevelyan: the *Retreat From Rome*. He opened the well-known volume at Garibaldi's escape, and laid it down to light his pipe again.

In spite of himself he listened to what they were saying now in the next room. Eugenia was talking about those recurrent dreams of Marise's, and he knew it was making Marise squirm.

[Continued on page 35]

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3-in-One Oil

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El-Rado is particularly desirable for the underarms, where mussy methods are inconvenient and the use of blades is risky. El-Rado is a sanitary, colorless liquid, easily applied with a piece of absorbent cotton. In a few minutes the hair is seen to become lifeless, then it is removed. After shaking on a little talcum the result is surprising—clear, smooth skin, ever so cleanly in "feel" and dainty in appearance. El-Rado is guaranteed harmless, no matter where applied—face, arms or limbs. It is sold at drug stores and toilet counters in 60c and \$1.00 sizes, with a money-back guarantee.

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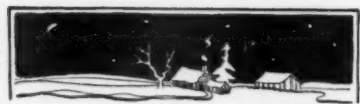
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The Brimming Cup

[Continued from page 34]

To Marsh Eugenia went on in explanation: "Mrs. Crittenden has always had from time to time a certain queer dream. She dreams she is in some rapid tremendous motion, a leaf on a great river current, or a bird blown by a great wind, or foam driven along by storm waves. Isn't that it, Marisette?"

Neale did not need the sound of Marise's voice to know how she hated this. She said, rather shortly for her, as though she couldn't leave it uncorrected, "Not exactly. I don't dream I'm the leaf on the current. I dream I am the current, myself, I'm the wind—the wave, itself. It's hard to explain."

"Do you still have those dreams, Marisette, and do you still love them?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes," said Marise.

"And have you ever had the sensation in your waking moments? I remember so well you used to say that was what you longed for, some experience that would make you have in real life that glorious sense of irresistible forward movement. We used to think that falling in love, would give it to you?"

"No," said Marise, "no, I've never felt it, awake."

"What do you suppose Freud would make out of it?" asked Eugenia, evidently to Marsh.

"Why it sounds simple enough to me," said Marsh. "It's a commonplace that all dreams are an expression of a suppressed desire. And it's apparent that Mrs. Crittenden's suppressed desire is a fine and human one for freedom and power and momentum." He changed the subject masterfully. "See here, Mrs. Crittenden, that Tschakowsky whetted my appetite for more."

Marise jumped at the chance to turn the talk. For in an instant the piano began to sing.

Some time after this, Neale was pulled back from his reading by the consciousness, gradually forcing itself on him, of two discomforts; his pipe had gone out and they were at it again. He scratched a match and listened.

"I'm a gardener," Marise was saying, "and I know a thing or two about natural processes. The thing to do with a manure pile is to put it safely away in the dark, underground, and never bother your head about it again, except to watch the beauty and vitality of the flowers and grains that spring up from the earth it has fertilized."

Neale shook his head. That was all very well but you couldn't knock a thing on the head just like that. Why, he himself . . . He felt his heart beat faster, and before he knew what was coming, he felt a gust of fresh, salt air blow over him, and he was far away from the book-tainted, stagnant air of the indoor room.

In that instant he lived over again that moment in Nova Scotia so recently passed, when he had gone down to the harbor just as the battered little tramp steamer was pulling out, bound for China.

Good God! How from some fierce, unguessed appetite, the longing for lawless freedom had burst up. Marise, the children, their safe, snug, middle-class life, had seemed only so many drag-anchors to cut himself loose from. If the steamer had been close enough to the dock how he would have leaped aboard!

Well, had he buried it and forced himself to think no more about it? Not on your life he hadn't. He'd stood up to himself. He'd asked himself what the hell was the matter, and he'd gone after it as any grown man would.

And what had he found. That he'd never really got over the jolt it had given him—there on that aimless trapeze through Italy, with China and the Eastern seas before him—to fall in love and have all that cut off by the need for a safe, stable life. Then he'd asked himself: if that's so, then what?

He knew Marise would rather die than have him doing for her something he hated—out of stern duty.

That was the sort of thing Marise had meant, so long ago when they were first engaged, that was the sort of thing she had asked him never to do.

So he'd asked himself right out, what he really wanted and needed in life, and he'd been honestly ready to take any answer he got—as the best thing for everybody concerned. If it meant tramp steamers why it had to be tramp steamers. Something could be managed for the children and Marise. And what answer had he got? Why of course he hankered for the double-jointed, lawless freedom the tramp steamer had stood for. But he wanted Marise and the children a damn

[Continued on page 36]



That's True in a million homes

Suppose you read that breakfasts had dropped 85 per cent. Think what good news that would be in these high-cost times.

In countless homes breakfasts have come down. In late years millions of new users have adopted Quaker Oats. Those homes do save 85 per cent as compared with meat, eggs, fish, etc.

To save \$125 a year

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. It costs 6½¢ per 1,000 calories, the energy measure of nutriment.

It costs 12 times as much to serve one chop—9 times as much to serve two eggs. A bite of meat costs as much as a dish of oats.

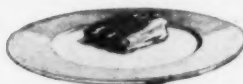
In a family of five, Quaker Oats breakfasts served in place of meat breakfasts saves some \$125 per year.



Quaker Oats
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Nujol has been found by many women to be an invaluable aid to a clear, radiant complexion. It encourages the bowels to daily evacuations, thus keeping the body free of those toxins that mar the skin and endanger health.

Nujol relieves constipation without any of the unpleasant and weakening effects of castor oil, pills, salts, mineral waters, etc. It does not upset the stomach, cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

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Instead of forcing or irritating the system, Nujol simply softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles, in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

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The Brimming Cup

[Continued from page 35]

sight more. And not only Marise and the children. No, he wanted the life he had, too—wanted the coherence of it; the clear conscience he had about what he was doing in the world; the knowledge that he was creating something, without exploiting either natural resources or men—he wanted the sense of deserved power over other human beings. What he'd dug for was to find his deepest and most permanent desires and when he found them, he'd come home with a happy heart.

He relighted his pipe, this time with a steady hand and a cool eye, and turned to his book again.

CHAPTER NINE

Beside the Onion-Bed
July 10

MARISE pulled nervously at the weeds among the onions, and wiped away with her sleeve the drops that ran down her hot, red face. She was not rebelling at the dusty, tiresome task nor aware of the merciless heat of the early-summer sun. She was thinking or trying to think, but the different impressions came rushing into her mind with such haste that they dashed against each other brutally, to her entire confusion.

Why was it, when she tried to think out an answer to this preposterous idea of old Mr. Welles'—why should a thousand other horrifying ideas which she had been keeping resolutely at bay, pour in through the door, once opened? She snatched at the weeds, twirling them up, flinging them down. It seemed to her that if she hurried fast enough with the weeds, those thoughts could not catch up with her.

She had put them off, and put them off, first while Neale was away, because they scared her; she didn't want to look at them without Neale. But he had been back for weeks now, and still she put them off. All those tarnishing sayings, those careless, casual, matter-of-fact negations that challenged her whole life and its meaning. Was her love for the children only an inverted form of egotism or sensuality—an enervating slavery—only a substitute for the personal life which was ebbing away from her? Was her attitude toward her beloved music only a selfish one—to keep it to herself and the valley? Was that growing indifference to dress, and trips to the city, a sign not of philosophic wisdom but of mental and moral dry-rot? Was it a betrayal of her own personality to adapt herself to the changes in her relation with Neale, rather than

"Aren't you awfully hot to go on doing that?" asked Neale, coming up behind her. As she turned her wet, crimson face up to his, startled because she had not heard him approach, he asked, startled himself, "Why, what's the matter, dear?"

She sank back to a sitting position, as unconscious of her looks before Neale as though she had been still alone. She motioned him down beside her, "Oh, Neale, I'm so glad. How'd you happen to be so early? Maybe if we stay right here the children won't know—we can have a few minutes' quiet to ourselves. I want to tell you something. I'm awfully upset."

I went over to help Mr. Welles with transplanting his Brussels sprouts and we got to talking. Neale, what do you suppose has been in his mind all this time we've been thinking him so happy and contented here?"

"Doesn't he like 'Crittenden's' after all?"

"No, no, not that. He loves it. It's heart-breaking to see how much." She stopped, her voice shaking a little. Her husband took her stained, dusty hand in his. She gave his fingers a little pressure, absently, and pulling his handkerchief from the pocket of his shirt, wiped her face.

He waited in silence.

"Listen, Neale. I know it will sound perfectly crazy to you at first—it seems he's been getting lots more letters from that niece of his down in Georgia. She tells him all about how hateful the whites are to the negroes and she keeps citing instances she's seen." Marise broke out with a fierce, blaming sharpness. "I don't see what business she had, writing him that way. Why couldn't she let him alone!"

She felt her husband waiting patiently for her to quiet down, and knew that his patience came from a long acquaintance with her mental habits—and across her genuine absorption in her story, there flitted a distaste for being known so well as all that! But in a moment she was rushing on, "And, Neale, what do you think? She has worked on him, and he's worked on himself till he thinks perhaps he ought to sell his place and leave Ashley and go down to live where this horrid niece is..."

[Continued on page 37]

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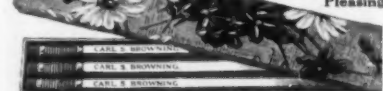
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The Brimming Cup

[Continued from page 36]

Her husband's astonishment was as great as she could have desired—none of Neale's usual unsurprised acceptance of everything that happened, which occasionally so rubbed her the wrong way. "Isn't it crazy, Neale! You do feel, just as I do, don't you, that it's a perfectly unbalanced, fanatical, foolish thing to do?"

"It's certainly about as unexpected as anything I ever heard of," he admitted. "I should have to know a lot more about it before I could know what to think."

An old impatience at an old variance between their ways of thought came out with an edge in Marise's tone as she said hotly, "Oh, Neale, don't take that line! You know all there is to know, now! And you know how unbelievably happy he has been here, how he's loved it all." She struck her hands together, "Neale, I can't have him do such a foolish useless thing and spoil everything. It's not as if he'd be of any use down in Georgia! You know how the Southern white people detest Northerners coming down and interfering with the negroes. What under the sun could one tired-out old man accomplish in a situation that every American knows to be simply impossible?" She looked hard at her husband's thoughtful face, and threw herself against his shoulder with a petulant gesture. "Now, Neale, don't go and justify him!"

He put his arm about her shoulders, hot and wet under their gingham covering and she leaned against him, the gesture as unconsidered and unconscious for the one as the other. "No, I'm not going to try to justify him. But I must say it shows a pretty fine spirit."

"Oh, yes" conceded Marise, "only he mustn't be allowed to ruin his life, and break everybody's heart, even if he is a saint."

"That's the way saints usually run their business, isn't it?" asked Neale. "And I'd like to know how anybody's going to keep him from doing it, if he decides he ought to."

"Oh, yes, we can," urged Marise, sitting up with energy. "We can argue with him, tell him it seems to us foolish and morbid. We can work on his feelings; she has, that niece!"

"I wouldn't want to do that," said Neale, quietly. "You can, if you think best." They looked at each other, an unspoken battle going on, over ground intimately familiar. In the middle of it, she broke violently into words, quite sure that he would know at which point she took it up. "You carry that to perfectly absurd lengths, Neale. Don't you ever admit that we ought to try to make other people act the way we think best, when we know we're right and they're wrong?"

"Oh, yes," he admitted. "I should think we were bound to—if we ever were sure we were right and they wrong."

She vibrated with impatience. "That's pettifoggery. Of course there are times when we are sure. You always get around things!" she said blamingly. "Suppose you saw Aunt Hetty just about to take poison—or Frank Warner getting Nelly Powers to run away with him!"

He was startled by this and asked quickly, "Whatever made you think of that? Are Frank and Nelly . . . ?"

"Oh, it just came to my head. No, I haven't heard anything. But I had a sort of a notion that Gene doesn't like Frank hanging around the house so much."

"Well," commented her husband, with an accent of surprise. "I hadn't dreamed of such a thing. That throws a light on something I happened to see this very afternoon. I was on my way to the Warner wood-lot, just back of the Eagle Rocks. It didn't occur to me, of course, that anybody else would be up there, but just at the peak of the shoulder, I saw Gene Powers, on the ground beside a big beech. He didn't hear me walking on the pine-needles, and for a minute I stood there."

"He was on his face, looking over the edge of the ridge . . . all strung up like a bow, his head down between his shoulders and shot out forward, like a cat stalking something. He made me think of a hunter when he has seen a deer. I thought he had. Then he saw me and jumped up quickly and came down past me. I thought, just for curiosity, I'd go and see what he'd been looking at so hard. I got the surprise of my life. He couldn't have been looking at deer, for on the other side, the cliff drops sheer—and you look off into the air, right across the valley. I could see your cousin Hetty's house and the mill and the Powers' house, beside the big pine. And just as I looked at that, I saw a man come out from the house, get on a horse and ride away."

[Continued on page 38]

Mothers:

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The Brimming Cup

[Continued from page 37]

"Why, that must have been Frank," said Marise.

"Yes, that's what came to my mind when you spoke his name just now."

There was a moment's horrified silence. "Oh, Neale!" said Marise on a deep note. "How awful! You don't suppose there is anything in it?"

"Heavens, how should I know! But my guess is that Gene is making a fool of himself for nothing. Nelly doesn't strike me as being the sort of a woman to—"

"But Frank is awfully good-looking and dashing, and lots younger than Gene. And Nelly is young, and perfectly stunning. It may seem very dull to her here."

"Oh, it's possible I suppose," admitted Neale. "But she seems contented, and thinks the world of the children."

Marise's face clouded. "Lots of people nowadays would say that Gene no longer satisfied her, and that she fed on the children because she was starving emotionally."

Her husband making no comment, she went on: "Neale, don't you think that people are saying horrid, distressing things nowadays, anyhow? About marriage, I mean, and relations between men and women, and between parents and children?" Her heart was beating faster as she finished this. The subject was broached at last.

"There's a good deal to be said about all that, that's pretty horrid and perfectly true," remarked Neale casually.

"Neale!" she protested, shocked and repelled. She had hoped for something very different, from him. But she might have known she would not get it, she thought.

"I don't see what use there is in pretending there's not," he advanced, with a reasonable, considering air—"I don't see that intimate, personal relations are in any more of a mess than other relations. International ones, for instance, just now."

She was so acutely disappointed that she felt a quivering ache in her throat. What was Neale there for, if not for her to lean against, to protect her, to be a defending wall about her? He was so strong and clear-headed, he could be such a wall if he chose.

"Neale," she said, after a moment, "I wonder if you ever know what things are being said and thought about what we've always believed in—motherhood for instance, and marriage?"

She had been unable to keep the quaver out of her voice and at the sound of it, he sat up instantly, astonished, solicitous, tender. "Why, darling, what's the matter?" he said again, moving closer to her.

He drew her close. She thought angrily, "He thinks it's just a fit of nerves I can be soothed out of, like a child—" and pulled away.

He looked at her, his attentive, intelligent look, and let his arm drop. And yet she was sure that he saw merely that the subject agitated her—no possibility that it might touch them, in their own lives. "I have to think whatever I am convinced is true, whether it makes me miserable or not. Who can help being miserable at the spectacle of such rich possibilities mismanaged and spoiled and lost, as human life is full of?" he said.

"But, Neale, do you realize that people are thinking, books are being written to prove that parents' love for their children is only self-love, hypocritically disguised, and sometimes even sexual love camouflaged—and that married people, after the first flare-up of passion is over, hate each other instead of loving?"

"I daresay there's a certain amount of truth in that, occasionally. It would certainly explain some of the inexplicable things that we all see happen."

Marise said piercingly, "Neale, how can you say such things to me?"

He looked at her keenly again. "I don't think it inherent in the nature of women to take abstract propositions personally, always; but I do think they have to make an effort to keep from thinking every general observation is directed at them personally."

"How can you help taking it personally," she flashed out indignantly, "when it shakes the very foundation of our life?"

He showed a genuine, astonished incapacity to understand her. "Why, Marise, dear, what are you thinking about? You don't have to believe about yourself all that people are saying, or what's being set down in books, do you, if it contradicts your own experience? Heavens and earth! People of our age, who have really lived, ought to know more about what is happening to ourselves than anybody can tell us. Don't you know whether you really love Elly and Mark and Paul? Don't you know whether we hate each other, you and I?"

[Continued in the January McCall's]



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Hearts Unreasoning

[Continued from page 9]

he is about to make a meal of your hus-
band."

"Oh, I knew he was not to be trusted.
The moment I saw him, I did not like his
mouth. But, Georgina, it is the play on
which Robert has worked for two years!"
cried Arlette, clasping her hands against her
breast. "It is an outrage!"

"Ah, yes, yes, it is an outrage, dear little
sister. But what can one do?"

"We must do something!" Arlette said,
springing to her feet. "Georgina, you know
the theater managers. Could you not take
Robert's play to them, yourself? At once,
before that man has time—"

"Oh, Georgina, I haven't any other copy
of the play!" Arlette suddenly remembered,
sinking against her sister's breast in a burst
of tears. "It is all my fault. I have ruined
my darling Robert. He trusted me, Geo-
gina, he trusted me to copy his play, and I
made only one copy because I had no car-
bon paper and it costs so much."

"But the manuscript—you have the
manuscript?"

"I remember now that I left it on the
chair, and the m-maid must have thrown
it away. Oh, Georgia, it is gone, and
Robert is ruined!"

"Never mind, *chérie*, never mind!"
Georgina repeated, kissing Arlette's hair.
"Perhaps the manuscript can be found. Be
brave, little one. Alas, I must hurry away.
I go on at three o'clock in the second act;
it is already two!" she exclaimed, glancing
at the clock, and kissing Arlette's wet
cheeks. "Do not cry any more, darling, it
will not please your Robert. Tears are all
very well now and then, but no man likes
swollen eyelids."

When Robert came home she tried to
meet his happy kiss with her usual ardent
responsiveness, but her lips trembled with
the dread of telling him the terrible news.
Her pale face alarmed him; he asked at
once if she had a headache, and she could
only answer truthfully that she had. He
made her lie down on the *chaise longue*,
surrounded her with pillows, brought her
a glass of water and commanded her to be
quiet. At last she began faintly, "Georgina
was here this afternoon."

"Was she as foolish as usual?" he asked,
in a voice that tried to be patient.

"She—she didn't seem—foolish," Ar-
lette murmured. "She—"

"Yes, yes, sweetheart. She will become
more reasonable as she grows older. I
don't doubt that," Robert said kindly. "All
I ask is that she doesn't meddle in my af-
fairs. Don't try to talk, little wife, till your
headache is better."

"Yes, dear," Arlette answered, and two
tears slipped down her cheeks, terrifying
her husband. He took her in his arms and
carrying her into the bedroom, tenderly
undressed her and put her between the cool
sheets, forbidding her to utter another
word. She heard him struggling with the
gas-stove in the transformed kitchen, and
some time later he returned proudly with
a bowl of hot broth which he fed her,
spoonful by spoonful, while she swallowed
obediently, too deeply touched by his care
to tell him that the soup was too salty.
Then she went to sleep, holding his hand.

She woke to a depressing sensation of
unhappiness, but the morning sunlight and
Robert's love scattered the black butter-
flies in her heart. She told herself that
Georgina must have been mistaken, that the
catastrophe she had imagined could not
happen, that something, somehow, would
prevent it. Nothing terrible could happen
while she had Robert and they loved each
other.

Then one day Robert came up the stairs
with a letter from Monsieur Rambaud.
She leaned against his arm and they read it
together.

MONSIEUR,

"I have read with pleasure *Hearts
Unreasoning*. There are good bits in it,
indeed, but as a whole the play seems
to me somewhat amateurish and hard-
ly suitable for production. Do not be
discouraged, continue to work, write
another play. Remember that a young
writer seldom succeeds with his first
effort. My frankness will prove to
you my sincerity.

"Yours, RAMBAUD.

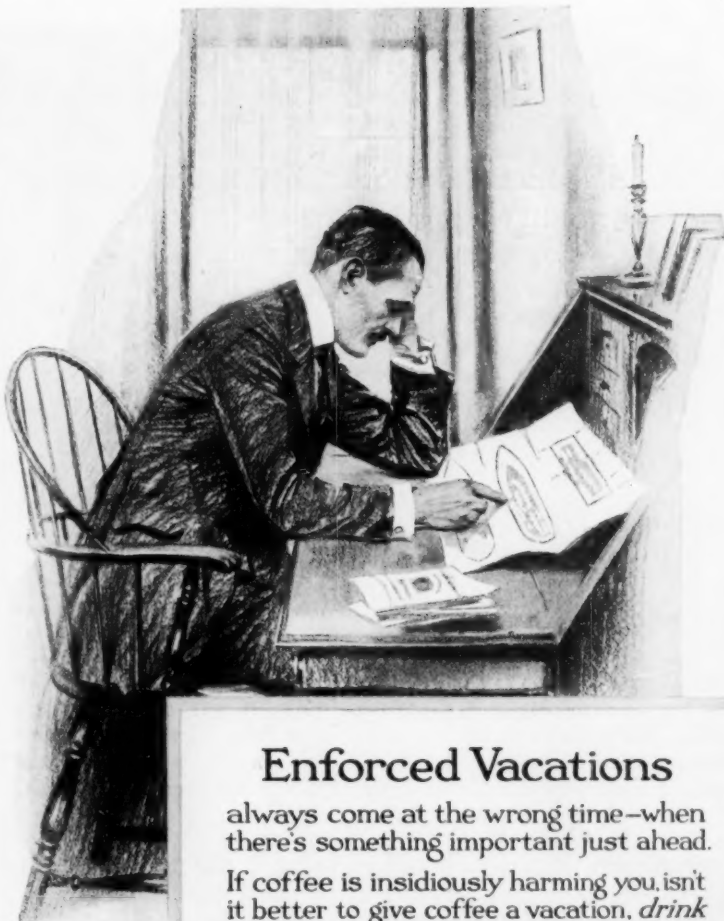
"P. S.—I am keeping your manu-
script, which I shall send you before
long with more detailed criticism."

"Don't look so miserable, sweetheart,"
Robert said, as cheerfully as he could. Ar-
lette clung to him.

"That man—that man is a thief," she
said in a strangled voice.

"Oh, no, I don't think that," Robert

[Continued on page 40]



Enforced Vacations

always come at the wrong time—when
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Hearts Unreasoning

[Continued from page 39]

answered. "Perhaps I was wrong to leave the manuscript, but after all, probably my play is no good. Never mind, I will try again. Don't be so disappointed, little one."

The maid, arriving with the hot dish for luncheon wrapped in a piece of newspaper, brought with her a telegram addressed to Arlette, which Robert opened for her. It was from Georgina, announcing that she would call at one o'clock.

"You don't mind, do you, Robert?" she asked anxiously, seeing his frown.

"Of course I mind. I don't like Georgina, dearest, you know that, and I don't like her coming to put her ideas in my little wife's head. She is your sister, and naturally you love her. That is why I do not forbid you to see her. But you can't expect me to like it," he added.

When he had gone she watched anxiously for her sister, and when she saw the bobbing plumes in the courtyard she ran to open the door.

"Well, it is as I expected," said Georgina, falling into a chair that creaked loudly, astonished at the unexpected weight. "He's done it. He has stolen the play and offered it to the manager of the Porte St. Martin Theater and the manager has accepted. That is, merely the plot, you understand. They dined together last night. Rambaud begins work on the play today."

"Oh, no! 'Oh, Georg—'"

"Wait. Let me tell you the whole thing. It is not for nothing that for a whole week I have flattered that man, with all the airs of an ingenue. He does not know that you are my sister and that I love you. Observe with me the irony of chance. This very morning, little one, that thief, that shameless brigand, asked me—listen well—asked me if I knew a clever typist."

Arlette rose from her chair.

"Yes, my angel!" Georgina continued, chuckling. "Isn't it perfect? You may imagine that I told him I knew one. 'She is somewhat stupid,' I said, 'and do not let me catch you at any nonsense with her, for she is a good girl and I am responsible to her parents. But she is as clever with her fingers, my dear Rambaud, as you are clever with your mind.' Darling, he falls into our hands like a ripe plum. I have made an appointment for you to see him tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

"Oh, how I love you! How I love you!" cried Arlette, seizing her sister in her arms.

"Now, now!" said Georgina, more moved than she wished to admit. "Well, chérie, I leave you to fight it out with your Robert, but I depend on you to keep the appointment."

Left alone, Arlette wandered nervously through the apartment, her head filled with whirling thoughts as a forest is filled with whirling leaves in the autumn winds. When Robert returned he gazed at her in perplexity, puzzled anew by the incomprehensible moods of women. Then remembering the telegram he told himself that he understood. "Your sister has been here?"

"Yes, dear."

"What did she want?"

Arlette faced him, quivering with excitement. "She did not want anything. She came to tell me that Rambaud has stolen your play and sold it as his own to the director of the Porte St. Martin."

Robert sat down as though his legs had crumpled beneath him, then bounded up.

"Is she sure of that?"

"Quite sure. But don't talk about it, Robert. It makes me ill to think of it."

"It is infamous!" he cried, gesticulating angrily. "It is not possible! He has sold my play? What can I do? I am unknown, a nobody. And he steals my play? Two years of work. The scoundrel!"

Arlette flung herself upon the chaise longue and sobbed aloud. Her nerves had given way under the strain of anxiety and the misery of deceiving the man she adored; her tears were sincere. Robert, called himself a brute to have forgotten her in his own disappointment. He knelt beside her, imploring her to stop crying. "Darling, darling, don't! Baby, dear, isn't there anything I can do to comfort you?"

Her sobs became more violent; his tenderness increased her unhappiness, but she remained determined to wring from him the consent she could get in no other way. "Will you—will you really do what I want?" she asked.

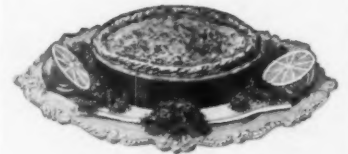
"Yes, yes, darling. Anything. I swear it, if you will only be calm. Arlette, you will make yourself ill."

"I want—I want you to let me—"

"I will let you do anything you want to do, little one. I promise," he said without reflection. Her sobs ceased gradually and she lay in his arms, breathing in long shuddering sighs. Now that she had won, she was half terrified by her victory.

[Continued on page 41]

CREAMED FISH AU GRATIN



Try This Recipe

To one cupful cream sauce add one tin B & M Fish Flakes and pour into a shallow baking dish. Cut three hard boiled eggs in half lengthwise and arrange on top of the fish, pressing down slightly. Cover with bread-crumbs and grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes until top is a golden brown.

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Hearts Unreasoning

[Continued from page 40]

"Tell me, dear, what it is you want."
"Not now," she said. "Tomorrow. Oh, Robert, you are so good!" For the first time he found something strange in her kiss, and they remained a long time quiet in the embrace that sealed the compact in which both felt a danger. A dozen times he returned to the question that grew darker in his mind like a threat of storm.

"Come, Arlette, darling, tell me—"
"I will tell you tomorrow."
Dawn found them both awake but silent, he ready to oppose he knew not what, and she determined not to release him, her adored Robert, from his blind promise. At seven o'clock he rose and opened the shutters. The sky was clouded and a gray light came into the room where Arlette's curls lay tumbled on the pillow. She nestled there obstinately with closed eyes, pretending to sleep until the concierge knocked and entered with their "little breakfast." Every morning at the same hour the old woman brought the tray with hot coffee and milk and a plate of rolls.

"Good morning, my turtle-doves," she said. "Here is your coffee. The brioche is fresh and hot, I myself brought them from the baker's."

Arlette smiled up at her. "Thank you, Madame Jules. And how is the little cat Chenapande?"

"Oh, don't speak of it!" cried the concierge. "The poor little beast has peritonitis, the same that caused the death of my poor husband."

"Oh, Madame Jules, I am sorry!" Arlette said prettily.

She went out, shaking her head, while Robert stifled his laughter beneath the quilts.

"Poor woman, she doesn't know what she's saying, she is so sad," said Arlette. "I will visit her presently to see the poor cat."

Robert turned his head quickly. "You are going out this morning?"

"Yes," she replied firmly. "I have an appointment at nine o'clock."

"Where are you going?"

"Ah, that is my secret. You promised me I could have what I want. Well, this is what I want, dearest." She would have snuggled her fluffy head into the hollow of his shoulder, but he repulsed her and gripping her arms said brusquely, "I want to know where you are going."

She flushed and turned pale under his look. "Robert," she stammered, "don't you—don't you trust me?" There was such despair in her voice and such candor in her eyes that he softened. "Arlette, don't be stubborn. Tell me where you are going. I have given you my word, but—"

"Well, I am going at nine o'clock to present myself as a typist to Monsieur Rambaud."

Robert leaped from the bed, clenching his hands that longed to do something violent. "It's a bad joke. You are not going to that man's house?"

"I must, Robert. I won't let him rob you of the success you've earned."

Robert struck his fist against the bedpost. "That sister of yours has turned your head. I should have forbidden her the house."

"I am going to copy your play. And I swear to you that within a week I shall find some way to make that bandit beg for mercy."

"She is mad, mad!" cried Robert. "How can you suppose that you will be able to defeat a villain like that, a man that lives by deceit and theft? You, a child that knows nothing of the world?"

How was it possible to be angry with that charming child, so loving and so courageous? Robert took her in his arms and covered her face with kisses. "Sweetheart, your husband is your slave. You can go. It is the greatest proof of my love that I could give you."

She rose slowly, tired with emotion. The maid had knocked twice, a signal that she had heated water and filled the tub. Left alone, Robert's anger rekindled, and when Arlette was dressed for the street he could not repress a tone of annoyance.

"When will you be back?"

"If I work today I will return at eleven. If he does not want me this morning I will come home at once."

He turned his back upon her and let her go without another word. She stopped on the way to lift her veil and wipe the tears from her eyes. She rang Monsieur Rambaud's bell firmly and said to the valet, "Say that it is the typist."

"Monsieur is expecting you," the man said, conducting her into a small room beside the dramatist's study. She sat down, folding her hands to keep them from trem-

[Continued on page 48]



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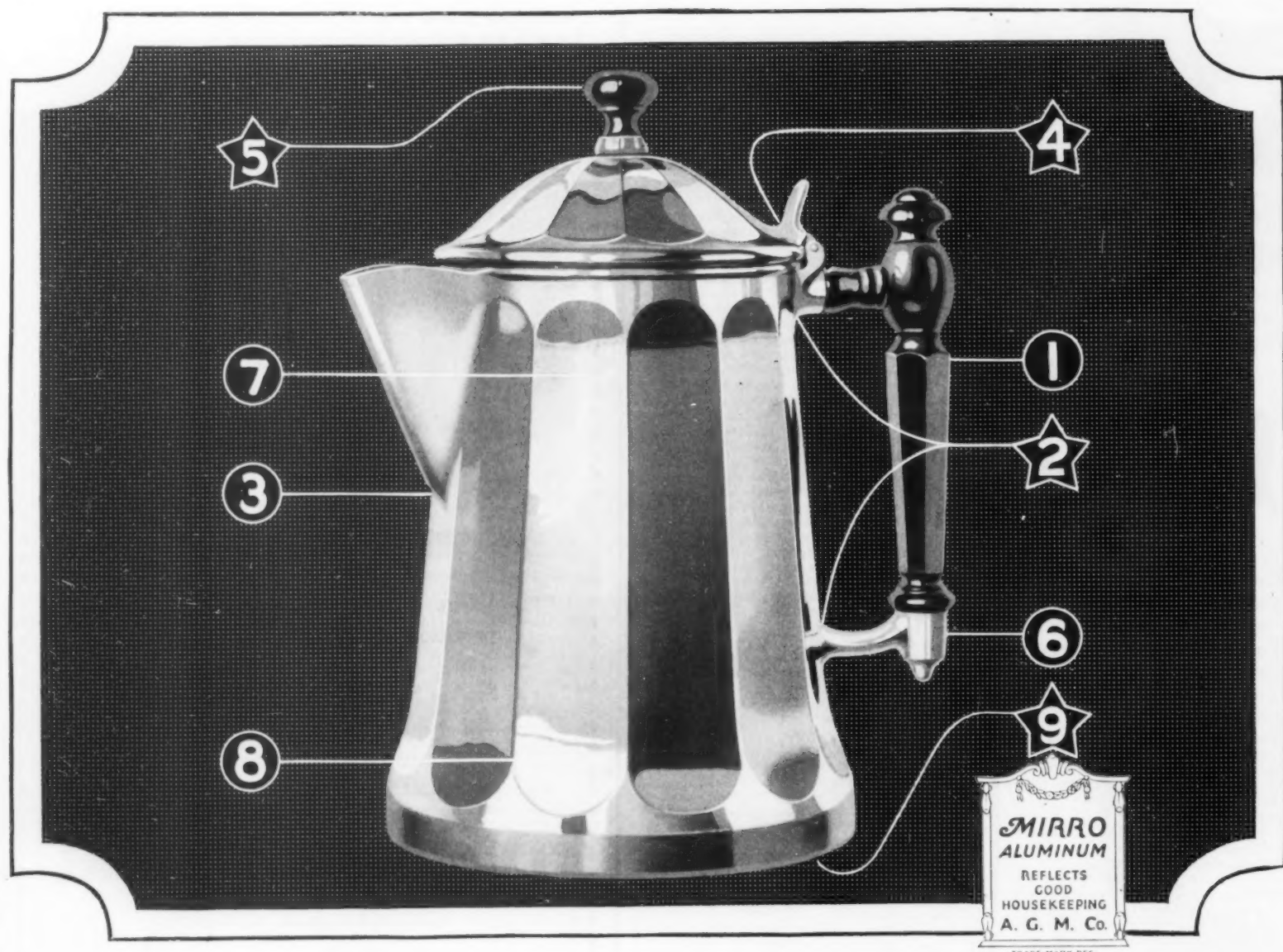
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FOOD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

CHRISTMAS is such a lively, exciting, bustling time that those of us who are the chief cooks and caterers for the year's crowning feast are apt to find ourselves in a wild flurry of preparation at the last minute.

However, if we come to think of it, there is a great deal that can be done days ahead of time—especially in the matters of cake and pudding and pie and goodies.

Plum pudding and fruit cake, for instance, are all the better for being made days, or even weeks, in advance. The chief work about their construction is the preparation of the fruit. One shouldn't try to put the pudding or cake together and cook it all in the same day unless one has a great deal of help. Give two days to it.

THE FRUIT CAKE

The cake and the pudding should both be steamed. Russian iron bread pans make the best ones for the cake. Do not grease them but line them with a layer of glazed Manila paper and over this put a layer of wax paper. Fill the pans not over two-thirds full, and then over the top of each pan place a layer of wax paper first, then one of Manila paper and over all a layer of cheese-cloth. Tie this down over the top of the pan with a white string. The cheese-cloth will absorb the excess moisture due to the steaming.

Steam four to six hours. Six hours is better if a steamer has to be improvised. Then take from the oven, remove the cake from the pan, take off the paper from the top, but not from the sides. Let it stand on a cake cooler overnight. If in the morning the cake feels wet (not damp), stand it in a warm oven with the door open, to dry out until the excess moisture is gone. Then put the papers back over the top, also the cheese-cloth, and put away in an air-tight box.

PLUM PUDDING

Be sure to grease the pudding mold thoroughly, both mold and cover. Do not fill the mold more than two-thirds full. Space must be given for the ingredients to swell. If the plum pudding is steamed in an open mold, put the papers and cheese-cloth over the top as directed for the cake. If it is boiled in a cloth, be sure to allow room for it to swell. Little individual puddings can be steamed in custard cups and each one covered with paper and cheese-cloth. Snap it over the top with a rubber band. The puddings will not need to be dried out. Take them out of the molds; wrap in wax paper and put away in an air-tight box. For reheating, allow at least two hours for a large pudding and three-quarters of an hour for an individual one. Serve the pudding steaming hot, garnished with bits of holly.

PREPARATION OF THE FRUIT

If the raisins are layer raisins, wash very quickly; stem and stone; and cut once in two. Package raisins do not need washing.

Currents must be thoroughly washed. For each pound of currents, take one tablespoonful of flour. Sprinkle on the currents and rub very briskly between the palms of the hands. This will remove the dirt. Then wash them a few at a time in a strainer under the cold water faucet. Dry between layers of a towel or spread out and dry in the sun or on the back of the stove.

The almonds should be blanched by plunging them for two minutes in water that has just stopped boiling. Drain. Put into cold water. Rub off the skins and dry. Slice the almonds very thin lengthwise.

Slice the citron as thin as possible and cut into one-fourth-inch pieces. Candied orange peel should be cut up very small if it is the commercial product. The suet must be pulled apart, the membrane and bits of meat discarded; then it must be chopped very fine in a chopping bowl. If it sticks to the knife, flour it a trifle.

If bread crumbs are used in the pudding, use only the crumb of the loaf.

Christmas Sweets Old and New

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

RECIPES

GRAHAM PUDDING

1 cupful molasses
1 cupful milk
1 1/2 cupfuls flour
1 tablespoonful fat
1 teaspoonful soda
2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon
1/2 teaspoonful nutmeg
1 egg
1/2 cupful raisins
1/2 cupful stoned dates

Mix the dry ingredi-

flat cold surface, like a platter, until half dry; then dip in chopped pistachio nuts. (Pistachio nuts need not be blanched.)

For almond cherries, place the large end of the blanched almond into a candied cherry. These may be dipped in granulated sugar if desired, but they are really just as good without it.

CANDIED PEARS

Pare and core the pears or scrape the skins off if possible. Cut in eighths or quarters; core, blanch ten minutes if winter pears. Cold dip. Drain. Cook ten minutes in the following sirup:

1 cupful sugar
1 cupful corn sirup
1 cupful water

Boil five minutes before putting in the pears. Drain the pears. Place on an agate pan and dry in a slow oven, temperature 135 degrees Fahrenheit.

CHRISTMAS MERINGUES

Whites of 4 eggs
1 cupful sifted granulated sugar (must be very fine)
1/4 teaspoonful vanilla

Beat the whites until stiff, using a wire whisk. Gradually beat in three-fourths of the sugar. Continue beating until the mixture holds its shape. Fold in the rest of the sugar and the flavoring. Have ready a wet board covered with letter paper. Shape the meringues with a spoon or a pastry bag, making them about three inches in diameter. Bake thirty minutes in a very slow oven. Remove from the paper carefully, take out the soft part of the meringue with a spoon. Fill one part with raspberry ice and the other with pistachio ice cream. Put together. Allow the ice and the ice cream to show just a little for a red and green color scheme.

HONEY POPCORN BALLS

1/2 cupful honey
1 1/2 cupfuls corn sirup
1/2 tablespoonful butter or substitute
1/2 tablespoonful vinegar
3 quarts popcorn
1/4 teaspoonful salt

Heat together the honey, sirup, vinegar and butter until the sirup is slightly brittle when dropped into cold water (275 degrees Fahrenheit). Pour slowly over salted popcorn; mix well. Form into balls, using as little pressure as possible.

Two cupfuls of corn sirup may be used and the honey omitted, if desired. This recipe will give you 15 balls, 3 inches in diameter. They are very pretty hung on the Christmas tree.

Signs of the Season

THE cooks shall be busied, by day and by night.
In roasting and boiling, for taste and delight,
They still are employed for to dress us, in brief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd-pies, and roast beef.

Although the cold weather doth hunger provoke,
'Tis a comfort to see how the chimneys do smoke;
Then haste to the kitchen for diet the chief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd-pies, and roast beef.

All travellers, as they do pass on their way,
At gentlemen's halls are invited to stay,
Nay, the poor shall not want, but have for relief
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd-pies, and roast beef.
—Old English Ballad

ents. Beat egg and add; then add the moist ingredients. Steam three hours.

FIG PUDDING

1 pound chopped figs
1 cupful suet
1 pint fine bread crumbs
1/4 cupful sugar
3 eggs
1 teaspoonful cinnamon
1 teaspoonful nutmeg
1/4 cupful grape juice or grape jelly

Beat eggs well. Mix the dry ingredients. Combine with the other ingredients. Steam three hours. Serve with hard sauce made of brown sugar to which a tablespoonful of cream has been slowly added.

MRS. GRIMES' CANDIED CARROT

Scrape the carrots. Cook until tender. Cut in thin strip. For every pound of carrots take one cupful of sugar, one cupful of corn sirup and one cupful of water. Make a sirup. Put in the carrots. Boil slowly fifteen minutes. Add the juice of two lemons. Cook ten to twenty minutes longer or until clear. Drain. When almost dry, roll in coarse granulated sugar. Place on waxed paper to dry. In a Chinese restaurant carrot and other preserves are served in a sirup and one eats them with a toothpick.

RAISIN AND DATE STEAMED PUDDING

1 1/4 cupfuls pastry flour
1/2 teaspoonful soda
1/2 teaspoonful salt
1/2 cupful suet chopped fine
1/4 teaspoonful cloves
1/4 cupful dates
1/4 cupful raisins
1/4 cupful sour milk
1/4 cupful molasses
1/4 teaspoonful cinnamon

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add molasses and milk to suet. Combine with dry ingredients. Fill well-greased moulds two-thirds full and steam. Serve hot with hard sauce or a hot liquid cornstarch sauce to which currant or grape jelly or juice has been added to give a fruity flavor.

MINCE MEAT (WITH LITTLE SUGAR)

1 peck apples
2 pounds chopped raisins
1 pound suet chopped finely
1 cupful vinegar
2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon
2 teaspoonfuls nutmeg
2 teaspoonfuls cloves
1/2 cupful brown sugar
8 cupfuls corn sirup
1/4 pound citron chopped finely
2 tablespoonfuls salt

Chop finely, add spices and liquids and cook until thickened. Seal while hot. Add 1 cupful of cider for each pie when mince meat is reheated.

PLUM PUDDING

1 pound raisins
1 pound currents
1/4 pound citron
1/4 pound chopped suet
1/4 pound candied orange peel
1/2 pound stale bread crumbs
8 eggs
1/4 pound flour
1/4 pound brown sugar
1 nutmeg grated
1 tablespoonful cinnamon
1/4 teaspoonful allspice
1/2 pint grape juice or grape or currant jelly

Wash and dry currents. Cut citron and orange peel very fine. Stone raisins. Mix all dry ingredients together. Beat eggs. Pour them over the dry ingredients, add the liquid, and mix thoroughly. Pack into greased moulds, and boil 6 hours at time of making and 2 hours when wanted for use. Serve with hard sauce.

LEFT: ALMOND ACORNS AND CONSERVED SICKLE PEARS

RIGHT: CANDIED CARROT A DELICIOUS CHRISTMAS TREAT



SPICED RAISINS

Select large raisins. Break from the bunch, leaving on a tiny bit of the stem. Cook until plump in hot olive oil. Drain on unglazed paper. Roll in granulated sugar, cinnamon and clove mixture in the following proportion:
1 tablespoonful sugar
1/4 teaspoonful cinnamon
1/2 teaspoonful clove

ALMOND AND CHERRY ACORNS

Blanch large Jordan almonds. Dip the large end in melted chocolate. Place on a

CANDIED GRAPE FRUIT PEEL

Wash and remove the peel from the grape fruit in quarters if possible. With a teaspoon scrape off all the white. Cut in narrow strips. Cook in water until tender. Drain. Make a sirup of one cupful sugar, one-half cupful water. Cook the grape fruit peel in this very slowly until the sirup spins a thread. Drain the peel and roll in coarse granulated sugar. If the bitter taste is not desired, soak the skin a few hours in cold water before using.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT



"None Such is the Easiest"

That's what a housewife said in answer to a question on work involved in pie baking. Of course None Such Pies are the easiest for the housewife. We make None Such Mince Meat with nine-tenths of the work of pie making done before the package leaves our model kitchen just so they will be the easiest pies for her to bake.

We collect and prepare a wide variety of the choicest ingredients that must be used if Mince Pie is to be real Mince Pie. Only the finishing touches remain for the housewife to add.

Nearly all of the best bakers now bake None Such Mince Pies with the same Mince Meat that you can buy of your grocer.

*Thursday is None Such Mince Pie Day,
and as such is observed nationally.*

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY • • • Syracuse, N. Y.
NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT, Ltd. • • • Toronto, Canada

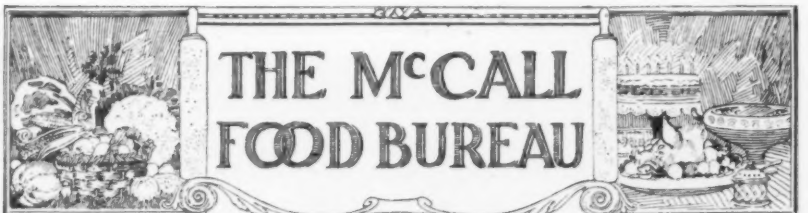


None Such Pudding—Break into small pieces one package of NONE SUCH Mince Meat, and dust lightly with flour; add one cupful suet chopped fine. Sift together one cupful flour and two tablespoonfuls brown sugar. Then use enough milk, about one cupful, to make a thick batter. Place in individual cups covered with greased or waxed paper. Bake slowly one hour, or steam two hours. Steaming makes pudding lighter and more wholesome. Serve hot with sauce.

*You add no sugar to
None Such—the
sugar is in it*



Oatmeal Cookies with None Such Filling
Cookies—1 cup sugar, 1 cup shortening, 3 cups oatmeal, 3 cups flour, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoonful soda.
Filling—None Such Mince Meat, 2 cups; 1 cup water. Boil till thick and spread between cookies.



"MARY, PLEASE GO STIR THE MACARONI"

Hot Lunch in the District School

THERE are ever so many mothers who send their children off to school with a dainty appetizing lunch tucked in their lunch boxes or baskets. There are also a great many harassed and overworked mothers, and perhaps a few careless ones, who give their youngsters anything that will satisfy their noontime appetite, never thinking about wholesomeness.

In either case, the lunch is not what it should be, chiefly because it is not hot. The heat and energy the child must use to digest that cold, and perhaps poorly balanced, food are a real strain on his digestion. What's more, he has to use so much energy on digesting his food that there is not enough force left to make his brain work well in the afternoon.

AT FLINT LAKE

At Flint Lake, Indiana, the senior teacher in the district school discovered that the children did not work well after lunch. It seemed hard for them to concentrate. She decided that the only thing to do was to supply a hot dish of appetizing food to each child to supplement what each brought from home.

A district school is seldom a wealthy institution and its teacher has no leisure moments. Therefore the equipment for feeding her twenty-five charges had to be as simple as possible and the extra work involved had to be done before school and at recess. She made her plans and placed them before the Parent-Teacher Association. They approved her plan enthusiastically and bought a two-burner kerosene stove, a second-hand kitchen table, a second-hand cupboard, enough large oatmeal dishes and teaspoons to go around, a twelve-quart granite kettle, two tin dish pans and a large spoon, a granite soup ladle, two paring knives, a quart dipper, an old fork, a two-quart basin and cover, three trays and three dish towels.

PUPIL COMMITTEES

The older pupils of the school were divided into four committees averaging four to each committee. A committee was on duty one week. Their duties were to help prepare and serve the food and wash the dishes. The boys carried in the pails of water, disposed of the garbage and dish-water and kept the stove clean and also helped to serve. The teacher closely supervised the committees at all times and filled the dishes.

The pupils paid three cents a day and at the end of the month a statement was made out to each family.

All supplies that could be obtained in the district were brought by the pupils. Whole milk and butter contain vitamins necessary to growth, and no substitutes for them should be used for children.

In organizing this schedule, a week's menu was planned and necessary purchases made. The menu was sent home to the mother so that she might plan her child's lunch to supplement the hot dish.

Monday—Potato soup
Tuesday—Macaroni and cheese or stew
Wednesday—Vegetable soup
Thursday—Rice
Friday—Cocoa or bean soup

The results of the experiment could be counted in rosy cheeks and a good afternoon recitations. It was a great boon to busy mothers and a real contribution to the health of the children.

The following are recipes for the dishes decided upon for the week's menu:

POTATO SOUP

For twenty-five children, 3 pints of diced raw potatoes, ½ pint of onion in three quarts of cold water, are prepared before school, and put on in the twelve-quart kettle at recess, 10:15 A. M. At 11:30 a gallon of whole milk, 2 ounces good butter, salt and pepper, are added and the fire turned low.

BEAN SOUP

Bean soup requires 2 pounds of navy beans and ½ pound salt pork. Soak the beans the afternoon before and put on to boil as soon as possible in the morning.

VEGETABLE SOUP

Prepare the vegetables the afternoon before and have them standing in cold water, or better have an older pupil or two help before school in the morning. A fifteen-cent soup bone, 10 medium-sized potatoes, 5 onions, a few carrots, celery leaves, a little chopped cabbage, may be put into the big kettle with seven or eight quarts of water before school. At recess put in a pint of tomatoes, a half cupful of rice, with salt and pepper.

RICE, BOILED IN MILK

Two pounds of rice, washed and put on at recess in 3 quarts of water, boiled till half past eleven, when 1 quart of whole morning's milk, 2 ounces of butter, and salt are added. If meat is not added, sugar and a little cinnamon may be served. Rice sticks, so a "trusty" must be asked to watch it. Rice and macaroni are the only dishes that need this care and are worth the effort, which is really very little.

COCOA

For cocoa, 3 quarts of milk, 2 quarts of water, 4 ounces sugar and 4 ounces of cocoa are used. At recess, heat a little water and make a cocoa paste with the cocoa, hot water and sugar. At 11:15 an older pupil lights the fire, sets the kettle containing milk and water on with the flame turned medium. At 11:45 the cocoa paste is turned into the big kettle.

BEEF AND VEGETABLE STEW

Two pounds of beef cut rather small, with a little fat and a bone or two for flavor, 1 quart carrots cut in coarse pieces, 1 pint of onions sliced, 2 quarts of potatoes in pieces the size of a walnut, a little flour and 5 quarts of water. Put the beef and water on as soon as possible in the morning. At recess, put all the vegetables in and stir up the flour thickening. At 11:45, stir in the thickening and add salt and pepper, turn down the fire.

MACARONI CREAMED WITH CHEESE

Three pounds macaroni is put on in 4 quarts of water, cold, at recess. One quart milk and cheese, salt and pepper and 2 ounces butter added at 11:45.



A baked Premium Ham for Christmas

The spirit of real, old-time Christmas expresses itself in abundance—an abundance of good cheer and charity—of fun and frolic, a house full of people and plenty of good things to eat.

Let abundance reign in the dining room—with a fine tender baked Premium Ham on the sideboard—decked out in holly and

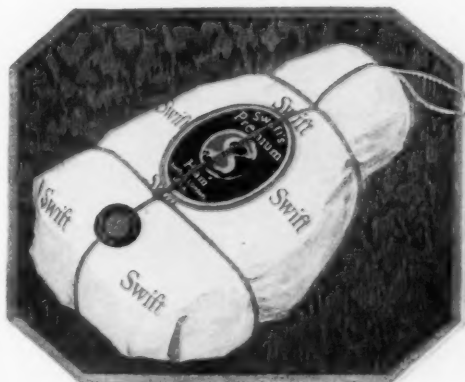
surrounded by all the delicacies known to Christmas cheer.

Swift's Premium is the ham always chosen when quality and fineness of flavor are desired. No need to parboil it before broiling or frying. It comes just right.

Order a whole ham—you can easily use all of it during the holidays.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham



It is not
necessary to parboil
Swift's Premium Hams
before broiling
or frying

Look for this "no parboiling" tag when you
buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

An Entirely New Bath for Delicate Skins

Is baby's skin easily chafed where the soft bundles of flesh roll together? You can soon smooth and strengthen it by gently massaging with a plentiful dusting of Johnson's Baby Powder—in the groin, behind the ears, under the armpits. The constant use of Johnson's actually improves the skin—of grown-folks as well as babies.



Sleep Should Be Sound and Restful

Sleep of a fitful, wakeful kind interferes with baby's health. Because Johnson's Baby Powder decidedly soothes and comforts itching skin, it helps in bringing restful sleep. Be sure to try Johnson's when skin irritations and fidgets hinder your baby's rest.

When Saliva Makes Baby's Mouth-Corners Sore

The lips of a baby are red as a ruby and soft as a flower. Be particularly careful to keep them thoroughly sweet and dry. Touching the mouth-angles occasionally with Johnson's Baby Powder protects and relieves.

Are Baby's Fingers Always Searching for "Itchy" Spots?

Mother should soothe all easily-chafed or burning places with Johnson's Baby Powder. Then she won't need to hold the tiny, uncontrollable fingers. Johnson's is a scientific relief for skin irritations. Sprinkle its delicious comfort into the tender folds of flesh several times each day.

Johnson & Johnson
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Synol Soap provides a rich, mellow lather for shampooing. Antiseptic, yet balsamic in fragrance.

A Service to Mothers

Here are some helpful hints for the everyday care of infants.

They are given added value by the very unusual virtues—the remarkable comforting and soothing powers—of Johnson's Baby Powder.

Perfected in the great laboratories that prepare Red Cross Absorbent Cotton and 400 other health-guards—Johnson's is naturally more beneficial than ordinary powder.

Physicians and Nurses have used Johnson's successfully for over two generations. They recommend it for new babies especially—and for grown folks with irritated skins. They know the purity, the fragrance and the scientific accuracy of Johnson's Baby Powder.

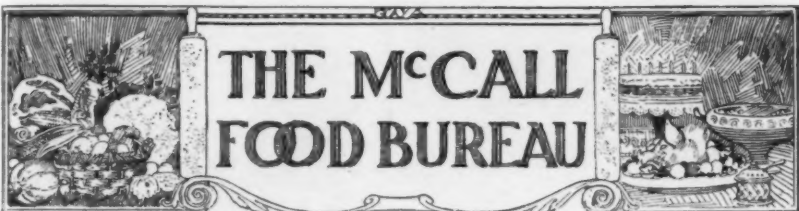
Think of the protection and comfort such a powder will give your baby!

Johnson's Baby Powder

"BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU"

Druggists by the nature of their education and training are best fitted to serve you with scientific articles for baby's comfort. Go to your druggist for Johnson's Baby Powder as well as for other baby needs, show your appreciation of the worthy service the druggist is rendering your community.





Choice Soup for Chilly Days

By Lilian M. Gunn

SOUP is as important as a first impression. It is the prologue of the dinner, creating the atmosphere of the food to come and, if it is a good soup, providing a cordial reception for the rest of the meal.

There are two classes of soups, those made with a stock of some kind of fish, or meat or vegetable, and cream soup with white sauce foundation.

Bouillons and consommés are of course expensive, but they have a sophisticated delicacy that keeps their names at the head of the festive menu. The heads and tails of fish make a first-class fish stock. So do crab shells.

A cream soup need not be loyal to just one ingredient. Often a combination of different vegetables gives a better flavor than one vegetable alone. Use all the odds and ends of vegetables in this way. Heat them, press them through a sieve, and there's your purée. Often instead of using all milk in the white sauce, one may use the water in which the vegetable was cooked, using half water and half milk. When making the white sauce foundation use a tablespoonful of fat for every cup of liquid, and generally one tablespoonful of flour for thickening, though this may vary with the thickness of the purée. In using a very acid vegetable like tomato, to prevent curdling use $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of soda for every cup of purée and put it in when the purée is hot. Curdling may also be prevented if the purée is poured into the white sauce. Always serve a cream soup as soon as possible after the ingredients are combined.

All soups should be well seasoned. A bottle of Worcestershire sauce, and one of tomato catchup or chili sauce should be on the kitchen shelf. They may be the making of an otherwise flat soup.

Do not forget a bit of garnish for the soup course. Finely minced parsley or watercress, a tiny bit of the vegetable finely diced, a slice of lemon, a few alphabet macaroni, a dash of paprika, some popcorn (for corn soup), a spoonful of whipped cream, make of a prosaic dish a culinary creation.

Do not forget to serve some accompaniment with the soup, crackers buttered and crisped in the oven, toasted bread sticks or croutons, a tiny sandwich of contrasting seasoning, cheese straws or cheese crackers.

A cream soup with its accompaniment and a sweet dessert make an attractive and sufficiently nourishing luncheon for any cold winter day. At dinner time a clear vegetable or meat soup warms one's interior and stimulates one's appetite for the rest of the dinner.

BLACK BEAN SOUP

Let one pint of beans soak overnight in 2 quarts of water. Cook until tender in the water in which they were soaked, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful diced celery and one small finely cut onion; cook slowly 15 minutes longer. Press through a sieve, add 2 teaspoonfuls salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper, and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful mustard and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful thyme. Heat very hot and stir in 2 tablespoonfuls butter rubbed together with 2 tablespoonfuls flour. Boil 2 minutes.

TOMATO PUREE

1 quart or 1 can tomatoes 2 tablespoonfuls bacon fat
1 cupful celery cut in pieces $\frac{1}{4}$ bay leaf
1 carrot $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper-corns
1 onion 2 cloves
1 clove of garlic 2 teaspoonfuls sugar
1 pint water 1 sprig of parsley
2 tablespoonfuls flour

Cut the vegetables up fine and brown them in the bacon fat, add the flour. Add

the tomatoes, sugar and seasonings, then the water, boil slowly $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Rub through a sieve, season and serve.

BAKED BEAN SOUP

Two cupfuls of baked beans, 1 cupful tomatoes. Heat the beans, rub through a sieve, add the tomatoes which have been strained, season and serve.

CREAM-OF-PEANUT SOUP

2 tablespoonfuls fat 1 cupful milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful 1 teaspoonful salt
minced onion $\frac{1}{3}$ cupful finely ground peanuts or 2
2 tablespoonfuls flour 1 teaspoonful salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper 1 cupful soup stock
1 cupful soup stock 1 cupful peanut butter

Melt the fat, add the onion and dry ingredients, cook thoroughly. Add the stock and milk slowly, cook until smooth. Add the peanuts last and serve very hot.

WATERCRESS SOUP

Wash and cut up one bunch cress, add a slice of onion, simmer in 2 cupfuls of water for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Strain.

1 cupful milk 3 tablespoonfuls fat
1 cupful stock (chicken preferred) $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper

Melt the fat, add the flour, blend, add the stock and milk slowly (heat them together first) and last add the watercress stock and the seasonings. Serve very hot, garnish with a spray of watercress.

CARROT SOUP

1 cupful carrot purée 1 teaspoonful salt
3 cupfuls milk $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper
2 tablespoonfuls fat 2 tablespoonfuls flour

Melt the fat, add the flour and the hot milk slowly, then the purée and seasonings. Garnish with bits of carrots.

CREAM-OF-TOMATO SOUP

1 can tomatoes 1/3 cupful butter
1/3 cupful butter 2 teaspoonfuls salt
1 quart milk 1/16 teaspoonful soda
1/3 cupful flour 1/2 teaspoonful white pepper

Cover and stew the tomatoes slowly one-half hour, rub through a strainer, and add soda while hot; make a white sauce and add the strained tomato.

CLAM BOUILLON

$\frac{1}{2}$ peck clams 3 cupfuls cold water
Wash and scrub (with a brush) the clams, changing the water several times. Put in a kettle with the cold water, cover tightly, and steam until shells are well opened. Strain liquor, cool and clear.

BEEF BOUILLON

5 pounds lean beef 1 tablespoonful salt
from middle of round Carrot 1/3 cupful
2 pounds marrow bone Turnip } each
3 quarts cold water Onion }
1 teaspoonful pepper-corns Celery

Wipe and cut meat in cubes. Put two-thirds of meat in soup kettle and soak in water thirty minutes. Brown remainder in hot frying-pan with marrow from marrow bone. Put browned meat and bone in kettle. Heat to boiling point; skim thoroughly, and cook at temperature below boiling point five hours. Add seasoning and vegetables, cook one hour, strain and cool. Remove fat and clear.

DANISH SPLIT PEA SOUP

1 cupful yellow split peas 2 tablespoonfuls onions, chopped
4 cupfuls water 2 smoked sausages
1 cupful celery, chopped 3 teaspoonfuls salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper

Wash peas and put to soak overnight with 3 cupfuls cold water; cook in same water. Add chopped celery, onion, and one cupful water. Cook until peas are done. Put through coarse sieve or potato ricer. Cook sausages in hot water for about 10 minutes; drain, slice and add to soup. Add seasonings and cook together for 10 minutes.



TOMMY TUCKER HAS CHEERED UP AND BEGUN HIS SUPPER WITH SOUP

Home-made Bread Is Improved by Using Argo Corn Starch Because It Gives a Finer Texture

YOUR pastry flour, with Argo Corn Starch, will make lighter bread and biscuits, flakier piecrust, and more appetizing muffins.

Gravies and sauces will be smoother with dessertspoonful of Argo instead of a tablespoonful of wheat flour.

And such delicious Floating Island, Blanc Mange, Fig Whip, and Ice Cream can be prepared with Argo Corn Starch.

WHITE BREAD

6 cups Flour $\frac{1}{4}$ Yeast Cake
2 cups Argo Cornstarch $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Lukewarm Water
2 teaspoon Salt 1 pint Milk
2 teaspoon Mazola

SCALD the milk and cook till lukewarm. Sift the flour, cornstarch and salt together; rub in the Mazola. Dissolve the yeast in the lukewarm water; add it to the milk and stir in the dry ingredients. Knead on a floured board for twenty-five minutes. Place in an oiled bowl, rub the top very lightly with Mazola, cover loosely with a soft cloth, and rise over night. In the morning mould quickly into loaves and put into oiled pans. Rise till double in bulk and bake in a medium oven. Lukewarm water may be substituted for all, or part, of the milk, and one tablespoon of Karo (Crystal White) may be added to the milk when mixing.

BROWN BREAD

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups Yellow Cornmeal 2 teaspoon Baking Powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Argo Cornstarch 1 teaspoon Salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Flour 1 cup Karo
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Rye Meal 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups Sour Milk

SIFT the dry ingredients together till thoroughly mixed. Add the Karo and stir in the sour milk. Mix well and steam four hours.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

2 cups Milk 2 Yeast Cakes
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Karo (Crystal White) $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Lukewarm Water
1 tablespoon Mazola 3 cups Flour, including 3
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Salt 1 tablespoon of Argo
2 Egg Whites 1 Cornstarch

SCALD the milk. Pour into the mixing bowl, and add the Karo (Crystal White), salt and Mazola. When lukewarm add the beaten whites of eggs, the yeast dissolved in the warm water, and enough flour to make a thin batter. Beat thoroughly, cover, and let rise till about double in bulk. Add enough flour to make a dough just as soft as can be handled. Turn onto floured board and knead until it is spongy and elastic. Let it rise till triple in bulk. Turn onto a well-floured board and roll out lightly about half an inch thick. Cut with a biscuit cutter previously dipped in flour. Dip the handle of a case knife in flour, and with it make a crease through the middle of each piece. Brush over half of the top of each piece with Mazola and press the edges together lightly. Place in a pan one inch apart. Cover, and let rise till light. Bake in a hot oven twelve to fifteen minutes.



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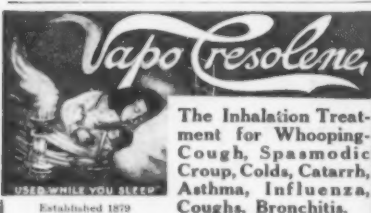
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Agreeable
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Cresolene's best recommendation is its 40 years of successful use.

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So writes a physician about NU-ART and besides being a permanent cure for superfluous hair, it removes all the hair with one application, kills the root, is absolutely harmless and painless, easy to use, fragrant and cannot mar the skin. A large package for \$1.00 at your dealer's or direct by mail in plain wrapper. A marvelous discovery. Guaranteed.
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A Home-Made Gray Hair Remedy

You can prepare a simple mixture at home that will gradually darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and 1/4 ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at little cost, or the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look many years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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Lane Bryant Fifth Ave New York



Hearts Unreasoning

(Continued from page 41)

bling, and in a moment she heard a voice saying, "Good! It's your typist."

"Shall I tell her you want her to begin work at once?" Georgina's voice answered.

"Yes, do that. And tell her that I will give her two hundred francs to copy the play. That's enough, isn't it?"

"It certainly is—enough and then some. You're a generous old duck," Georgina replied, coming out to her sister.

"I can hear everything that's said in there," Arlette whispered.

Georgina chuckled. "That's all the better. Can you begin work now? All right, there's the typewriter, get it ready. The bear will be here in a jiffy."

Rambaud entered with a self-important air. "Ready to work? Good! Here is my first act. Don't make any mistakes, remember that you are copying one of my plays. The manager of the Porte St. Martin wants it done quickly. What hours can you work?"

"From nine until eleven, monsieur, and from three to six in the afternoon."

"Very well." He turned on his heel. Arlette, inserting a sheet of paper in the machine, heard him saying, "A pretty little thing, your typist—quite pleasing."

Georgina's voice answered sharply. "Don't start any nonsense with that kid, or I'll tell your little friend of the Porte St. Martin."

"Oh, all right, all right. If she's a good typist, that's all I want."

Arlette slammed back the carriage of the machine and put her hands against her cheeks to cool them. "The beast!" she said between her teeth, and attacked the keys as though they were enemies.

At eleven o'clock she hurried home to the apartment where Robert sat sullenly staring at a blotted sheet of new manuscript. Pretending not to notice his coldness, she talked brightly while she put away her coat and hat, telling everything she had seen, until Robert became interested in spite of his resistance.

"And how does he begin the first act?" "Oh, he has found it easier to leave it as it was, simply copying it in his writing. He has changed the names and made the god-father the family doctor," she explained, laughing so gaily that he could not help smiling.

A thousand times Robert repented his unsuspecting promise, a thousand times Arlette told herself that she had paid with her happiness for a failure. She had finished the third act and begun the fourth, yet she had found nothing to keep her hope alive. She had been unable even to guess where Rambaud kept Robert's manuscript. On the fifth morning Robert refused any longer to endure his unhappiness. He forbade her to go out; she reminded him of his promise and defied him; their coffee was untasted and the *broches* were splashed with her tears. The storm ended in pale sunshine; Robert allowed her to go to work, and she promised that if nothing decisive happened that day she would not go again.

"Good morning, little one," said Madame Jules through the little window at the courtyard entrance.

"Good morning, Madame Jules. And how is Chenapande today?"

"He recovers slowly," Madame Jules replied, smiling. Arlette said impulsively, "Could I see him?"

"But surely!" The old concierge opened her door and Arlette entered the tiny dark room. On a chair wedged between the window and the wide, feather-quilted bed lay Chenapande, his nose on his paws. He opened one yellow eye and looked balefully at Madame.

"They are all alike," said Madame Jules. "Men and cats, there is little difference between them. They love us only for the comforts we can give them, and when they are uncomfortable they love no one."

Arlette, cheered by a happy omen, went down the street with a less heavy heart. It was lucky to see a black cat. Who knew what might happen that day? "Something must happen—it must!" she repeated, taking the cover from the typewriter and beginning to work. She heard voices from Rambaud's study. The phrases she heard told her that the manager of the Porte St. Martin and a journalist from the *Gaulois*, the great Paris newspaper, were there, separated from her only by a closed door. They were talking about the new play, Robert's play.

She thought of breaking in upon them and telling them that it was his. They would not believe her; she had no proof. She thought of attacking Rambaud with her own hands and tearing the truth from him. Twenty mad plans raced through her mind and she knew that all were futile. She

(Continued on page 49)



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Hearts Unreasoning

[Continued from page 48]

sank back in her chair, biting her lips, and the door opened.

"How much have you finished, mademoiselle?" Rambaud demanded, entering with a self-satisfied smile.

"I am doing the third scene of the fourth act," she answered in a stifled voice. "Good!" Rambaud turned to the manager. "Suppose I read to our friend from the *Gaulois* the final scene that you like so much?"

"Good!" said the manager. "That will give him a clearer idea for his article."

"Indeed, yes," the journalist agreed, looking with admiration at Arlette.

"It is a pity that I am a little hoarse today," said Rambaud. "I am afraid I can not give the full value to the scene, but if monsieur will make allowance—"

Arlette rose. "Monsieur, if you would permit me! I can read it. It would give me the greatest pleasure—" her slim hands finished the sentence with an imploring gesture.

Georgina, ushered into the room just then, gallantly seconded her sister. "Indeed, she reads like a great comedienne!" she exclaimed.

"You flatter my play, mademoiselle," said Rambaud. "By all means let us hear you read the scene."

Arlette stood trembling, while they settled themselves in chairs. Rambaud struck three times on the table with a paper-cutter, and she drew a deep breath.

"You know the title," she said, and pronounced it in a clear steady voice: "*Hearts Unreasoning*."

"No, no! Not at all!" exclaimed Rambaud. "That isn't it!"

"Too bad. It's a ripping name for the play," the manager protested.

"Very suggestive," said the journalist.

"But name of a dog!" cried Rambaud. "I tell you I won't have that name!"

The two men expressed with glances of apology their respect for the great dramatist's authority. "Well, mademoiselle, go on."

"I will read you the cast of characters," Arlette resumed. She began firmly to read, and Rambaud bounded from his chair.

"What are you saying?" he cried. His upraised fist still held the paper-cutter, and his face was furious.

"That," said Arlette, "is the play written by Robert d'Ormenge, *Hearts Unreasoning*, which you have tried to steal. I am Madame d'Ormenge; my husband is assistant professor of literature at the Lycée Concordet. He brought this play here six weeks ago and you, you thought you had stolen it. I came here to get my husband's play, and I have succeeded."

Rambaud, suffocated with anger and fear, clutched the journalist's arms. "She lies!" he shouted.

"No, messieurs, I am not lying. If you wish to see the face of a liar, look at that man. My husband trusted him with his play, his play that cost him two years' work to write. See what that man wrote him!" She searched feverishly in her purse and found the letter. The journalist held out his hand for it, and the manager read beside him.

Monsieur,
I have read with pleasure "*Hearts Unreasoning*." There are good bits in it, very good bits indeed, but—

The two men looked at each other, and continued to read. Rambaud had collapsed in an armchair, livid, stammering words to which no one listened.

"Madame," said the manager quickly in a conciliatory tone. "There must be a way to arrange this matter. Monsieur Rambaud's wide reputation as a dramatist—we have presented many of his plays—I beg you, madame, to consider the consequences, the calamity—"

Arlette turned to Rambaud, her anger melting in pity before the spectacle of the man disheveled, his dignity lost, his semblance of self-respect wiped from him by terror. "Will you, monsieur, give me back my husband's manuscript?"

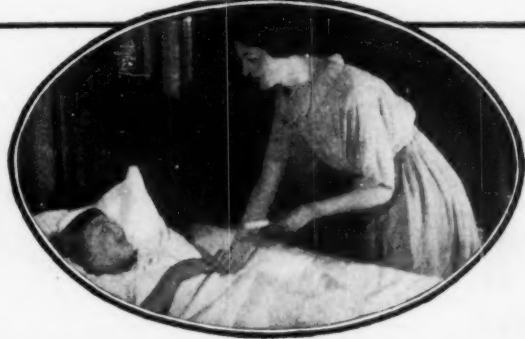
Rambaud, without a word, unlocked a cabinet and handed her the sheaf of pages. "Be calm, madame," the manager urged.

"I received the play from Monsieur Rambaud, but it seems to me that it would be simple to arrange a contract in your husband's name. Will you make an appointment for your husband in my office?"

"Perhaps," said Arlette, "you will be good enough to drive home with my sister and me, and make the appointment with my husband himself?"

"With pleasure, madame," said the director, bowing to the bright-eyed, flushed young woman who stood proudly before him. When he lifted his head he saw Arlette sobbing and laughing in Georgina's arms.

"I suppose I had better go and fetch a taxi," said the director.



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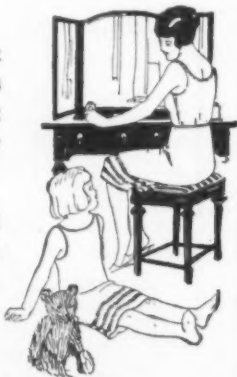
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9772 9507

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125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



No. 2019, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAMISOLE. Small, 34, 36; medium, 38, 40; large, 42, 44 bust. Small size requires 1 yard of 36-inch material. Transfer pattern No. 550, in blue.

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2019 Camisole
Small, medium, large
Price, 25 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 550
Price, 15 cents



The NEW McCall Pattern
2015 Nightgown
Small, medium, large
Price, 25 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 646
Price, 20 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2003 Pajamas
8 sizes, 32-46
Price, 25 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2006 Infants' Layette
One size
Price, 30 cents
Transfer Pattern
No. 632
Price, 20 cents



No. 2015, LADIES' NIGHTGOWN. Small, 34, 36; medium, 38, 40; large, 42, 44 bust. Transfer pattern No. 646, in blue.

No. 2014, LADIES' COMBINATION. Small, 34, 36; medium, 38, 40; large, 42, 44 bust. Small size requires, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material.

The NEW McCall Pattern
2014 Combination
Small, medium, large
Price, 25 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2005 Apron
Small, medium, large
Price, 25 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2002 Shirt
10 sizes, 13 1/2-18
Price, 25 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2001 Blouse
6 sizes, 4-14
Price, 25 cents



No. 2001, BOY'S BLOUSE; convertible collar; with or without yoke. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 32-inch material.

No. 2002, MEN'S SHIRT. Size 15 requires, 2 7/8 yards of 36-inch.

No. 2003, MEN'S PAJAMAS. Size 38 requires, 4 7/8 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2018, GIRL'S BILLIE BURKE PAJAMAS; blouse to be slipped on over the head. Small, 4, 6; medium, 8, 10; large, 12, 14 years. Medium size requires 3 yards of 32-inch material.

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2018 Pajamas
Small, medium, large
Price, 25 cents

No. 2005, LADIES' AND MISSES' APRON. Small, 34, 36; medium, 38, 40; large, 42, 44 bust. Small size requires, 3 1/2 yards of 32-inch material.

No. 2006, DR. S. JOSEPHINE BAKER LAYETTE (front closing). Dr. S. Josephine Baker, Director, Bureau of Child's Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City, has evolved this new and original idea as to efficiency in baby dressing. In order to reduce the number of times the baby must be turned to be fully dressed, all garments are made front-closing. The pattern includes a leaflet by Dr. Baker on Baby's Care. See also Dr. Baker's article on page 30.

No. 2011, SKIRT. of 40- lower e



New Blouses and Skirts for Winter



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2028 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 30 cents

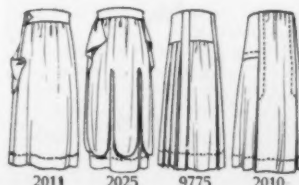
The NEW
McCall Pattern
2027 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Price, 30 cents

No. 2011, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 1 3/4 yards of 54-inch checked material and 7/8 yard of 27-inch plain. Width at lower edge, 1 1/2 yards.



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2011 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36 Price, 25 cents

No. 2025, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 26 requires 4 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1 1/2 yards.



2011 2025 9775 2010

No. 2028, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material.



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2012 Shirtwaist
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 30 cents

No. 2012, LADIES' SHIRTWAIST. Size 36 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, and 1/2 yard of 27-inch for the collar.

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2024 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 30 cents

No. 2024, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, 3/4 yard of 27-inch lace, and 3/4 yard of 10-inch material for shield.

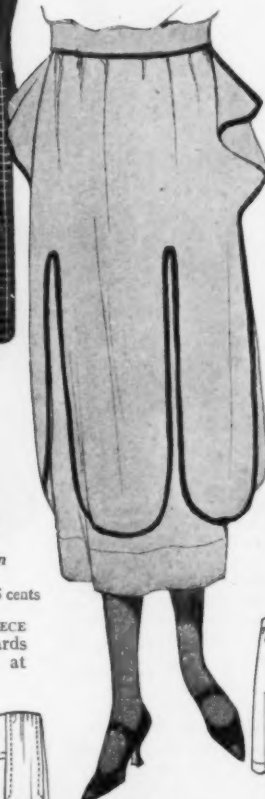


9766

9766 Overblouse
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 30 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 888
Price, 20 cents

No. 2027, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 5/8 yards of 36-inch material, 3/4 yard of 27-inch contrasting, and 5 yards of ribbon to trim.

No. 9771, LADIES' SKIRT. Size 26 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1 1/2 yards.



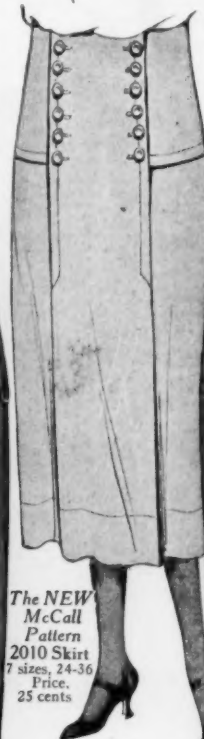
The NEW
McCall Pattern
2025 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36
Price, 30 cents

No. 9766, LADIES' OVER-BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material and 5/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer Pattern No. 888, in blue or yellow, for braiding.

No. 2010, LADIES' CIRCULAR SKIRT. Size 26 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 2 1/4 yards.



9771 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36
Price, 25 cents

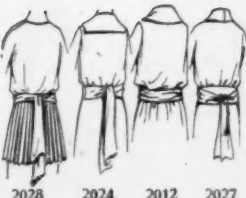


The NEW
McCall Pattern
2010 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36
Price, 25 cents

No. 9775, LADIES' SKIRT. Size 26 requires 2 3/4 yards of 48-inch material. Width, 2 1/2 yards.



9775 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36
Price, 25 cents



2028 2024 2012 2027



The ONE
BUTTON
Slumber
Suit

It keeps the little folks warm and comfortable, this new

HATCHWAY SLUMBER SUIT

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This slumber suit is made only in a soft warm heavy cotton fabric very slightly fleeced on the inside. All sizes are made with feet and a roomy drop seat. This garment is featured at the best stores everywhere but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send remittance with instructions to our mill at Albany, New York, and you will be supplied direct, delivery prepaid anywhere. In ordering, specify an ample size as the suit should fit loosely while the child is sleeping. For that reason it is made in even sizes only.

Age 2—\$1.50 Age 4—\$1.60 Age 6—\$1.70
Age 8—\$1.80 Age 10—\$1.90

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Fuld & Hatch Knitting Co.
Albany Dept. D New York



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73 samples
of all wool
worsted yarn

Knitting yarns direct from the mill

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Write for your free sample card today. Address Peace Dale Mills, Sales Office, Dept. 102, 25 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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Men's Sweater Yarns • 1.10
4-ply Fibre Silk and Worsted • 1.20
Fibre Silk and Worsted Floss • 1.25
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Special Sock Yarn per lb. • 8.25

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Individuality as Expressed by the Modern Miss



The NEW McCall Pattern
2023 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 40 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 992
Price, 20 cents

No. 2023, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width of skirt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 992, in yellow, for wool or chenille embroidery.

No. 2026, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch satin. Width of skirt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 863, in yellow or blue, for braiding.



The NEW McCall Pattern
2007 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 40 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 1039
Price, 25 cents
View A

The NEW McCall Pattern
2020 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 35 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 1041
Price, 15 cents

9762 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 35 cents

No. 9762—MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width of skirt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

How to Obtain McCall Patterns
Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them write to The McCall Company, 236 W. 37th St., New York City, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price in stamps or money order.



The NEW McCall Pattern
2007 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 40 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 1064
Price, 40 cents
View B

No. 2007, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires. View A, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material and $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch satin; View B, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material; pleating, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. View A, Transfer Pattern No. 1039, in yellow, for satin- and outline-stitch. View B, Transfer Pattern No. 1064, in yellow, for beading.

No. 9706, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch for the tunic, collar, ruffle and girdle. Width of skirt, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.



The NEW McCall Pattern
2026 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 40 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 863
Price, 20 cents



9776 Coat
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 35 cents
9703 Skirt
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 25 cents

No. 9776, MISSES' COAT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $17\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch lining. Fur trimming is used.

No. 9703, MISSES' CAMISOLE SKIRT; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $15\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for the camisole. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.



9763 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 35 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 1073
Price, 40 cents

No. 2020, MISSES' MIDDY DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 48-inch material. Width of skirt, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 104, in blue or yellow, for emblem on sleeve.

No. 9703, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch satin and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch georgette. Width of skirt, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1073, in yellow, for beading.



9623 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 35 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 1062
Price, 40 cents

No. 9623—MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width of skirt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1062, in yellow, for darning-stitch and braid.



9706 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 35 cents

ANNE of the COUNTRY

By Alice Funken

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GREFFÉ

"ONLY a magazine an' a letter, Miss Anne." The old postman smiled teasingly at the young girl. "Looks like it's from Noo York."

There was a time when Anne would have climbed excitedly over the front wheel of the mail wagon in her eagerness to get this eventful "Noo York" letter. It came with unfailing regularity every year. The postman, who had traveled the route since her pigtail days, knew the gist of the contents as well as she.

As she looked up into his weather-beaten face, she tried to give an answering smile, but without much success.

"I—I don't think I'll go this year, Jerry."

"Not go!" The lines fell slack in the old man's hands as he stared at her. "Not go to Noo York! Why not?"

Why must she answer so many questions? She had been through it all only that morning with her father, in anticipation of the coming invitation. And now again. It took fifteen minutes to convince him she was in earnest, and even then he jogged off down the road shaking his head unbelievably. They were all so anxious for her to be happy. And the yearly trip to the city had seemed to them to be such a change from the monotony of the country, such a chance for happiness.

"If I only had a woman to talk to," she sighed as she walked slowly back to the porch swing. "A woman would understand."

It would have taken a woman. She could picture her father's amazement if she had tried to explain that her reason for staying home was because of clothes. The best was none too good for his daughter, especially when she was to appear before his wife's people. They shouldn't say he had let her run wild. They had said it once, but that was years ago, before he made his money.

Perhaps if she had had the right sort of shops to spend that money in, and the right sort of advice in choosing, everything would have been all right. But as it was—only a woman could have understood how the contents of her country trunk looked in her aunt's fashionable home. For the hundredth time she went over the agony of last year's trip. The skirt of her suit had been too long, her coat too loose, and her traveling hat impossible. At home, early September weather meant thin dresses, and she had filled her trunk with them, taking one serge for possible cool days. But New York? It paraded nonchalantly about in dark things topped by velvet, satin and leather hats, unconscious of the heat. Anne had swallowed her discomfort and worn the serge to death.

And then the lines! She picked up the magazine which had come with her letter and turned the pages in despair. Lines such as these were the lines of Fifth Avenue. Apparently they were not for her.

"I don't seem to have the knack of wearing things well," she mourned as she stared at a tall drooping vision in an evening gown. "Some people look good in anything, but I don't." The face of the drooping vision faded out as she tried to imagine herself in such a gown.

"It would have made a difference," she whispered. And then the whole vision disappeared as another took its place—a New York vision with a stylish little country girl fascinating the protege of a certain aunt. They were related, in a way, this protege and she. He was her uncle's nephew. Every trip she had made to New York (and she had been going since she was a little girl) he had been dutifully on hand. He had come to recognize her as an autumn fixture about the place; someone to meet at the train, and act as escort to—and sneak away from when the younger set had a big time on foot.

The year before, as she had stood in front of the Pullman mirror on the homeward-bound train she had resolved never to make the trip again. Wesley had escorted her to the station as usual; had bought her candy and magazines and flowers as usual and then said goodbye as usual. Why not? The mirror didn't lie. She could frankly see nothing in the re-

flection before her to cause anything unusual ever to happen.

Mortified tears stung her eyes now as they had then. Youthful tragedies are tragedies indeed, and hers seemed very real—the first thing she had ever really wanted and could not have.

She glanced over her aunt's letter with a heavy heart, then resignedly picked up the magazine again to read and forget. The sound of a mowing machine in the field next to the garden roused her with a start. The men were working up close to the house; it was nearly noon.

At the dinner table when the hired men had gone and her father lingered to smoke, Anne slipped over to his side and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Aunt Margaret's letter has come, dad."

"Yes?" She glanced hesitantly toward the magazine which lay on the table in the corner, then threw up her head resolutely. "I've changed my mind since this morning. I'm going."

"Well, now, that's more like it." He knocked the contents of his pipe in a saucer and got up to go. "Get anything you need, Anne. They shan't say my girl looks like she hailed from the country."

Anne did buy what she needed, but it was a different sort of shopping than in the years before, and was surrounded by a lot of mystery. One of the sunny bedrooms was the center of activity and there she spent every spare waking moment.

Even her father wasn't initiated into its secrets until the September evening before she left, and then he spent several hours as an admiring audience. His grunts of approval were satisfying, but next morning's experience was more so, for they met Jerry on the way to the station and he didn't recognize her!

Still the opinion of these men regarding clothes wasn't absolutely reliable, and she spent some anxious moments in front of the Pullman mirror before the train pulled into New York. The Anne that smiled shakily back at her was quite different from the Anne of a year ago. Her suit was right in every detail; her waist, and the dainty undergarments that peeped from beneath, just so; and her chic little hat looked as though it had seen daylight in a very exclusive French shop.

"Somehow these things do seem to fit better," she decided as she pinned on her veil. It was her way of explaining to herself that she really had the knack of wearing things, after all.

Unconsciously her chin lifted, and her eyes danced with excitement. The mirror told her she was a success. She picked up her gloves and bag and stepped confidently forth to meet the dazed Wesley. One glance at his face verified the mirror's opinion, but she outwardly gave no hint of the inward exultation.

Even her aunt's surprise was pleasant. "Why, how well you look, my dear!" she exclaimed as Anne was ushered before her. "You look quite—quite grown up."

At last she was a personality in their world. She could hold her own. Confidence that she was dressed right gave her the necessary poise. She wore her things like a queen. She heard Wesley tell her aunt so, and Wesley of course knew.

Her visit passed like a dream, a wonderful Cinderella dream.

The younger set entertained her lavishly and admired her gowns.

Wesley paraded about, his chest expanded with pride, glowering at all comers. It was apparently his jealous guardianship which had its reward, for in the end it was his diamond that sparkled triumphantly on her finger.

An extra month slipped happily by almost before she knew it, and then she was finally allowed to talk of returning home to prepare for the coming event.

"But why don't you want to get your things here in New York, Anne?"

It was the night before her departure and she and her aunt were having their last tete a tete. Anne had just returned from a cotillion, and was slipping out of her limp frock.



The younger set entertained her lavishly and admired her gowns

"Why not?" she repeated her aunt's question hesitatingly as she passed her hand lovingly over the rosebud shoulder straps. Then she let the gown fall to the bed and picked up a negligee.

"Aunt Margaret, I wasn't going to tell you, but you've been so wonderful to me, I will." She pulled a stool up to her aunt's feet and sat down.

"When your letter came I had made up my mind never to make the trip to New York again. I knew I didn't fit in, and I was ashamed. Of course you were lovely, but—well, you know how I was. As chance would have it a magazine came with that letter, and in it was the story of a girl somewhat like myself, unhappy because of clothes. It was a wonderful story and told how she overcame her difficulties by learning right in her own home through an institute of domestic arts and sciences, to make stylish and becoming clothes."

"It was a godsend to me, and I was so eager to begin I could hardly wait for the first lesson. When it came it was a revelation. The language was so simple a child could understand it and there were nearly 2,000 pictures illustrating exactly how to do everything."

"The best part of all was that almost at once I began making actual garments. From the third lesson I made that tan waist I wore up here."

"The course can be completed in a few months by studying an hour or so a day. I completed it much sooner because I gave every spare moment to it. Do you know I made every garment that I have worn since I have been in New York, and I made them for one-third of what they would have cost in any other way."

"Why, Anne—it's hardly believable!"

"I know, especially when you consider that I knew absolutely nothing about sewing. You know, since mamma died dad has sent away for all my things. But any woman who is at all interested in clothes couldn't help learning rapidly through the Institute. The textbooks foresee and explain everything. And the teachers take just as personal an interest in you as if they were right beside you."

"I've learned the secrets of distinctive dress, what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for my type, how to really develop style, and how to add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming to the wearer."

"I rather think you have!"

"Of course, as a member, I had an opportunity to learn a great deal about the Institute and its work. Aunt Margaret, it's wonderful what this great school is doing for women and girls all over the world. You see it makes no difference where one lives, because all the instruction is carried on by mail, and it is no disad-

vantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you desire, and when it is most convenient. Among the members there are housewives, school teachers, business women, girls at home or in school, girls in stores, shops and offices. They are of all ages, from fifteen to sixty. Why, altogether there are more than 70,000 women taking the Institute's courses. Most of them live in the United States, but there are hundreds in Canada and in foreign lands—all learning to make their own dresses or hats, just as successfully and easily as if they were together in a class room. And thousands who wanted to take up dressmaking or millinery as a profession have found that the Institute could give them just the help they needed to make them successful."

"So that's why you want to go home—to make your own trousseau?"

"Why not? I can have just the things I want, made just as I like them, designed for no one in the world but me—and I can have at least three times as many clothes by being my own modiste. So you see now I can be a thrifty wife as well as a stylish one—or vice versa," she finished with a gay laugh.

"Anne," her aunt's eyes beamed with pride, "you're a marvel! I wonder if that boy Wesley realizes just how lucky he is!"

Anne's conquest has an application to your needs. More than 70,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

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☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

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First: The fabric of the hosiery has been weakened in the process of dyeing, so that decay has started before you have worn the hosiery at all.

Second: The reinforcements at points of wear are not strong enough.

Third: The hosiery fits your feet too tightly. Therefore, if you are to get maximum wear from your hosiery and keep its cost down, the following three things are necessary.

First: It must be dyed by a *harmless* process which does not affect the fabric. The Durham Hosiery Mills have perfected and are using such a process.

Second: The reinforcements at points of wear must be *stronger* than most reinforcements on hosiery. All Durable-DURHAM stockings and socks have this extra protection.

Third: The feet of the hosiery must be *full size*. There is no skimp in Durable-DURHAM sizes.

The most impressive proof of the superiority of Durable-DURHAM is the fact that it is the largest selling brand of hosiery in the world. When you wear it you will know why.

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For Christmas you can buy DURHAM hosiery two pair in a box: St. Nicholas for men—Mistletoe for women. This hosiery is standard DURHAM quality. Attractively wrapped in Christmasy boxes these special styles make practical gifts.



For men, women and children



New Designs for the Younger Set

No. 9764, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

9685 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Price, 20 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2017 Rompers
5 sizes, 2-6
Price, 25 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 1050
Price, 20 cents

9764 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Price, 25 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2021 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Price, 25 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2009 Dress
7 sizes, 2-10
Price, 25 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 883
Price, 20 cents

9676 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Price, 25 cents

No. 2013, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 1013, in blue or yellow, for tabs.

No. 9685, CHILD'S BOX-PLEATED DRESS. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 32-inch material and ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2017, CHILD'S ROMPERS. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 1050, in blue or yellow, for appliqué figures.

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2013 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Price, 25 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 1013
Price, 20 cents

9767 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Price, 25 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 883
Price, 15 cents

No. 9676, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 2 yards 40-inch striped material and ¾ yard of 36-inch plain.

No. 2009, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch. Transfer Pattern No. 888, in blue or yellow.

No. 9767, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch. Transfer Pattern No. 833, blue or yellow.

No. 2021, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS. Size 8 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material and ½ yard of 27-inch contrasting.



No. 9
10 re
inch
16½-i
27-inc

The Last Word in Children's Fashions



9767 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Price, 25 cents

No. 9767, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS. Size 6 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 9697, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch. Transfer Pattern No. 987, in yellow or blue.

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2009 Dress
7 sizes, 2-10
Price,
25 cents



9697 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Price, 20 cents
Transfer Design
No. 987
Price, 20 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2030 Suit
6 sizes, 8-13
Price, 30 cents



9698 Coat
6 sizes, 4-14
Price, 25 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2004 Blouse
6 sizes, 4-14
Price, 25 cents

No. 2009, CHILD'S DRESS; kimono sleeves, short or lengthened by gathered sleeves; two-piece straight skirt. Size 3 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2030, BOY'S NORFOLK SUIT; knickerbocker trousers. Size 11 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch to line the coat.

9764 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Price, 25 cents

9738 Overcoat
6 sizes, 4-14
Price, 25 cents



No. 9764, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch dotted, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of $16\frac{1}{2}$ -inch flouncing, 1 yard 27-inch, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch.

No. 9698, GIRL'S COAT; convertible collar. Size 8 requires, 2 yards of 48-inch material and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 9738, BOY'S DOUBLE-BREADED OVERCOAT. Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 2004, GIRL'S MIDDY BLOUSE; with or without band. Size 8 requires, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch for collar. The perennially popular blouse developed in contrasting materials.



9767 2009 9697 2030 9698 9764 2004 9738



"Mérode"
and
"Harvard Mills"
(Hand-finished)
Underwear

ready for any occasion

YOU'RE not conscious of having on "winter underwear" when it's "Mérode" or "Harvard Mills"—it fits so perfectly and is finished so daintily!

The beautiful tailoring and soft, fine fabrics improve the lines of your smartest afternoon costume or clinging evening gown!

For tramping or skating in the icy winter days, it keeps you comfortably warm but yet delightfully free for every motion!

There are weights and models that meet every comfort need but allow you to wear any style of dress. Union suits and separate garments—high, Duchess or low neck, or bodice top; short, elbow or long sleeves; knee or ankle length—for women, girls and children, with extra sizes for tall and stout women.

Also "Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" hand-finished underwear for babies.

If your dealer does not have "Mérode" or "Harvard Mills" ask us for the name of the nearest store that can supply you.

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Owners, Manufacturers and Distributors of
"Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" Underwear
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Make Your Xmas Gifts with

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Cordichet
The Perfect Crochet Cotton

Countless pretty things, serviceable and sensible for Holiday Gifts can be made with Cordichet and you can enjoy a feeling of perfect safety, knowing that the quality of Cordichet insures the life and beauty of anything made with it.

The reason for its superiority is because it gives needlewomen the most satisfactory results and it does this due to its perfection of manufacture. Cordichet is made of the finest, long staple cotton grown, has a smooth, even twist, great strength and a lustrous finish. It is put up in balls of generous yardage. White and Ecu are made in sizes 3 to 100. Color sizes 3, 10, 30, 50, 70.

The articles illustrated give but a few suggestions, and directions for crocheting them are in the new book, just out.

Crochet Book No. 16
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This new book contains forty pages of exquisite designs that will solve your gift problems and show you the most economical way to make beautiful remembrances with your own hands, that will bespeak quality and thoughtfulness.

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La-may Face Powder is Guaranteed Pure and Harmless.

PURE face powder cannot injure the most delicate baby skin. The trouble is, too many powders are made in the old-fashioned way, with rice powder. Rice powder is starchy, and, like bread flour, it is quickly turned into a gluey paste by the moisture of the skin. This paste clogs the cuticle, swells in the pores, causing enlarged pores, blackheads and pimples. A specialist makes a harmless powder by using an ingredient doctors prescribe to heal the skin. Every time you apply this improved powder you give your complexion a real beauty treatment. There is a thousand dollar guarantee of purity printed on the

box, certifying it does not contain white lead, rice powder or any harmful substance. This guaranteed pure powder is called La-may (French, Poudre L'Amé). Because it is pure and harmless, La-may is now used by over a million American women; it is now the most popular complexion powder sold in New York. Women who have used even the most expensive face powders say La-may stays on better than any other; they say they cannot buy a better powder anywhere at any price. There is also a La-may Talcum that prevents the souring of perspiration.

Sunset is the Real Dye

that brings the "know-how" of the professional dyer into your own kitchen.

You can do really wonderful things with Sunset—"making over" heavy winter materials as well as light filmy goods—at the same time in the same dye bath.

But, the only sure way to get the beautiful Sunset results, is to get the genuine Sunset Soap Dyes. Similar products have imitated the form and price—but they do not approach Sunset quality.



15¢
a
cake

22
Fast Colors

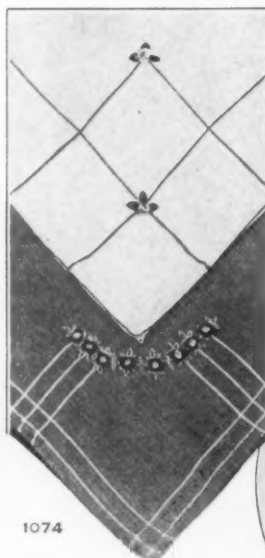
North American Dye Corporation, Dept. K, Mount Vernon, N. Y., Toronto, Can.

See the Sunset Color Card at your dealer's; or, send us your dealer's name and fifteen cents and we will mail the cake of your choice, postpaid.

Delightful Gifts You Can Embroider

By Elisabeth May Blondel

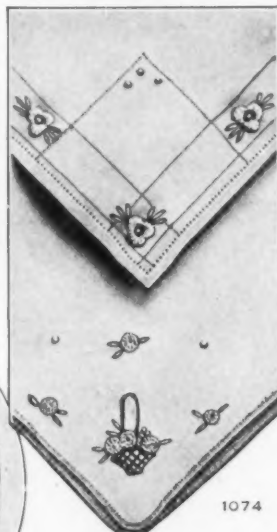
These McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns can be easily stamped on your own material by running a hot iron over them once



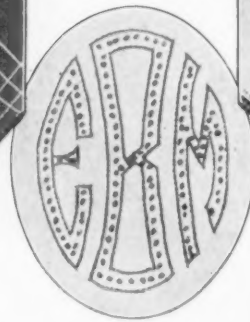
1074

How to Obtain McCall Transfers

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them write to The McCall Company, 236 W. 37th St., New York City, stating number desired and enclosing the price in stamps or money order.



1074



1069

1074—Transfer Pattern for Handkerchiefs. Worked in dainty colors on handkerchief linen these are quite the latest fad. The pattern gives directions for all stitches (including the new roses in long French knots), and for inserting colored threads. 9 different designs. Price, 20 cents. Blue.

1069—Transfer Pattern for Monogram. $3\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. For house linen, bags, etc. The pattern provides for stamping any desired monogram twice. The bag is made of 2 pieces of velvet, 10 inches square, seamed and gathered into a triangular section. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.



1071

1071—Transfer Pattern for Hat and Scarf. One yard of 54-inch wool velour makes this stunning set which is embroidered in darning- and satin-stitch with white wool. Cutting outline and full directions included. Price, 40 cents. Yellow.

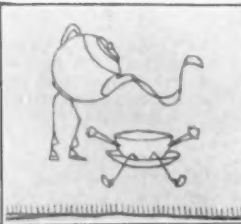


1072



1069

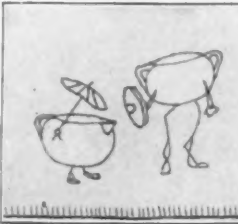
1070—Transfer Pattern for Kitchen Towels. These amusing designs look very gay outlined in red or blue cotton. Price, 25 cents. Blue.



1070



1074



1070



\$100 Gift

For Your Church, Too!

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First Presbyterian Church of Chanute, Kansas, voted to erect in their church a memorial tablet to honor those members of the church who had served their country during the war. The question of how to raise the necessary funds was quickly solved. Mrs. H. M. Squier, one of the members, knew of the gifts that other churches had received under the McCall Plan. She immediately wrote for permission to use the McCall Plan.

Read Mrs. Squier's Interesting Letter

In just a little over one month, the success of the Society was assured, and Mrs. Squier wrote McCall's again, asking that the money be sent. Read her own words:

"This will let you know that we have completed our campaign and will be delighted to receive our check of \$130. It took just a little over a month, and we want to thank you as this is the easiest money our Ladies' Aid ever earned. If it had not been for your offer, we would not have had our tablet so easily."

At the impressive unveiling services the principal speaker was Governor Allen of Kansas, and the event will remain long in the memories of the people of Chanute. Mrs. Squier's letter shows clearly how deep their gratitude to McCall's is. McCall's Magazine offers your church also a gift of \$50, \$100, \$200—whatever your needs may be.

Easy! Pleasant! Certain!

The ease with which the McCall Plan works makes it especially popular. Ministers and church societies everywhere recommend it as the pleasantest way of raising funds they have ever tried, and the one plan that is sure of success. Ask McCall's to tell you how your church may receive \$100. There is no expense involved nor obligation of any kind, so feel free to write asking for full particulars. McCall's will forward them immediately.

Mail Your Coupon Now

McCall's Magazine,
250 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.
Department 12A

Please tell me about the McCall Church Plan. Our church would like to receive a gift just as the First Presbyterian Church of Chanute, Kansas, did.

Name _____

Local _____

Address _____

Post Office _____

and State _____

Name of Church _____



Creeping Jenny

(Continued from page 61)

pause, then: "I'm going to sell the cow," she stammered.

Rufus looked surprised. "Are you troubled about the price of feed, or afraid the winter work will be too much for you? That's why I'd like to make a better place for her and patch up the piece of shed you have to walk through to get to her—after I leave. It's a wonderful season but it's the eighteenth of December and snow must be coming along soon."

There was another moment of silence, then Jenny spoke recklessly. "You see, Mr. Holt, we've gone on from one thing to another for three weeks, because the leaky roof ruined the house in so many ways, and there's never been a man to help, since father died. We've patched the flooring, put in new door sills and weather strips on the windows, papered the sitting-room and plastered the kitchen ceiling—and all the time I've known I was going too far. I paid you fifteen dollars the first week, but it wasn't half what you earned and you gave me back three for lunches. Then you wouldn't take the last two-weeks' wages because I was buying bricks and lumber and you said we could settle up when the work was finished. . . . I can't let it run on, Mr. Holt, I can't! I'm not in want; I've something in the bank and my hay-field more than pays for my winter fuel; but I have to be careful, and the house is so nice and cozy now it would be self-indulgent to do more. I'd better sell the cow. You're as kind and generous as you can be, but you are a stranger after all, and I have no claim on you."

Rufus gave her a long, searching look. "You honestly feel I'm a stranger, do you?"

"Well, I—I don't exactly feel that you are, I only know it. My mind tells me so." "It's funny!" said Rufus. "Now—I feel like a partner, not a stranger."

Jenny clutched at the saving word. "You have been the best of partners," she acknowledged, straightforwardly.

"Oh, no! Not the best! I'm capable of being a heap better partner than I have been. Now stop crocheting, listen to me, and don't speak till I get through. In the first place, do you like me?"

Jenny flared at this. "Why do you ask a question like that? You know that nobody could help liking you! You know you're as sunshiny and thoughtful as you can be, and as for being interesting and funny and unlike anybody else in the world, you know well enough you're that; so why do you ask such foolish questions only to hear yourself praised?"

Rufus made a sudden movement and then subsided again into his chair.

"That's satisfactory, so far as it goes," he said calmly, "though it doesn't go far enough to suit me. There are things I've got to say to you, and when they're over, we need never speak of them again. I haven't any home, nor any people but a married brother in Kansas, whose wife and four children I've never seen. He always worked the farm and it fell to him, as was right. I got a little money from my father, earned more at my trade in Chicago and saved it. Then I went across with the other boys. You don't really know anything about me except what I tell you, but I've got a clean record to show the neighbors, and I swear to God there's nothing wrong with me except that I've got one arm instead of two. When I came down this road from the station three weeks ago I took a good look at you, skimming around with your crutch, and swinging your right foot off the ground."

"Don't!" cried Jenny, covering her eyes. Rufus put his big hand over her little ones and wiped the tears away with her crocheted work. "I've got to show how I feel about you, and then I'll ask what you think of me," he explained. "I said to myself that day: 'Here's a chance to help somebody that's had to bear what I have.' They told me at the station you needed some work done, so I just plunged in, made good, and got the job. But I had no idea of falling in love with you, Jenny; that's your fault not mine. I want to marry you but I don't know how you feel about it."

"I don't want to be pitied and married just to be helped," said Jenny stubbornly. "After my accident I just made up my mind I would never marry."

"Why?" asked Rufus. "You know why," Jenny answered. "Then the reason you don't want to marry me shows me that I had no right to ask you, isn't that so?" "No, it isn't; it's different with a woman. Besides, I do want to marry you, but I won't."

Rufus moved a little nearer. "Jenny,"

(Continued on page 63)



Est. 1868 WATKINS The Original Garda Face Powder

Twenty millions of users of Watkins Products in the last 55 years. We announce a line of exquisite GARDIA TOILETRIES, led by GARDIA FACE POWDER. Sold direct to users in cities and country by over 4,000 salespeople. If one has not called recently write us and we will see that you are supplied.

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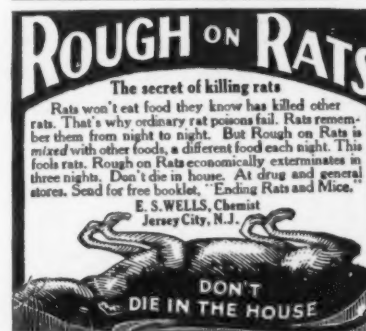
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Supreme Hair Pin Quality
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Now the way has been found for scientifically restoring gray hair to its natural color. And it is offered to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer.

No treatments are required. You apply it yourself, easily, quickly and surely. We urge you to make a trial test. It will cost you nothing.

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Scientific Hair Color Restorer

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Cut out the coupon. Mark on it the exact color of your hair. Mail it to us and we will send you free a trial bottle of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S and one of our special combs. Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the results. Then you will know why thousands of women have already used this scientific hair color restorer.

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Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

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Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is

black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
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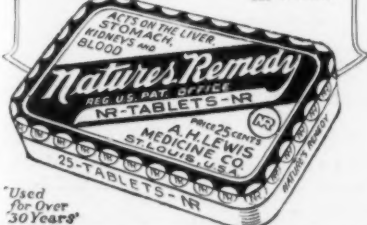
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A Lovely Skin

—is the result, not of the application of cosmetics, but of the general bodily health. It is clear blood which imparts the blush of youth to cheeks. Experience has taught the discerning beauty to rely upon a good aperient to clear the complexion. A dainty box of **NR Tablets** is her helpful agent. Each tablet acts pleasantly to insure better health, to keep the skin clear and free from blemishes, to help restore and preserve a healthful, youthful appearance.

All druggists sell the 25c. box of **NR Tablets**.

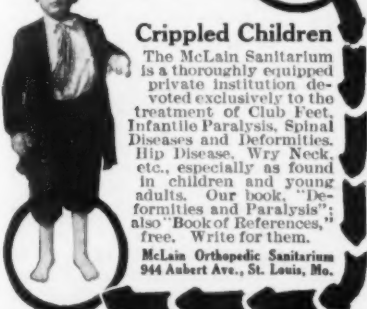


Club Feet Corrected

Born with Club Feet, Garland Akers was brought to the McLain Sanitarium for treatment. The two photographs and his parents letter show the remarkable results secured.

"We cannot begin to tell you how delighted we were to see Garland's feet so nice and straight when he came home and to see him looking so well. We can never thank you enough for giving him straight thankful feet in place of the badly clubbed feet that he had when he came to your place."

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Akers, R. R. 1, Box 40, Salem, Va.



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The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities. Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References," free. Write for them.

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Agents: \$50 a Week

For your spare time. Men or women selling guaranteed hosiery. Must wear 12 months or replaced free—all styles, colors and fancy stripes, including silk hose.

Sell for Less Than Store Prices
Often sell dozen pair to one family. Every man or woman, young or old, can make big money selling this quality line. Write for samples. **Thomas Mfg. Co.**
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131 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Dept. 6K
Without obligation send me complete price list and information on your free trial and easy monthly payments.

Name _____
Address _____



Creeping Jenny

[Continued from page 62]

we've each got a minus sign against us—there's no getting over that; but Holy Moses! you're hung all over so thick with plus signs that your minus doesn't show up at all! Your face, your eyes, your hair, your voice, your disposition, your spunk, your common sense—all plus! The trouble is with me. There would be times when a girl might blush if she had a one-armed husband!

"Blush? If she did she ought to be struck by lightning!" and Jenny's eyes flashed.

Rufus caught her hands. "Jenny, Jenny, be true with me, speak straight out! Do I seem a little short of a full man? How do you see me in your secret heart?"

Jenny rose to her feet under a kind of spell that made him rise to meet her. She leaned against him and said: "I see you whole, and strong and precious and splendid, Rufus!"

Rufus held her close, drying his secret tears on her hair.

"Oh, you little brick!" he whispered. "You darling, winsome little brick! Would you mind kissing me?"

"Not in the least!" she answered, and was proceeding to do it with all her heart when Alfinso entered with a huge armful of kindling, which he dropped into the wood-box with such force that the house shook.

"Alfinso, you dropped something. I heard you distinctly." Rufus was cool and collected as he put Jenny back in her chair.

"Now I've some news for you. Jenny and I are going to be married on Christmas Eve and your family is invited. Will you take care of the house while I go to Boston and get all my papers and passports and identifications and finger prints and certificates and army records and honorable discharges and pedigrees, and draw my back pay—because I am a stranger in Riverboro and I want to get into society. Why don't you speak? Aren't you surprised?"

"I would 'a' been," said the boy, "cept that Alfonso and the postmistress both said it would turn out that way; but Mother stood up for Jenny; she said it wouldn't."

"That's what all the women will have said," laughed Rufus.

"Well, all the men will say I jumped at you, so accounts will be square!" and Jenny smiled triumphantly back at Rufus, all blushes and confusion, her heart beating like a wild bird in her breast. "Go, Rufus, please," she said in a low tone, "and take Alfinso. I want to be alone with myself and get used to—happiness."

He bent over her and kissed her cheek while Alfinso went for his muffler and mittens.

"Good-by! I'll bring back the ring; don't forget the party. We won't stint refreshments. I'll give the twins a dollar to bring you little trees and evergreens for garlands, and we'll make a brave showing of the house. Isn't it lucky there'll be a full moon on the shingles? No doubt about the minister now! He'll have to come in the performance of his duty. Oh! my dear, my dear, God is being very good to me!"

"Good to us," whispered Creeping Jenny, putting her lips softly and shyly against his sleeve.

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No Pain at All

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon that bothersome corn, instantly it stops hurting; then shortly you lift that sore, touchy corn right off, root and all, without the slightest pain or soreness.

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W. Hawkins

Christmas in the Olden Times

MOST people think Christmas, as we know it, always has been the Christmas we now delight in. Yet they used to celebrate Christmas on the 20th of May, the 20th and 21st of April, and the 6th of January, depending on whether they were Oriental, Greek or Roman Christians.

It wasn't until the time of Julian I, who was Bishop of Rome from 337 to 352 A. D., that the feast of Christmas was celebrated on the 25th of December. Julian won everybody over to December 25th as the accepted day of the Nativity.

The Druids later added the old yule log and the mistletoe—the Germanic tribes the Christmas tree and the Kris Kringle—the patron saint of the Spirit of the Gift.

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SHOPPING LIST

For a Man

Colgate's "Handy Grip"
Shaving Stick
Ribbon Dental Cream
Lilac Imperial Toilet Water

For a Woman

Florient Talc Florient Perfume
Florient Face Powder

For a Boy

Ribbon Dental Cream
Colgate's Mechanics' Soap Paste

For a Girl

Cashmere Bouquet Perfume
Cashmere Bouquet Soap
Charmis Cold Cream
Mirage (Vanishing) Cream

For Baby

Coleo Soap Baby Talc

For the little Gifts—give Colgate's

THE problem of the little gifts at Christmas time and even some of the greater ones—can be satisfactorily decided among the many Colgate articles.

Colgate Gifts are appropriate for young or old, for man or woman, for boy or girl—not forgetting the baby. They have daintiness and acknowledged superiority. Also they show that you have taken thought for the receiver's comfort and have given something that can be used.

Make this a Colgate Christmas. You would be glad to receive Colgate Comforts yourself—and so will your friends. At your favorite store ask to see the "Colgate Assortment of Gifts."

To tuck in the Christmas stockings—the big red tubes of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. The Colgate Mother Goose Books will slip in well, too. They come in a set of 12, with colored covers by Jessie Willcox Smith, the famous artist of child life. Send 20c for the set, addressing Dept. L, 199 Fulton Street, New York.

COLGATE & CO.

Established 1806

NEW YORK

In Canada: 8 St. Helen St. and 137 McGill St., Montreal